THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS ▾ OF ▾ THE ▾ DAY

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ROME MAKES PEACE WITH ROME

WHEN GARIBALDI UNITED ITALY, he divided it; now when Mussolini divides Italy, he unites it. This paradox seems to emerge from the preliminary signing in Rome, on February 11, of a treaty of reconciliation between the Quirinal and the Vatican—a pact which recognizes the temporal power of the Pope, adds a new State to the fraternity of nations, ends the voluntary incarceration of "the prisoner of the Vatican," and dissolves the "frozen enmity" of nearly sixty years' standing between the Kingdom of Italy and the Papacy. This peace treaty, greeted in Italy with equal enthusiasm by the Papal and the Fascist press, dispatches tell us, closes the breach created in 1870 when, in the unification of Italy, the Papal State was annexed by the Italian Government. The solution of this "Roman question" is "an event for which the Catholic world has been praying for for nearly sixty years," says Carroll Binder in a Rome dispatch to the Chicago *Daily News;* and he tells us further that:

> "As news of the settlement percolated through Rome to-day, the joy of the populace was profound—for being both good Italians and devout Catholics, their loyalties were torn by the long conflict, which always presented problems of conscience and etiquette. Families supporting the Papal cause were known as 'blacks,' and for years had no social intercourse with families supporting the Italian governmental cause, so that a love affair between members of the two aristocracies always presented difficulties.
>
> "This feeling had abated in recent years, but only last spring Cardinal Gasparri reminded the Vatican diplomats that it was their duty not to attend functions where Quirinal diplomats were predominant, or otherwise to mix in Quirinal society."

Mussolini's face, after the signing of the agreement, Mr. Binder says, "showed elation such as has not been noted by the journalists for years"; and he adds: "The Italian press unanimously holds the signature of the settlement as a tremendous Fascist victory, and one which immortalizes Mussolini." "Mussolini's masterpiece" is one Fascist paper's characterization of the new-won peace; and the *Osservatore Romano*, official mouthpiece of the Vatican, rejoices that the creation of the Vatican State "makes the Pope's independent sovereignty visible to the whole world." Unofficial Papal organs, we are told by Beatrice Baskerville in a Rome dispatch to the New York *World*, "rejoice in the eclipse of Masonic and liberal influence in Italy, which they editorially declare have been for years an obstacle to reconciliation."

"It would seem that Mussolini, who was once an antagonist of the Roman Catholic Church, is persuaded of the possibility of working with it to achieve his ambition of establishing a united Italy as a greater world power," remarks the Boston *Christian Science Monitor;* and in the New York *Evening World* we read:

> "It may well be assumed that Mussolini, who claims credit for the successful culmination of the negotiations, expects to profit by the agreement. Italy is distinctly a Catholic country, and his concessions can not but tend to strengthen his position. His most intelligently directed opposition in the past has come from the clerical party. This now will pass."

By the negotiation of this peace, agrees the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, "Mussolini has won one of the most remarkable personal political victories of the century"; and in the same vein the Springfield *Republican* has this to say:

> "Mussolini's diplomacy, the adroitness of which has often won the admiration even of bitter opponents of the Fascist system, has achieved its most brilliant exploit thus far by the accord with the Vatican.
>
> "When we recall how large a place in the history of modern Europe is taken by the concordat of Napoleon and the 'Kulturkampf' of Bismarck, we must allow that this event by itself must make 1929 a memorable year. From the first the strength of Fascism has come largely from its alliance with the throne, and the Church is now added to make a firm threefold foundation.
>
> "At times there has been friction between Church and State, as in the controversy over the boys' organization, but on both sides a break has always been carefully avoided, and from time to time feelers have been thrown out in regard to the general settlement which seems now to have been accomplished.
>
> "Heretofore Italy, unlike France, has never had a concordat, and while relations have never been so strained as at times in France, the position of canon law has never been satisfactory. As in Prussia and Russia, in the nineteenth century, canon law has been overruled by legislation, to which the Church has given *de facto* rather than *de jure* recognition.
>
> "Now these anomalies are to be swept away, and the full establishment of canon law with the support of the State gives added importance to the great revision or codification of canon law upon which the Church has been engaged since the *motu proprio* of Pius X on March 19, 1904. Apparently Church and State are to be welded together more thoroughly in Italy than in any other country, and the connection may be expected to have much more vigor than in the case of the established Church of England.
>
> "With the Church, the monarchy, and the Fascist oligarchy pulling together, Italy's great reaction from modern liberalism will be more interesting than ever to watch."

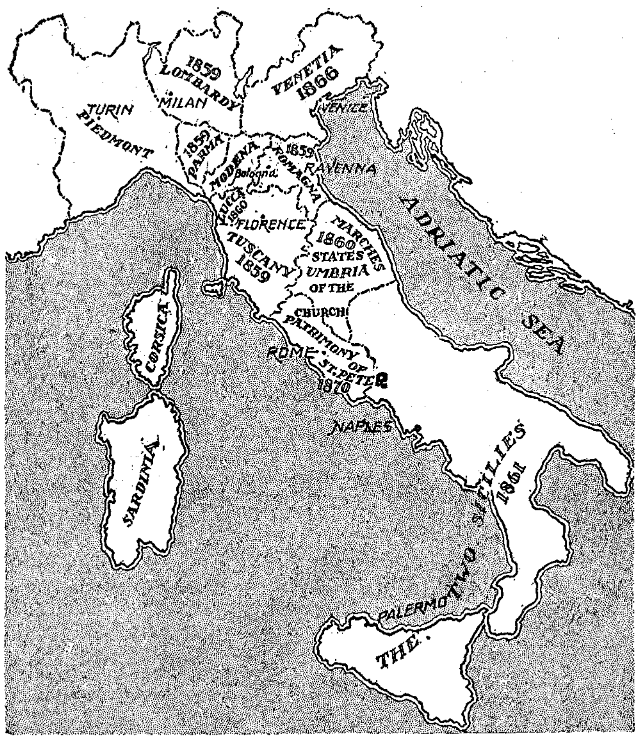
Both Pope Pius XI and Premier Mussolini have enhanced their fame and secured a definite place in history by this settlement, correspondents and editorial commentators agree. Says the Baltimore *Evening Sun:*

> "Both the Vatican and the Italian Government seem well pleased with the bargain which has been struck between these two historic enemies. And from a strictly Italian point of view there is little doubt of the wisdom of the concordat which was signed yesterday. The Pope, after years of incarceration, becomes a free man again, and not only a free man, but a sovereign with all the rights and powers of any other worldly prince. He receives, moreover, an indemnity of millions for the long technical persecution to which he has been subjected. The canon law, so dear to the clerical intelligence, becomes the law of all Italy. The power and prestige of the Church are enhanced, and the Church's sway receives the support of the secular arm.
>
> "Fascism also is the gainer by the transaction. Italy is a Catholic country, and the fact is now recognized by the State.

There can no longer by any overt friction between the two Powers, nor any occasion for divided allegiance. There is a subtler gain also, and one which the astute Mussolini could not conceivably overlook. As the supporter and defender of the Holy See, he is now able to call upon that Power for the defense of his régime. Fascism, heretofore lacking any sanction save that afforded by the strong right arm of the dictator, now has all the sanction of the papal good-will. It acquires, indeed, a religious significance.

"So that, from the strictly Italian point of view, the gain on both sides is obvious. But the gain to the Papacy in the regions beyond Italy is not quite so clear."

The three separate documents which embody this settlement were signed by Premier Mussolini as Foreign Minister, and Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State, in the Grand Council Hall of the Lateran Palace on February 11. The matter is not finally settled, however, dispatches tell us, until the King and the Pope have also signed, and this is not expected to take place before April. From an official communique summarizing the agreement, concordat, and financial convention between Italy and the Holy See, we learn that:



From the New York *Sun*

HOW ITALY WAS UNIFIED

The movement for Italian unity began from Piedmont, which, with Sardinia, formed the Kingdom of Sardinia. Year by year the various States were liberated from Austria, and the Kingdom of the two Sicilies absorbed until in 1870 the Patrimony of St. Peter, including Rome, became part of Italy, having been wrested from Pope Pius IX. Thereafter the Popes remained in the Vatican, from which Pope Pius XI will be the first to emerge.

"The treaty begins by reaffirming the principle contained in the first article of the Constitution of the Italian Kingdom by which the Catholic apostolic Roman religion is the only State religion in Italy.

"The treaty then proceeds by recognizing the full property and exclusive dominion and sovereign jurisdiction of the Holy See over the Vatican as at present constituted.

"For this purpose, the 'City of the Vatican' is created, declaring that in its territory no interference by the Italian Government will be possible and that there will be no authority but the authority of the Holy See.

"The Vatican territory will always be considered neutral and inviolable."

The clause concerning matrimony, which is regarded as particularly interesting, says:

"The Italian State, wishing to give back to matrimony, which is the base of the family, dignity in agreement with the Catholic tradition of its people, recognizes matrimony as a sacrament regulated by canon law in its relation to civil law. The banns of marriage must appear in the parish church as well as in the municipality. Immediately after the celebration of marriage, the parish priest shall explain to the married couple the civil consequences of marriage, reading the articles of the civil code concerning the rights and duties of a married couple.

"The parish priest must also send within five days the marriage certificate to the municipality and have it copied in the registers there.

"Cases concerning the nullity of marriage and the dissolution of marriages celebrated but not consummated, are reserved to the ecclesiastical courts. Their decisions, before becoming definite, must be brought before the Supreme Tribunal of Segnatura [a sort of supreme court], which will determine if all the rules of canon law have been respected concerning the competence of the judge and whether the interested parties were represented before the court or judged by default. The decision of the Supreme Tribunal of Segnatura will be sent to the Court of Appeal of the Italian State, which will enforce the decisions of the ecclesiastical authority, ordering them to be annotated in the municipal marriage registers. With regard to cases of separation, the Holy See consents to judgment being given by the Italian civil authorities."

The new agreement makes religious teaching in Italy "compulsory, not only in the elementary schools, but also in the secondary schools." To quote further from the summary, as cabled by The Associated Press:

"The financial convention establishes that the Holy See, as a definite settlement of all its financial relations with Italy in consequence of the fall of temporal power, accepts 750,000,000 lire cash [about $37,500,000] and 1,000,000,000 lire [about $50,000,000] in Italian State consols at 5 per cent. This sum is inferior to what Italy would have paid if the Holy See had accepted the allowance granted by the law of guarantees of May 13, 1871."

In a statement made to an audience of priests the Pope explained that the agreement assures him such "real, proper, and absolute sovereignty" as is due one who "for divine reasons and by divine mandate can not be the subject of any temporal power." His words are further summarized by The Associated Press as follows:

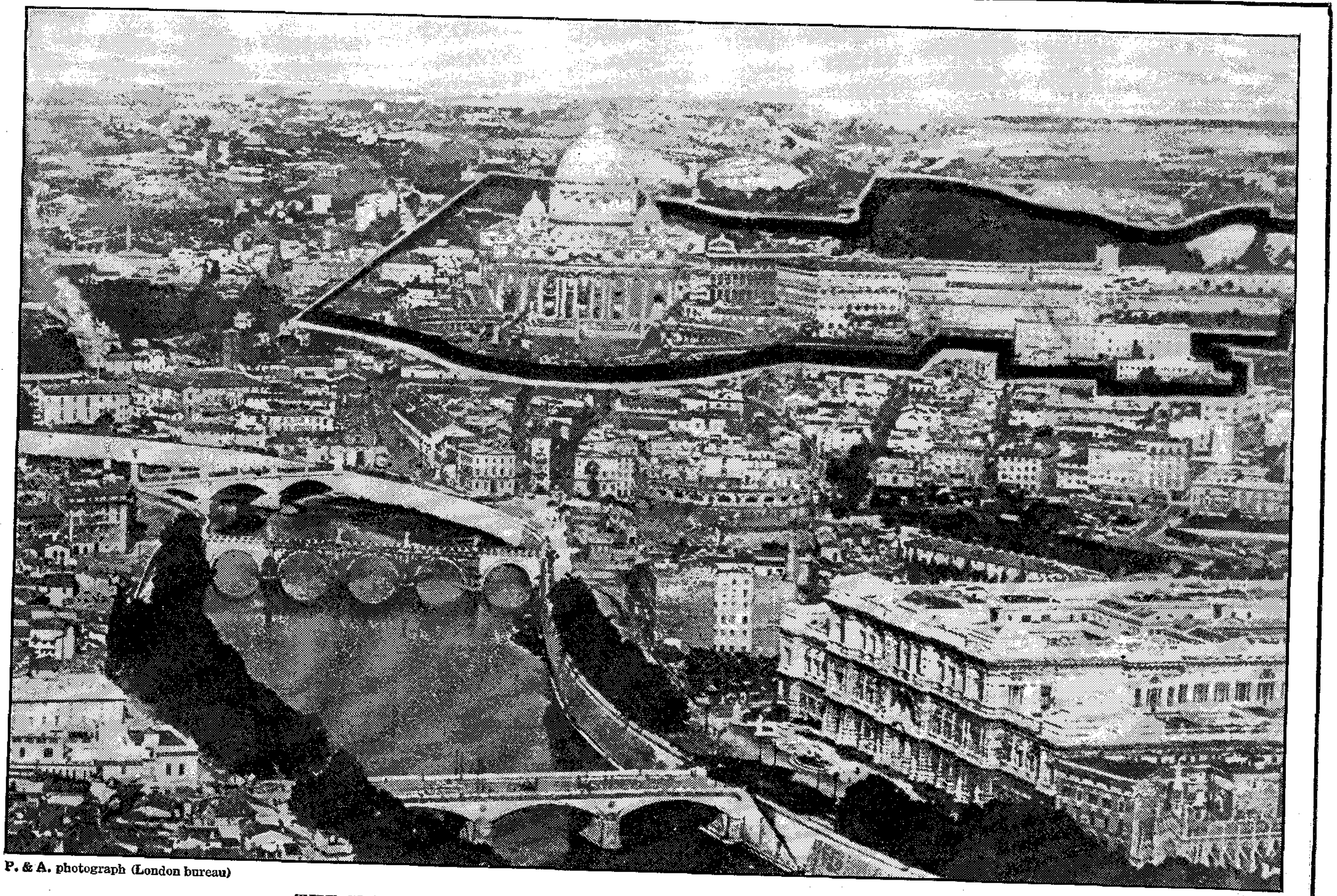
"The Pope warned his hearers against some criticisms already manifested in Italy and abroad, but said that the Lenten preachers need not bother to refute them from their pulpits. In fact, he said, doubts and criticisms left him most tranquil; criticisms directed against himself because he solely was responsible for what had transpired and what was coming. No one could say that the affair had not been for thirty months the object of his personal study, meditation and prayer, also that prayers had been asked of many good souls.

"There were other criticisms, the Pope observed, some that he had asked little and others that he had asked over-much. Some would find the territory too little, that too small an amount of land was his by sovereign right, but against that he could say that he wanted to ask little, the least possible, for reasons that seemed good and urgent to him.

"Before all, he wanted to show that he was a father treating with a son and that therefore he wished to render things as easy as possible. Secondly, that he wanted to dissipate all alarms and render unjustifiable all recriminations with regard to territorial integrity, and thirdly, because he wanted to show in peremptory fashion that the Pope was not moved by any terrestrial cupidity but only by that conscience which is in the exercise of the sovereignty of God, and to wish only that which sufficed as a support of his real and indispensable sovereignty.

"Thus he hoped that it would be clear that the Vicar of Christ only had to ask the land which was necessary and the material amount which was necessary for spiritual sovereignty. The territory was small, but he dared say that it was the greatest of the world in which there was a colonnade of Bernini, a cupola of Michelangelo, treasures of science in its gardens and libraries, treasures of art in its museums and galleries, and the tomb, moreover, of the Prince of Apostles.

"In the financial field, which he preferred to call the economic



P. & A. photograph (London bureau)

THE SMALLEST STATE IN THE WORLD: THE NEW VATICAN CITY

The picture shows a part of the city of Rome with the Tiber in the foreground and in the background a line drawn around the boundary of the territory over which the Pope is to rule, with St. Peter's showing conspicuously and beside it the Vatican Palace and gardens. The whole area thus marked out comprises 105 acres, or slightly less than one-sixth of a *square mile.* The next smallest independent State, the principality of Monaco, spreads over eight square miles. The population of the papal State is estimated at 500.

field, there had been objections made—many let themselves be deluded by the sonorousness of certain words but did not reflect upon the real *content* of them. The Holy See was primarily interested in the spiritual question for which was necessary an indemnity which would give the Pope economic independence."

The controversy that seems now to have come to a happy conclusion is thus outlined by the Richmond (Va.) *News Leader:*

"The gradual unification of Italy under the House of Savoy reduced the temporal authority of the Pope to the city and Province of Rome by 1859. From that time until 1870, the Pope was upheld in his rights by the French garrison that Louis Napoleon kept in Rome as part of his plan to pose as the arbiter of all Central Europe.

"When adversity forced the French to evacuate Rome, the Italians advanced on the city and, after a perfunctory skirmish with the papal troops, occupied the ancient capital on September 20, 1870. The people of the city and Province approved annexation to the Kingdom of Italy in a special election, and the unification of Italy was complete. Pope Pius, however, protested against what he called a 'sacrilegious usurpation,' and withdrew to the Vatican. From that day to this, no Pope has ever left its precincts.

"The youthful kingdom needed peace with the Church, which then, as always, had a strong hold on the hearts of the Italian people. Cavour accordingly proclaimed the doctrine of a 'free Church in a free State,' and prevailed on the Italian Government to pass the so-called 'law of papal guaranties.' Under this statute, the Pope was declared inviolable in person, his palace and principal Roman churches were granted extraterritoriality, and diplomatists sent to the papal court by foreign States were given the same status as the regular diplomatic corps. Six hundred and forty-five thousand dollars were appropriated annually for the support of the Pope, precisely as money was budgeted for the civil list of the House of Savoy. The Pope declined to recognize a law in the making of which he had no part. Annually the appropriation for the Church has been voted and tendered; annually it has been declined.

"For fifty years and more, this non-intercourse continued. For the greater part of that time, good Catholics were admonished not to vote in the parliamentary elections. Then came Fascism, and a new conception of Church and State. The Vatican newspaper applauded the good order that Mussolini maintained in Rome; Mussolini replied with a flourish that 'the Latin and imperial tradition of Rome is represented by Catholicism.' That was the beginning of a better understanding."

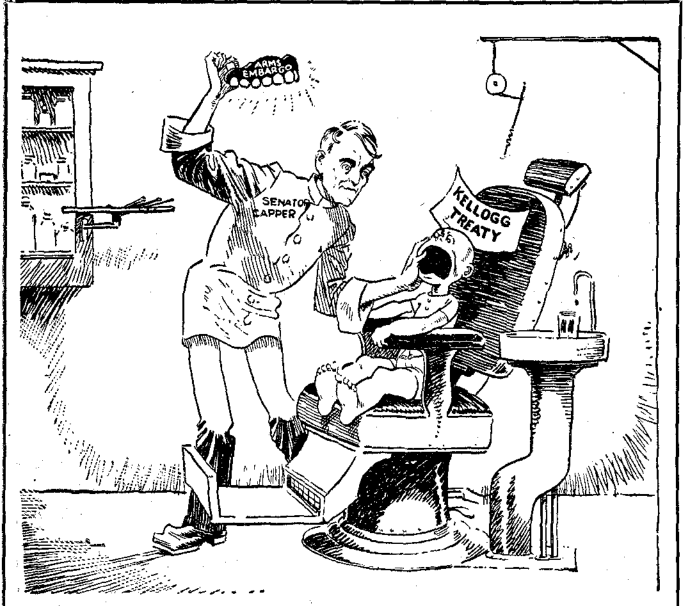
While many of our papers congratulate both Italy and the Vatican on their reconciliation, there are others that regard the event with misgivings. The Louisville *Courier-Journal* predicts that "whatever effect this diplomatic agreement and concordat may have upon the future of Italy, it will hardly promote the interests of the Catholic Church in non-Catholic countries." Says the Birmingham (Ala.) *News:*

"It is true that in their sovereign capacities the Quirinal and the Papacy have the naked right to conclude any agreement that may please them. It is true that other States, including the United States of America, may not properly interpose any objection of their own. But free and full expression of public opinion respecting the wisdom of this 'concordat' can not be, and should not be, represt—particularly in a country like the United States, where government is based upon the theory that State and Church should function not only separately but even independently.

"'A free Church in a free State'—this is the ideal that has been set up and maintained in these United States by Protestant, Catholic and Jew alike. Irrespective of religious faith, this is the policy to which all Americans, capable of appreciating their country's laws and resolved to defend institutions built up under those laws, unreservedly subscribe."

TO KEEP GUNS FROM WARRING NATIONS

THE MOST PROFOUND ISSUE before the world today is raised by Senator Capper's plan for an embargo on war materials to any nation violating the Kellogg peace pact, so one of our editors believes, and certain it is that the Senator has started the whole world talking. Everywhere abroad the move is welcomed with enthusiasm, but here it seems to be starting new fights and reviving old ones. "Embers of the old fight against the League of Nations are sure to be stirred," avers the Newark *News*, and "a pretty row is promised."



STORE TEETH FOR THE BABY

—Doyle in the Philadelphia *Record*.

Already the New York *Times* hears "the cry that the Kansas Senator has lent himself to a secret and perverse scheme to bring the United States after all into the League of Nations." The Philadelphia *Record* asks us "to wait for the outburst which may be expected from those who have weapons and ammunition to sell; they may be relied upon to supply vigorous opposition, however it may be veiled." So the Hartford *Courant* is but one of many newspapers to predict that the first regular session of the coming Seventy-first Congress will witness spirited controversy over the Capper resolution and a somewhat similar resolution introduced in the House by Congressman Porter of Pennsylvania, both intended to provide teeth for the war-renouncing Pact of Paris. Already the opposition may be divided into three main groups, notes the New York *World:*

> "There is the school represented by Mr. Borah, who holds that any resolution or any sanction is unnecessary. There is the group represented by Mr. Coolidge, who, if we credit the White House statements, holds that some action may be necessary, but this particular resolution goes too far. Finally, there is the group typified by Senator Edge, who attacks the resolution as dangerous, in that it will 'put the United States in the very middle of every international broil.' Unnecessary, incautious, dangerous—there are three distinct verdicts on the resolution."

With all this opposition, it seems to the Manchester *Union* that the Capper plan "has a particularly hard road to travel." But, while the Syracuse *Herald* fully understands the strength of the opposition, it would have us remember that the Capper joint resolution "is intended as a measure of domestic legislation, and will therefore be submitted for the approval of Congress, as a whole, by a majority vote":

> "In that respect, it differs materially from the treaty itself, which required a two-thirds ratification by the Senate alone. It is therefore conceivable that the resolution may develop a degree of favor in Congress that the sympathizers with Senator Borah's position will not be able to resist. On the other hand, it seems next to impossible that the Capper resolution can be prest to adoption, whatever the sentiment behind it, at the current session of Congress."

The idea behind the Capper resolution, as several correspondents note, has been brought up several times in Congress, so it is not absolutely new. The preliminary paragraphs of the resolutions offered by Senator Capper on the 11th lead up to the main proposition by asserting its logical connection with the Kellogg pact and earlier antiwar pronouncements of the United States. The chief provisions of the joint resolution are:

> "That whenever the President determines and by proclamation declares that any country has violated the Multilateral Treaty for the Renunciation of War, it shall be unlawful, unless otherwise provided by act of Congress or by proclamation of the President, to export to such country arms, munitions, implements of war or other articles for use in war until the President shall by proclamation declare that such violation no longer continues.
>
> "Section 2. It is declared to be the policy of the United States that the nationals of the United States should not be protected by their Government in giving aid and comfort to a nation which has committed a breach of the said treaty.
>
> "Section 3. The President is hereby requested to enter into negotiations with other governments which ratify or adhere to the said treaty to secure agreement that the nationals of the contracting governments should not be protected by their governments in giving aid and comfort to a nation which has committed a breach of the said treaty.
>
> "Section 4. The policy of the United States as exprest in Section 2 hereof shall apply only in case of a breach of the said treaty by war against a Government which has declared its adherence to a similar policy."

Besides the Capper resolution (which was also offered in the House by Representative Fish of New York), Chairman Stephen G. Porter (Rep., Pa.), of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, has introduced a resolution of his own amending an existing law of 1912 applying to American countries, so as to read:

> "That whenever the President finds that in any country conditions of domestic violence or of international conflict exist or are threatened, which are or may be promoted by the use of arms or munitions of war procured from the United States, and makes proclamation thereof, it shall be unlawful to export, except under such limitations and exceptions as the President prescribes, any arms or munitions of war from any place in the United States to such country until otherwise ordered by the President or by Congress."

In a long formal statement explaining his resolution, Senator Capper said, as quoted in the Washington correspondence of his own Topeka *Capital:*

> "The moment it becomes clear that a nation which has solemnly promised to renounce war as an instrument of national policy, but which nevertheless provokes or invites a war, will not be able to buy munitions or supplies from the American people with which to carry on the war—then that war will come to a sudden end. In fact, I doubt whether it will ever be begun.
>
> "In other words, I believe the adoption and effectuation of this resolution will tend to make the peace pact effective. It will, in a measure, underwrite the peace pact without compelling us to police the world.
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> "What is proposed in the new resolution is simply to carry out the spirit of the Briand-Kellogg pact; to prevent conscienceless nationals from making a profit out of aiding and abetting nations that violate the pact."

"The spirit of it is everlastingly right," is the enthusiastic comment of the Hartford *Times* on the Capper resolution. It seems to the Washington *Star* "a logical sequence of the ratification of the Kellogg treaty." The Scripps-Howard newspapers, the Boston *Globe*, Brooklyn *Eagle*, Brooklyn *Citizen*, Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, and Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, all emphatically call for the adoption of the resolution by Congress. "An embargo

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 5.

1. What contemporary king was born in Pennsylvania? (p. 38).
2. Who are the "Hoovercrats"? (p. 15).
3. What is the scandal of the "marrying parson"? (p. 27).
4. Why are people who speak English so afraid of those who do not? (p. 18).
5. What boy played with goats in the White House? (p. 61).
6. What do Russian icon-painters now paint instead? (p. 23).
7. What is the difference between a war that is thinkable and a war that is unthinkable? (p. 17).
8. What people excel in skiing? (p. 66).
9. For what year does the dictator of Spain predict his retirement? (p. 13).
10. What language is said to have no swear words? (p. 16).
11. What is a dambo? (p. 58).
12. What is the new device for submarine life saving? (p. 14).
13. How would Communism appeal to a high-caste Hindu? (p. 20).
14. How wide is the universe of stars in which we live? (p. 77).
15. In what country is an amazing mass-education movement taking place? (p. 27).
16. How has the radio helped the farmer's pocket? (p. 34).
17. Where are blood sacrifices made to-day as a part of religious ceremonies? (p. 50).
18. What per cent. of the mineral species are suitable for gems? (p. 32).
19. What is approximately the annual cost of having a President? (p. 52).
20. How does the radio combat crime? (p. 36).

on the export of arms to a nation that violates the Kellogg pact would silence those cynics, American as well as European, who taunt the United States with hypocrisy in initiating and concluding that treaty," declares the Portland *Oregonian*. The Hartford *Courant* uses a popular expression when it says the Capper resolution would give the Kellogg pact teeth. There is merit in the Capper idea, argues the Des Moines *Register*, because "taking the profits out of war, whether it be a war including us or a war between nations in the far corners of the world, will always be found a tremendous stimulus to peaceful nations." While the Iowa paper admits that the Capper plan "goes only a short distance, and in a test might not go even that far, it does approach war and peace from the standpoint of profits."

Going further, the Brooklyn *Times* and Louisville *Courier-Journal* declare that the Capper plan, like the peace pledge, should be made multilateral. The Kentucky paper and the New Haven *Journal-Courier* argue that the Capper resolution is bringing us nearer to cooperation with the other governments of the world, perhaps even closer to the League of Nations.

But some papers friendly to the Capper idea have their doubts about certain practical aspects of its actual operation. The Springfield *Republican*, for instance, taking first the Porter resolution, observes:

> "Considering the great number of countries which since the war have fallen under the control of dictatorships of one sort or another, the extension proposed by Mr. Porter seems of doubtful wisdom.
>
> "With so many safety-valves tied down there are likely to be a good many explosions in the next half-century, and time may show that only by valiant fighting can some countries recover the freedom of which they have been robbed in an hour of exhaustion and paralysis.
>
> "Conceivably in some cases public opinion in this country might sympathize with the rebels rather than with a harshly tyrannical government, but it is hardly for the United States to take sides, and this part of the Porter resolution goes too far. Even in the case of China, which has led to much criticism of the Powers for not cutting off the supply of arms for the opposing factions, it is not clear that an effective embargo would have hastened peace."

And "even the narrower provisions of the Capper resolution raise serious questions of international as well as domestic import," continues *The Republican:*

> "The effect of the resolution would be to put upon the President undivided responsibility for determining, in case a war should break out in any part of the world, whether the Kellogg pact had been violated, and if so by which of the belligerents. To answer either of these questions is no simple matter, and one of the reasons why our Government preferred to have the treaty confined to a simple broad formula was found in the difficulty of determining which belligerent in a given case is the aggressor.
>
> "A further complication is found in the fact that in case of war a similar but independent decision might have to be taken by the League of Nations to carry out its pledge to restrain aggressors by economic pressure. An extraordinary situation would arise if the League should boycott one belligerent while a President of the United States, acting under the Capper resolution, were to forbid the sale of arms to the other party to the dispute. In practise it is possible that such a mix-up might be averted by early consultation between Geneva and Washington, with a view to joint action by the United States and the League, but this is hardly an argument calculated to quiet whatever misgivings isolationists like Senator Borah may entertain.
>
> "Abroad the Capper resolution has made an excellent impression, but foreign statesmen have learned enough of the intricacy of our politics not to show openly a satisfaction which might alarm our Senate.
>
> "On general principles the aims of the Capper resolution may be highly commended, but its effects would be so far-reaching that a thorough study of it from every point of view is indispensable. On constitutional grounds it is as well based as the law of 1912, yet it calls attention to the prevailing tendency to pile up responsibilities upon the President."

That the Capper idea hurts rather than helps the Kellogg peace pact is the view-point of several distrustful papers. "A punitive armament embargo would hamstring the antiwar pact by alienating the sympathy that it attracts because of its purely moral obligation," argues the Detroit *Free Press;* "the adoption of Senator Capper's resolution might easily do more than a dozen cruiser bills to make other signatories think twice before ratifying the treaty." Says the Philadelphia *Bulletin:*

> "The Capper idea rejects the non-coercive principle of the Kellogg pact and returns to the old thought of punitive sanctions. It implies entanglements and involvements against which the American people have decided. By reopening an old controversy it does not serve the cause of world peace but rather fosters the idea that the Kellogg plan is ineffective and a 'gesture.'"

"The Capper resolution is hailed in some quarters as a helpful and logical extension of the Briand-Kellogg Treaty," but it seems to the New York *Herald Tribune* "more destructive than helpful, and to apply blundering haste to the solution of the most difficult and confused of all international problems, that of neutral rights." "Passing on questions of self-defense and imposing embargoes on legitimate neutral trade" do not come within the scope of the Kellogg treaty, so, in the opinion of the New York daily:

> "The unilateral Capper revision would really invalidate the treaty instead of strengthening it.
>
> "It would also dispose offhand of many questions of sea rights, sea power, sea policing and neutral commerce which are now confused as never before, and whose clarification is one of the most difficult of international problems."

UNCLE SAM QUITS THE SHIPPING GAME

ONE OF THE KEENEST STRUGGLES in the history of American transatlantic shipping, for control of the passenger traffic, will be staged within the next few years, say shipping men, as a result of the sale of the Shipping Board's largest and finest vessels to private interests. For the moment, editorial writers and Washington correspondents are content to congratulate Uncle Sam for getting out of the shipping game, so far as passenger tonnage is concerned, but shipping men already are looking ahead to the time when some of these vessels, including the *Leviathan*, *America*, and *President Harding*, will be in more active competition with other lines than they are to-day. Bigger and faster ships are already building or planned by all the chief transatlantic companies, and the buyers of the American ships are pledged to build two craft equal to the *Leviathan*. In such a struggle, observes one editor, it is the transatlantic passenger that is likely to benefit.

International Newsreel photograph

A NEW FIGURE IN SHIPPING

P. W. Chapman, of New York and Chicago, whose banking firm has taken over the Shipping Board's largest and finest vessels. Mr. Chapman, so rumor has it, will supplement his transatlantic passenger service with huge 20-passenger Burnelli airplanes, to be catapulted from the decks.

"The primary object in disposing of these eleven vessels," explains the Washington *Post*, "is to insure their ownership and operation by Americans. What this country desires is an Atlantic steamship line of the fastest and finest ships afloat, flying the American flag and subject to the uses of the United States in time of emergency; with officers and crews belonging to the Naval Reserve and trained for war duty. Every first-class steamship is a potential cruiser." Under the new shipping laws, private owners of the merchant marine are favored with something resembling a subsidy, notes the Philadelphia *Record*, in the form of mail-contract terms and loans for new construction. On the other hand, such benefits are somewhat offset by lower wages on foreign vessels. For these reasons, the Coolidge Administration considers it a better bargain for the Government to sell the eleven vessels at the price offered by the highest bidder than to continue to operate them at a loss.

A little less than three years ago an effort was made to dispose of these ships, but no acceptable offers were received. Since then, however, the mail-contract and other more liberal provisions of the Jones-White law have encouraged private shipowners and operators to make other bids. The recent attempt of the Shipping Board to sell the vessels brought a bid of $16,300,000 from P. W. Chapman and Company, Inc., of New York. This was for the six ships of the United States Lines, including the *Leviathan*, and the five vessels of the American Merchant Line, including all docks and leaseholds, such as piers and offices. In addition, the company agrees to build two new liners of the *Leviathan* class, and to operate them under the American flag. Twenty-five per cent. of the purchase price must be paid in advance, and the remainder in instalments covering ten years. Meanwhile, the Government will loan the Chapman concern, at a low rate of interest, three-fourths of the amount needed to construct the two additional liners.

To the Baltimore *Sun*, all this is of "far-reaching importance. It marks the end of a prolonged controversy and the acceptance of the policy of private operation, with generous government financial backing, in the hope that it will create and maintain a merchant marine adequate for the nation's commercial needs and for national defense. Moreover, it will restore some degree of activity in our shipyards." The ships did not bring anything like their original cost, admits the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, "but the Government will save money in the end by getting rid of them." According to the Shipping Board, the book value of the eleven ships involved in the Chapman deal was $16,378,000 as of December 31 last. To quote the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times:*

"All the offers were for guaranteed periods of operation of five years, except for the new vessels proposed to be constructed. The latter would be operated for ten years, thereby coming under the mail-subvention requirements of the Post-office Department for new vessels.

"The successful bid was made through Joseph E. Sheedy, former vice-president and European director of the Merchant Fleet Corporation, as agent.

"The United States Lines consist of the steamships *Leviathan*, *President Roosevelt*, *President Harding*, *America*, *George Washington*, and *Republic*.

"The American Merchant Lines service from New York to London consists of five combined passenger and cargo vessels averaging 81,000 deadweight tons each. These are the *American Farmer*, *American Trader*, *American Banker*, *American Merchant*, and *American Shipper*."

At present, we read in another Washington *Post* editorial, the United States is being outdistanced, in the matter of ship construction, by some of the other maritime nations, the latest figures showing that for every ocean-going ship the United States builds, Britain is building fifty; Germany, ten; France and Italy each five, and Japan four. Moreover, the Shipping Board's total loss on operations and idle ships during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1928, says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, amounted to $17,390,000. During the year the Government sold sixty-seven merchant ships to established lines, but on June 30 it still owned 758 vessels, of which 505 were not in use. The eleven vessels just sold were the largest of these. According to an article in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"Sale of the United States and American Merchant lines to the Chapman interests means that the Government is definitely out of shipping, so far as passenger tonnage is concerned.

"The Chapman group have excited the admiration of the shipping world for their courage in offering, not only to take the two government services over, but for their plans to build two liners superior in type to the *Leviathan*, and faster, and a number of smaller liners.

"This program is necessary if American flag shipping is to figure as a prominent factor on the North Atlantic.

"The North German Lloyd, next summer, will bring out the *Bremen* and *Europa*, the two fastest ships in the world, with a minimum speed of 26½ knots. The White Star will follow, in 1930, with a 1,000-foot liner which will probably make a bid for speed honors. It is expected that before this year is many months older the Cunard Line will have awarded a contract for a new vessel that will have a speed of around thirty knots. The Hamburg-American, it is reported in reliable quarters, is now drawing up plans for two vessels that will, if possible, be even faster. The French Line is also expected to soon begin construction on a new fast super-liner that will exceed the *Ile de France* in size and speed. The Canadian Pacific Line also has under construction a big liner.

"With such an array of great foreign liners on the North Atlantic, private American interests will be called upon to match their wits with their more experienced rivals, and this can be done only by building ships at least equal in speed, comfort, and luxury."

SPAIN'S "TIRED" DICTATOR HOLDS ON

TWO MILITARY REVOLTS WITHIN ONE WEEK in the Spanish cities of Ciudad Real and Valencia, altho promptly squelched, raise much press speculation concerning how long Premier Gen. Primo de Rivera can hold out as Dictator of Spain. He tells an American correspondent that he is "tired," but good for two years more. News correspondence secretly dispatched across the frontier into France, in order to escape censorship, and cabled thence to American papers, goes so far as to predict that the dictatorship is virtually at an end, the abortive outbreaks being symptomatic of "the gravest opposition movement to the directorate which has yet happened." In snappier phrases for readers of the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain, the picture becomes: "Spain is seething with revolt, armed where the revolutionists dare to raise a violent hand against the present régime, and moral where they do not. The dictator simply has thrown a large and heavy iron lid on top of the erupting volcano, and on this lid he and every loyal regiment he can muster are sitting, trying to hold it down. He may succeed for a time or he may not, but in Spain it is generally believed that sooner or later he must go." According to censored dispatches from Spain itself, the revolters were easily put down with practically no bloodshed, Spain is perfectly quiet, and General de Rivera has strengthened his power by a series of decrees approved by King Alfonso, applying martial law where necessary.

P. & A. photograph

TIRED NOW

Five years of this sort of thing have tired Spain's Dictator, Gen. Primo de Rivera.

Rivera himself predicts his retirement before 1932, in an interview with Leland Stowe, foreign correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*. The dictator is quoted as saying that:

> "Our greatest remaining task is to draft and inaugurate constitutional and legal reform. It is in these that I look to the completion of my work.
>
> "We shall prepare, first, the project for a new Constitution; second, a law of public order; third, a project of electoral reform; fourth, a law of association, and fifth, laws and regulations for the press.
>
> "When all are ready we shall submit them to the whole country in a referendum, and if the nation approves we shall convoke a new Assembly and a new constitutional government.
>
> "I don't want a Parliament as weak and inefficient as some of those elsewhere in Europe. I want a strong and truly representative Parliament, in which all sections of public opinion will participate.
>
> "I hope that before 1932 we shall have finished our task completely, both the Constitution and all the complementary laws. But I don't think it will require three years.
>
> "When the new Constitution and laws are adopted, it will remain for the King and the people to choose a government. I shall resign and give way to the younger and less fatigued."

To this renunciatory declaration for foreign publication scant attention seems to be given by the American press, which is inclined to discount all censored news releases under the dictatorship, and to play upon the "unrest" and "discontent" in Spain.

Even if somehow, some day, the dictator should be upset, the Boston *Globe* thinks it will mean "merely a shift in power, from one army clique to another." The Manchester *Union* remarks that the Spaniard "is not as submissive as the Italian, and Primo's dictatorship is not as firmly established as that of Mussolini." And, since the Spanish journalists are so bitter against the tyrannical censorship, that veiled criticism is bound to influence the public against the dictator. His latest official assurances, according to the Brooklyn *Times*, are "received with considerable doubt by well-informed persons who are also accustomed to read between the lines; the 'quiet' reported 'throughout Spain' is interpreted as a similitude to that ominous silence before the outbreak of a storm." Spain still "smarts under the humiliation of the unfortunate Moroccan campaign of 1921," the Kansas City *Star* reminds us, and "the civilian population still resents the domination of military juntas and their complete disregard of popular rights." The Providence *Journal* says:

> "There is a vast difference between a dictatorship which accomplishes things in constructive fashion, such as the Mussolini régime in Italy, and a dictatorship which is largely spent in marking time, such as the de Rivera rule in Spain. Until more constructive policies are initiated in Spain, therefore, we may expect a repetition of the attempt which has just been effectually stifled."

Dictator and King have stood together against the "red" conspirators, inside and outside Spain, according to the Washington *Post:*

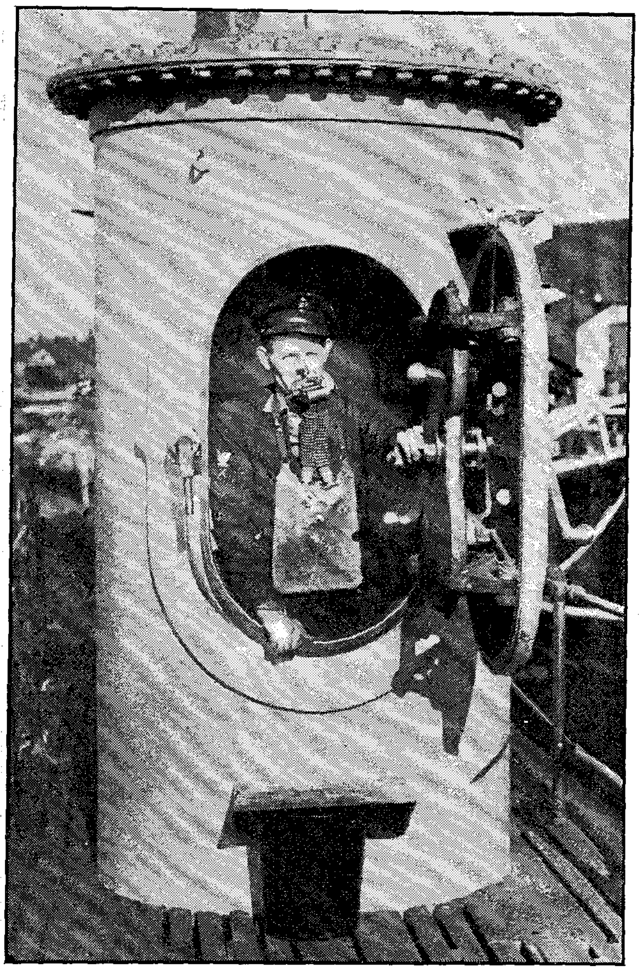
> "King Alfonso appears to have conceded extraordinary powers to his Prime Minister somewhat reluctantly, but always in time to prevent the development of worse conditions than those resulting from the dictatorship.
>
> "The popularity of the King throughout Spain is the strongest factor in combating the disrupted forces. Premier de Rivera has been shrewd in the exercise of his power, by making all opposition take the form of disloyalty to the throne. Thus treason to the dictator is treason to the King. But on the other hand, the Premier himself has been absolutely loyal, and no doubt his strong-arm methods have been justified in one emergency after another.

Among other commentators is the Detroit *Free Press:*

> "General de Rivera is a practised hand at putting down military uprisings. Since he set himself up as dictator in 1923, Spain has averaged a 'plot' a year. They have come to nothing, because they have failed to enlist the enthusiastic support of the masses. The latest outbreak, which seems to have been easily controlled, was led by Sanchez Guerra, who was Premier when de Rivera seized the reins, and who remains the recognized leader of the Tory party. Guerra's chief support came from officers in the artillery corps of the Spanish army, who regard themselves as the cream of the service. Their aristocratic sensibilities were first offended when de Rivera ruled that promotion should be based on merit and not on seniority. They started a little revolt of their own in September, 1926, which ended in their further discomfiture.
>
> "General de Rivera has with him the King and the masses, who have benefited in a material sense by the substitution of efficient autocracy for incompetent parliamentarianism. Against him are the ultra-Liberal intelligentsia, whose antimonarchical fulminations enable him to pose as defender of the throne; and the aristocrats and Tories. The superficiality of the recent revolt was shown by the promptness with which the mutineers in Ciudad Real returned to their barracks when airplanes dropt on them promises that only the officers would be punished. The rank and file was not deeply interested. The same may be said of the Spanish masses generally. They are content to let freedom shriek, as long as their stomachs are filled and their backs clothed and their heads sheltered."

SUBMARINES NO LONGER DEATH-TRAPS

THE MEN OF THE *S-4* DID NOT DIE IN VAIN. This is the conclusion reached by a number of American editors who were horrified a little over a year ago by the loss of forty lives when the *S-4* was rammed and sunk off Provincetown, as they read of the hazardous experiment successfully carried out early this month by Lieutenant Momsen, naval officer, and Edward Kalinowski, naval deep-sea diver, off the Florida coast. Sinking the reclaimed and reconditioned *S-4* in forty feet of water, near Key West, these men crawled into the "escape hatch," a sort of steel barrel on the deck, large enough for a man to stand up in, closed the door behind them, opened a valve and allowed the sea water to partly fill the small enclosure. As the water rose about them, the air in the chamber was comprest until its pressure was equal to the pressure of the ocean outside, and the water stopt coming in. Donning a pair of "artificial lungs" somewhat similar to gas-masks, the pair released a line with a wooden buoy, which floated to the surface. Then, opening an underwater door, and using the line as a guide, they came to the surface.


International Newsreel photograph

THE FIRST MAN UP FROM THE DEPTHS

Chief Torpedo-man Edward Kalinowski, expert Navy diver, wearing the "artificial lung," an adaptation of the World War gas-mask. He is seen in the doorway of the escape hatch of the *S-4*, from which he escaped while the submarine was lying on the ocean floor off Key West at a depth of forty feet.

In thus risking their lives, declares the New York *World* correspondent aboard the submarine rescue vessel near by, these two men upheld the best traditions of the Navy and, what is more, "made the world safer for those who go down to the sea in submarines." "They risked their lives at every step, voluntarily and merely as a part of the day's work," observes the Columbus *Dispatch*, "and their names should be written high among those who have given much for the benefit of the world in general." The New York *Times* believes that, as a result of the experiment, "men will not be trapt like rats when a damaged submarine sinks to the ocean floor." According to this paper:

> "The records of all nations are full of acts of intrepidity, generally done in wartime and directed to winning victories over a foe. But what Lieutenant Momsen and E. Kalinowski did had no heat of battle to warm it, no hatred of an enemy to stimulate it. Like the devoted men who expose themselves to disease in order to find cures for human ills, Momsen and Kalinowski twice walked into the jaws of death as if it were a matter of routine.
>
> "If the counterpart of this act had been performed in the heat of battle, Congressmen would to-day have been arising in their places and suggesting medals. The steps of New York's City Hall would be carpeted for the tread of the heroes."

It was the loss of forty lives in the *S-4* disaster in December, 1927, that served to create a vigorous demand throughout the nation for more efficient life-saving devices. Among the inventions and adaptations submitted to the Secretary of the Navy, Lieutenant Momsen's was thought worthy of development—and the result is history. For the first time in the annals of the Navy, it is said, men have escaped from a sunken submarine with apparatus designed for the purpose. In other words, notes the Providence *News*, "man's ingenuity has again triumphed over the sea." As the New York *Herald Tribune* correspondent describes the operation:

> "The submarine *S-4* was sunk again to-day, with a 'trapt' crew of fifteen volunteers. Within less than half an hour Chief Torpedo-man Kalinowski and Lieutenant Momsen had not only escaped from the submerged vessel and risen safely to the surface, but descended again and reentered the undersea craft.
>
> "The *S-4* began slowly to submerge at 11:25 A. M., to-day, stern first. At 11:31 she had passed beneath the surface into forty feet of water, fourteen miles off Key West.
>
> "A small launch tender put out from the rescue ship *Mallard*, and came alongside the spot where the submarine's periscope was last seen. At 11:56 a black buoy shot to the surface of the water and was hauled on board the launch. Three minutes later the head of a man wearing the mechanical lung came to the surface. It was Chief Torpedo-man Kalinowski. One minute later Lieutenant Momsen, co-inventor of the lung, shot up from the *S-4*, and was also pulled aboard the launch.
>
> "Discarding his lung, Lieutenant Momsen donned a diver's helmet and started his descent. He was followed in three minutes by Kalinowski, and several seconds later a signal from below told that the men had reentered the undersea craft, closing the escape hatch behind them. Chief Gunner C. L. Tibbals, master-diver, remained in the escape lock until the men returned, closing the door behind them. The water then was blown from the lock by the *S-4's* own apparatus."

Of the "gas-mask" paraphernalia, this writer adds:

> "The mechanical lung, at first appearance, seems to be an enlarged and improved gas-mask arrangement. A caplike helmet fits over the head, water-tight goggles over the eyes; a clip is fitted over the nose, and a breathing tube goes into the mouth. A bag, similar to the old gas-mask known to millions of World War veterans, is placed around the chest.
>
> "This innocent-appearing bag, however, holds the secret of the life-saving apparatus. In it are a container of soda of lime, which absorbs carbon dioxid, and a bottle of compress oxygen. The oxygen is turned on by a valve outside the bag, and is reduced in pressure by passing through a reducing chamber.
>
> "The oxygen is inhaled through one tube and the exhaled air is passed back into the bag by another tube. The entire arrangement is water-tight, and contains sufficient oxygen to sustain life for one hour and a half."

Recalling the criticism that poured down upon Navy Department heads immediately following the *S-4* disaster, and anticipating the question: "Why was not this simple device of Lieutenant Momsen's in use at that time?" the Kansas City *Star* explains:

> "Navies are like any other human institution. Great disasters are necessary, and sometimes many of them, before there can be imprest on us the necessities of adopting cures or palliatives."

CAN HOOVER HOLD THE HOOVERCRATS?

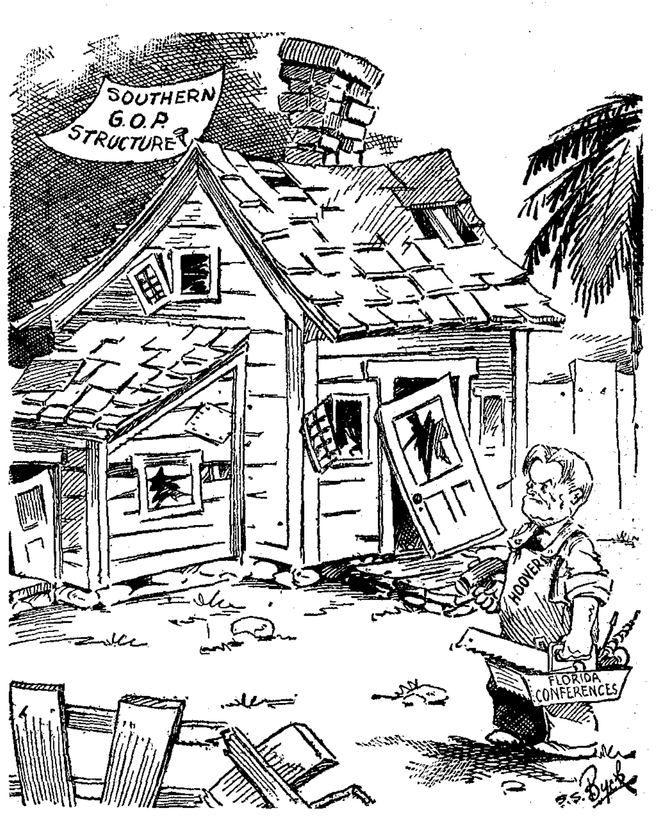
THE OLD REPUBLICAN MACHINERY of the South, which has been creaking and groaning these many years, is at last to be taken in hand by an engineer. According to the "Florida" correspondents, Herbert Hoover, President-elect, is the person who, with the help of Republican leaders of the "new" or industrialized South, will undertake the stupendous job of shaking up, oiling, rebuilding, tightening here and there, and otherwise adjusting the Republican party machinery in that section. But before attempting to reorganize the South politically, along business lines, we are told, the President-elect must untangle one of the most serious race conflicts and political patronage free-for-all fights since the reconstruction days immediately following the Civil War.

At the start, say the Washington correspondents temporarily sojourning in Florida, Mr. Hoover finds a bitter undercover conflict raging between powerful Republican leaders, both white and colored, who have doled out political jobs for years and delivered Southern Republican delegates in national conventions, and the newer leaders, who represent the growing industrial control in the South. In the opinion of the Providence *News*, "if the party machinery is to be readjusted, one group of leaders or the other will have to be thrown aside in the revamping process. And that means political warfare—which is just what the Democrats want. While it is going on, they can strengthen their own position."

According to Col. Henry W. Anderson, of Richmond, Virginia, "a revolution—social, economic, and political—is brewing in the South, particularly in Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, and Texas." Furthermore, this prominent Republican, following a luncheon with the President-elect early this month, announced that the moment for the "big house-cleaning" is at hand, and that Mr. Hoover is the man to carry it out. As Colonel Anderson reminded the newspaper men: "Mr. Hoover's victory in five of the Southern States last November was not a party victory as much as it was a Hoover victory." One of the reasons, we are told, was a longing among the industrialists of the South for an Administration friendly to "big business." At any rate, it has brought us a new word, says Morris D. Ervin in a Washington dispatch to the Cincinnati *Times-Star:*

> "'Hoovercrat' is a word that is coming into more or less general usage in political circles these days. They are the men and women who took the solid out of the Solid South last November. The generally accepted definition of a Hoovercrat is a Democrat who bolted Governor Smith and voted for Hoover, but who still maintains that he is a Democrat. Their number is legion, as the final election figures in North Carolina, Texas, Tennessee, Virginia, and Florida attest. But whatever his party, as a Hoovercrat he is of the opinion that he is entitled to some reward from the hand of the particular Republican President who happened to be benefited by his vote. That is the problem which Mr. Hoover faces.
>
> "There has been no such problem in the past. Heretofore, there was no such thing as a Hoovercrat, and it was a very simple matter to take care of the few Republican leaders in the South. Their very existence was based on the handing out of patronage to a small and exclusive group.
>
> "The breaking of the Solid South, however, changed all that. And what makes it all the more difficult is the fact that it was not the Republicans in the South who broke it; it was the Hoovercrats. They turned the tide in the South. Now they expect a reward."

That it will be no small task to build up a new Republican organization in the South is pointed out by Thomas F. Healey, in a Miami Beach dispatch to the New York *Evening Post*. New leaders, he says, must be set up in the various States and race hatreds must be dissipated. In the opinion of W. W. Jermane, Washington correspondent of the Seattle *Times*, "the question Mr. Hoover has before him is important beyond any advantage his party might secure. Its proper answer would encourage the setting up of strong and upstanding State governments to take the place of the weak, extravagant, and generally discredited régimes for which a one-party system has been responsible." This would be more than a party service, thinks the Kansas City *Star;* "it would be the nation's good fortune." Heretofore, declares the Providence *Journal*, "the trouble with the South is that it has been on a one-party basis. It is now proposed to put it on a two-party basis." Mr. Hoover, believes the Boston *Transcript*, "will want only the best men and women to serve the Government in that section, and where he can not find them in his own party, he should go to the other. His first step, however, should be to classify the Republican sheep from the goats."



ANOTHER JOB FOR THE CABINET MAKER

—Byck in the Brooklyn *Times.*

Of course, points out the other side, traditions are not overturned in a day. "The South still resents the use which Republican administrations have made of their power," declares the New Haven *Journal-Courier*. As for Mr. Hoover, "he should realize that the traditionally Democratic States which went Republican in the last election did not love him and his party more, but Al Smith less," thinks the New York *Times*. Continues this New York daily:

> "Not always will the Democrats—if ever again—nominate a candidate who in his own person offers the incitement to Southern prejudice represented by the Catholic religion, Tammany affiliation, a city accent, and anti-Prohibition views. Should Governor Roosevelt of New York, for example, reach Presidential availability by 1932, would all the party work and the most localized program keep Virginia, Florida, North Carolina, Texas, and Tennessee Republican, even for Mr. Hoover?"

"We may expect a considerable shift in Southern States on account of the popularity of Herbert Hoover," admits the Troy *Record*. "But if any of those Commonwealths are to become Republican in their thought or to create Republican organizations able to cope with the established opposition on an even basis, it will take more than personal allegiance or personal prejudice to achieve such an end."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

California's son doubtless appreciates Florida's sun!—*Christian Science Monitor.*

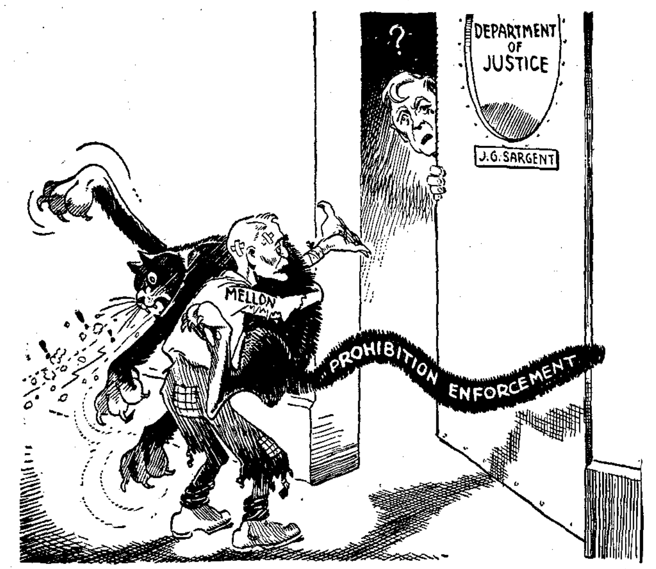
By all means let the Democrats investigate Salt Creek. They know the neighborhood.—*Boston Transcript.*

Some people think that the Federal Reserve Board is not so reserved as it ought to be.—*New York Evening Post.*

Where Do We Stand in Television?—Head-line. Well, our idea was, right in front of the screen.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Mussolini has forbidden bear trading in stocks. We were pretty sure he would repeal the law of gravitation when he got around to it.—*The New Yorker.*

There is a good deal of talk about the rights of the minority, but about the only way it can get them is to leave the impression on the law-making body that it is the majority by howling louder than the latter.—*Ohio State Journal.*



"WANT A NICE KITTY, MISTER?"

Prohibition enforcement will be transferred from the Treasury Department to the Department of Justice.—*Washington Dispatch.*

—Doyle in the Philadelphia *Record.*

The private secretary of the Governor of Oklahoma may become known as the power behind the thrown.—*Indianapolis News.*

It is too bad the whaling business is a thing of the past, not only on the ocean but in the home.—*American Lumberman (Chicago).*

We still have much to be thankful for. They haven't yet put the gum-chewing championships into the talking movies.—*San Diego Union.*

Mr. Hoover as the Republican leader has only to get a Cabinet together, but we Democrats have to do that with a whole party.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Now it is charged that a woman has been giving orders to the Governor of Oklahoma. That puts him in the same position as the Governors of California, New Jersey, Kentucky, Minnesota, and others too numerous to mention.—*South Bend Tribune.*

Anyway, we'd rather be quoted in The Literary Digest than on the stock exchange.—*Brunswick (Ga.) Pilot.*

Secretary Wilbur says the Navy is unready for war. By an amusing coincidence, there is no war ready for the Navy.—*The New Yorker.*

We hope the repaired parts of the Frigate *Constitution* do not leak as badly as some of the repaired parts of the U. S. Constitution.—*Brunswick (Ga.) Pilot.*

It is so difficult to tell how this Standard Oil battle of the proxies is coming out that it might not be a bad plan to settle it by a Literary Digest poll.—*Hartford Courant.*

Grover Whalen, the new Police Commissioner of New York, is in Florida for a rest. Incidentally, we are all getting the same thing while he is gone.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Every thousandth person in Chicago was arrested in a recent round-up. Being called one man in a thousand in Chicago isn't the compliment that it used to be.—*American Lumberman.*

There are times when we question the pronouncements of the learned, but one of the things we have decided not to prove for ourself is the recent statement of a prominent naturalist that lions are near-sighted.—*New York Evening Post.*

According to the Rev. J. T. Rhys, there are no swear-words in Welsh. But there is Welsh.—*Punch.*

This age isn't more wicked than the age of our fathers—it just fails to pull down the shades.—*Washington Post.*

We don't care if the Spanish rebels take Valencia, as long as they don't sing it.—*American Lumberman.*

Good-will is the premium on the peace policy that keeps it from becoming lapsed.—*The Thomas E. Pickerill Service.*

When Willie starts bringing in problems in the Einstein theory for his home work, there'll be another reason why men leave home.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

If, after just having signed a peace treaty with twenty-six nations, we need fifteen new cruisers, how many would we have needed if we hadn't just signed a peace treaty with twenty-six nations?—*New York Evening Post.*

The man who used to consider the world his oyster has a son now who is peeved because there isn't a pearl in it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

If half of the dispatches about him are correct, Trotzky is more than living up to the first syllable of his name.—*New York Evening Post.*

When the politicians speak of "the people," they mean those millions of us who have a whole lot of peep but very little pull.—*The Thomas E. Pickerill Service.*

When Colonel Stewart cut that Standard Oil melon, it must have given him a twinge of pain to hand the largest slice to Mr. Rockefeller.—*Boston Transcript.*

No, sir, a man's education is never completed, and even if he knew exactly what godets and gussets are, there'd be guimpes, which we see by the paper are coming back, tho we hadn't consciously missed them.—*Ohio State Journal.*

For a good steady job we don't know a poorer opening than the governorship of Oklahoma.—*American Lumberman.*

The heroes of the past appear greater than those of the present, perhaps because they never indorsed any brand of cigarets.—*San Diego Union.*

Mr. Hoover has been in many a grim famine-relief campaign, but never in one so hopeless as this one to satisfy Republican office-seekers.—*Springfield Republican.*

The new Einstein theory is published in a six-page pamphlet selling for twenty-five cents. On the other hand, one can make heads or tails out of a quarter.—*The New Yorker.*

The Governor of Florida has just decreed that all forms of gambling must stop at once. But of course this comes too late to help those who are already married.—*San Diego Union.*

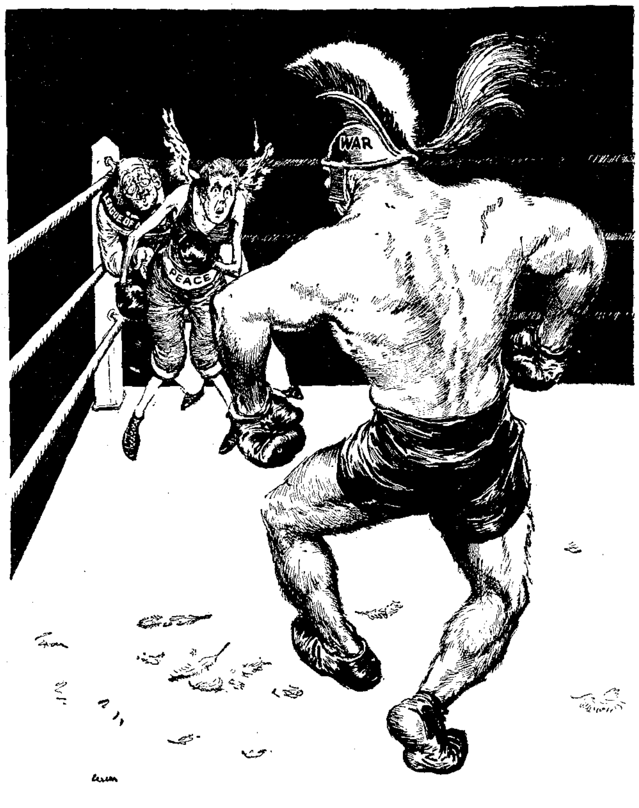
A clown attacked by a lion at a circus sustained no personal injury, but had all his clothes torn off. It would seem that the craze for the "Comic Strip" is spreading to the animal world.—*Punch.*

Perhaps, as he says, the Kaiser didn't start the war, but it isn't necessary to take back anything you've said about him, for we see he gave his wife for a birthday present a copy of the book he's just written.—*New York Evening Post.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

CANADIAN IMPRESSIONS OF A BRITISH-AMERICAN WAR

THE UNITED STATES is to build a Navy to force Great Britain not to build a Navy. That is what Senator Borah's idea "comes to," as it looks to that influential British Columbia daily, the Vancouver *Province*. It is one among many British North American organs to express itself with great freedom regarding the "unthinkable" war between Great Britain and the United States. Nearly all the Canadian dailies dealing with the topic show themselves well-informed regarding current speculations in the German press. These are concerned with the rise and development of what is called "friction" between diplomatic London and diplomatic Washington. The "friction" is traced in some organs of German opinion to a contest for sea power which they deem inevitable and perhaps sanguinary. But Canadian papers as a rule consider such comment fresh proof of the misunderstanding on the continent of Europe of all that relates to the Anglo-Saxon race. But from a Canadian point of view the theme presents difficulties which the Vancouver newspaper handles with no reserve:



THE NEW YEAR STILL HAS THE SAME OLD PROBLEM

—Sydney *Bulletin*.

"If the 'unthinkable' war between Great Britain and the United States were also an unspeakable war, the people of good-will in both nations could sleep easy o' nights. Unspeakable it is indeed, in the sense that it would be infinitely wanton and infamous and calamitous. But it is not unspeakable in the literal sense that men will remain silent about it. There is talk about it, and the talk increases every day, and some of it is sober with a great anxiety, and some of it is foolish with a great blindness of understanding. It is time that the people of good-will in both nations began to take a larger share in this talk, since talk there must be. It is time it was said, and said with a great iteration—for it is true, and it sorely needs to be said—that the public opinion of the British peoples is still at one with the public opinion of the American people, that war between them need not and never shall be.

"We say these things with a strong feeling upon us that every citizen of the English-speaking peoples has his own duty and responsibility in this business, that it is ours not to remain silent, that it is ours to speak honestly in the name of peace and understanding."

There is a cause of difference between Great Britain and the United States, proceeds our candid friend—"but Senator Borah's way is not the way to settle it." For what is the Borah way? It is, laments the Vancouver daily, to tell Great Britain that the cruisers will be built, if they are built, solely as a gesture against Great Britain. The Vancouver *Province* thereupon elucidates:

"How can men have peace and understanding among themselves if they approach each other in the language of force and threatening, and how is it any different with nations than with men? This is not the way of peace. This way, let there be no mistake about it—this way madness lies.

"And there is a better way. There can be no understanding between these peoples if they shake their navies at each other. But there can be understanding between them—we are profoundly convinced of it—if the governments of these people will rightly interpret the desire for understanding of public opinion in the United States and in Great Britain and in the Empire. Let there be a meeting called between the responsible statesmen of these nations—Canada should be there—and let it be called for the purpose of settling this controversy, and let it be called in the name of the Kellogg Treaty between them, the treaty which binds them to seek the settlement of their disputes only by pacific means."

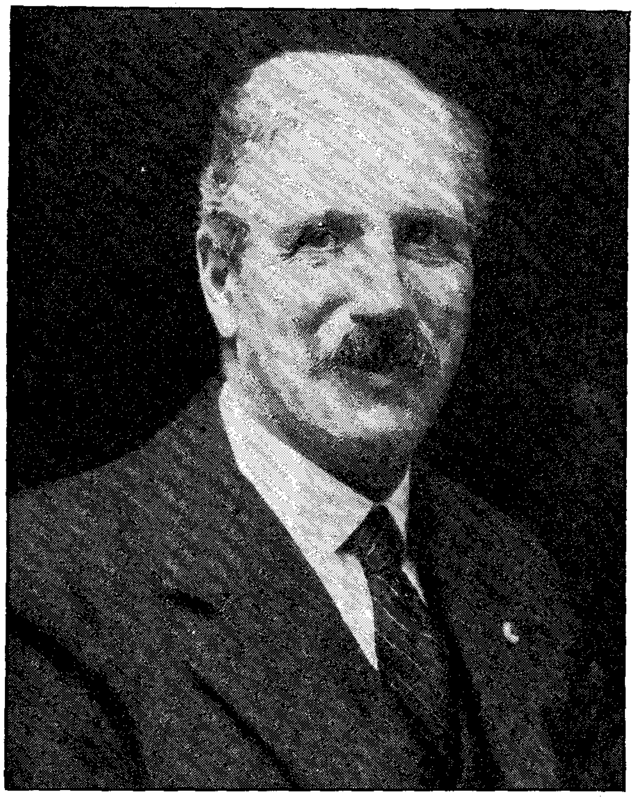
A suggestion of somewhat the same sort is made by the Toronto *Mail*. This candid newspaper remarks that "many people who declare war between Great Britain and the United States unthinkable are busy thinking about it." Among these it includes Ramsay MacDonald. The Canadian daily speaks of "the clouds that are blowing up and threatening to obscure the present friendly relations between the two countries," and amplifies in these conciliatory strains:

"We suggest that one reason for any suspicion that may exist is to be found in the natural reaction from the altruism profest in the Great War. In that struggle the Allies felt that they were a band of brothers. The belief that they were all dedicated to a high task and that they were engaged in the joint business of redeeming the world from its worst faults was held almost universally. Now it appears that the world is much the same as it ever was. Poverty, cruelty, greed, and vanity have not perceptibly diminished. There was a tendency at one time, if indeed it does not now exist, to regard Uncle Sam as a sort of profiteer. For a long time there was bitter controversy as to which nation had won the war. That profitless speculation has now been discontinued, but a comparison of the massive prosperity of the United States with the deprest state of British industry can not but be trying to the British spirit. Nor is it made more bearable by such impolitic utterances as that which President Coolidge gave vent to on Armistice Day. English people have long taken it for granted that the geographical situation of their Empire made it necessary that they should have a large Navy. Experts finally asserted that the British Navy should be a match for any two other navies that might combine against it.

"Now we have Senator Borah threatening to enter a Navy-building contest with Great Britain in certain circumstances. Senator Borah may be regarded as a pacifist who would use threats and even force to bring others to his point of view. It is not improbable that under Hoover there will be a continuance of the discussions begun in the Washington Conference, and more restrictions may be agreed to."

CANADA'S WISH TO STAY NORDIC

WITH AN AREA GREATER than that of the United States, but with a population less than that of New York and Chicago combined; with millions of acres of fertile farming lands lying idle and undeveloped while the world demands Canadian wheat, some may wonder why Canada's Immigration Commissioner recently put up the bars against the farm-minded people of Central Europe who would settle in the Dominion. The answer, which is to be found in the Canadian press, seems to be that our Northern neighbor has "gone Nordic."



International Newsreel photograph

"CANADA INTENDS TO KEEP BRITISH"

In its original form this assertion by the Canadian Immigration Commissioner, Robert Forke, is even more emphatic as a translation into Dominion phraseology of the patriotic poet's slogan "Britain, Britain, Britain till the world shall die!"

The average Canadian, explains *The Farm and Ranch Review* of Calgary, "is proud of his country and its institutions. He harbors certain prejudices against the laboring classes of certain European countries. He has heard of the 'quota laws' enacted at Washington, and, together with some of our patriotic societies, he has seized upon them as a precedent for similar action in Canada. The new quota system, whereby only 30 per cent. of the number of agricultural laborers from certain European countries who came to the Dominion in 1928 will be allowed to enter Canada this year, is the result."

According to W. J. Egan, Deputy Minister of Immigration at Ottawa, "there is a very strong feeling against the unduly large proportion of foreign, as compared with British, immigrants, as shown in the statistics of the last few years. Furthermore, out of the total arrivals, probably not over 30 per cent. have made any real effort to remain on the land." In a letter to the Canadian railway companies, which are parties to an agreement for recruiting immigrants in Europe, Mr. Egan pointed out:

"Our investigations show that during the period of the railways' agreement, many thousands of immigrants from 'non-preferred' countries [of Central Europe] drifted, almost immediately upon arrival, into non-agricultural work, including industrial employment, in centers of Eastern Canada, thus contributing to the displacement of Canadians and otherwise filling positions that might have been filled by British immigrants. The survey also shows that the movement of farm labor required this year from the 'non-preferred' countries is less than one-third of the total movement of last year.

"In view of the above, it has been decided that, between now and May 31, the movement under the railways' agreement shall be reduced to not more than 30 per cent. of the farm laborers moved by each company during the last calendar year."

Meanwhile, says the Deputy Immigration Commissioner, the department will continue its efforts to secure British immigrants qualified to work on Canada's farms. His superior, Commissioner Forke, has repeatedly stated, says the Ottawa *Citizen*, "that Canada is a British country, welcomes British immigrants, and intends to keep its institutions British." As the Toronto *Mail and Empire* explains:

"This country had the good fortune to come under the control of Great Britain. The British system of government was established here. Our institutions are of the British type. No other country had so early developed a free constitution or had so enlarged the liberties and the securities therefor of its citizens as Britain. To-day there is no country in Europe whose people are so familiarized with the benefits of democratic government as are the people of Britain and Britain's Dominions.

"As long as there is the leavening influence of the British type of citizenship, we need have no fear of assimilating and Canadianizing young immigrants from foreign countries, especially countries of Northern Europe and of parts of Central Europe. But if we let the British element in our population wane, and have great sections of the country settled by foreigners brought up under entirely different political systems, there is danger that our social and political standards may be lowered.

"We believe in keeping as far as possible the balance of settlement on the side of the British. That will make the country a happier one for those immigrants of the right kind who come from non-British countries. Of every hundred thousand immigrants, at least sixty thousand ought to be of British stock."

In other Canadian cities, however, we find the Immigration Department's partial embargo against Central European colonists coming in for a good deal of criticism. The purpose of the restriction, observes the Montreal *Gazette*, "presumably is to maintain a balance as between British and Continental immigration. But the better way to accomplish a purpose of that kind would be to increase and accelerate the movement of British colonists." The report upon which the Immigration Department's ruling is based, we are told, has been in the Commissioner's hands since last April, and *The Gazette*, for one, feels that it is unfair to make such a drastic change in the beginning of the year, when much of the preliminary work in connection with European immigration has been done by the railway and steamship companies. In fact, declares *The Gazette:*

"The action of the Government in suddenly putting up the bars against European immigration of the non-preferred class appears to have been based upon the assumption that the railway companies are less interested in building up the Dominion than in promoting passenger traffic by sea and land. That such an assumption is wholly erroneous is evident, or should be evident, to any one who takes the trouble to consider the facts.

"In the first place, neither the railways nor the steamship services can ever hope to look upon earnings from immigrant traffic as a first and last consideration. The relatively high class of transportation afforded, and the low rates charged to the immigrant, put this proposition beyond debate. The railways, therefore, must have some other motive, and it is not far to seek. It is supplied at once in the history of the Canadian Pacific, as the senior colonizing agency, and it applies to both the Canadian Pacific and Canadian National systems.

"The railways do not conduct their business on a basis of to-day's needs, or of the needs of to-morrow; they are looking much further forward and are endeavoring to promote immigration and colonization to the end that the producing population of the Dominion will be substantially and permanently increased. More producers and, of course, more consumers, mean greater industrial activity, with corresponding and progressive increases in the business of transportation, and with the assurance of some adequate return upon the capital invested in extensions of mileage, especially in the western Provinces. It follows that the railways can not serve their own interest by bringing into the country immigrants who are unlikely to become workers and producers, and it is still more obvious that they can not achieve their main purpose of settlement by transporting to Canada men who are likely to become public charges. The railway interest in this matter of immigration is also the national interest.

"It is admitted that the agreement was subject to cancelation at any time, but there is force in the contention that immigration can not be turned on and off at will; that periodical drastic changes in policy are inimical to any constructive movement, and that long experience has proved that colonists suitable for Canadian citizenship do not decide suddenly to break up their homes and cross the ocean to become settled in a new country. Besides, there are classes of work to be done in Canada which British colonists and those from 'preferred' European countries do not care to undertake. By whom is this work to be done?

"Had the railways been indifferent to British immigration, the action of the Department might have appeared in a slightly different light, but that is not the case, much more attention having been given to immigration from Britain and Northern Europe than from the 'non-preferred' countries, and much more money spent. The railways have a very strong case, strong enough to warrant, at least, the reopening of the whole question which has arisen through the action of the Government."

The Montreal *Star* considers the Immigration Department's ruling "one of the most extraordinary orders that have come out of Ottawa for many years." In fact, "it may well be regarded as an infringement of the sovereign rights of the Canadian people to dictate their own policies through their chosen representatives." According to this paper, Canada's immigrant quota rule was put into effect "by the stroke of the pen of a civil-service official," whereas the American quota law "was determined as a national policy after long and searching debate in Congress." Continues *The Star:*

"Seldom has a more damaging document been signed than that to which the Deputy Minister has appended his signature. Canada needs men and more men for her very life-blood. If the Dominion is to progress and if she is to meet the ever-growing rivalry of the great nation to the south, she must have more and more workers in this country. The ruling is a startling innovation in our immigration policy, sprung on the people without a moment's notice on the say-so of a paid official of the Department.

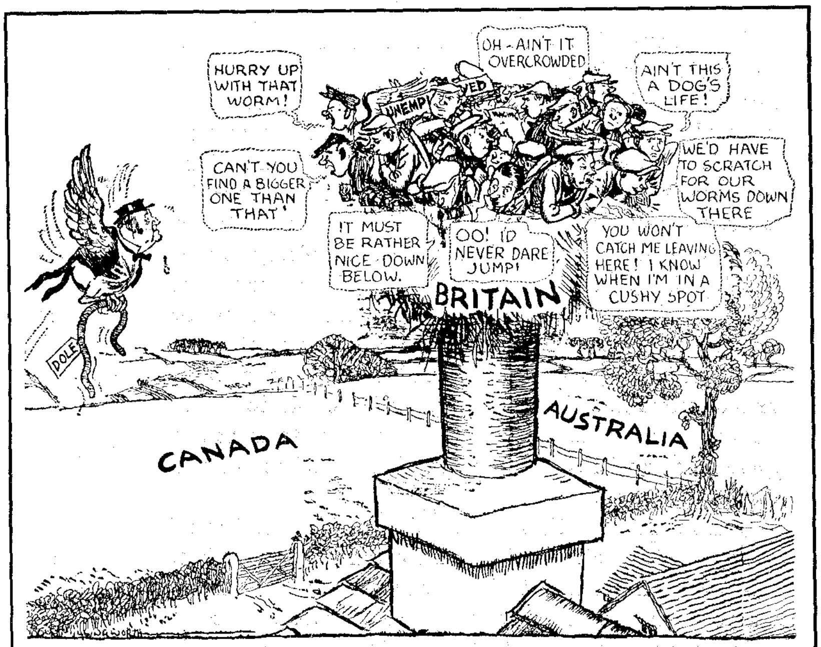
"What will be its repercussion in the countries of Europe where its effect will be felt? It can not fail to lower the prestige of Canada and to besmirch her good name for square and honest dealing. The would-be settlers will regard this order as the voice of Canada, the exprest will of the people to discourage them to seek a new home in the Dominion. They will hardly be able to conceive that it is operative because a civil servant so wills it.

"There are two facts about the issuing of this ukase by the Deputy Minister that should receive explanation on the floor of the House. In the first place, members will require information as to why no mention of the order was made for a week after it had been signed, and, secondly, why this particular time was chosen for its promulgation. The immigration season starts early in the spring, and already hundreds of these foreign-born have completed their plans for transference to their new homes. Many of them have already booked their passage, others have sold such belongings as they will not need in their new homeland and are awaiting the day of sailing. The steamship companies have made their plans in advance, since such matters can not be attended to at the last moment.

"The net result of the order will do what it was intended to do—it will slow up immigration to this country. The Government will now have a sound excuse for continuing to pursue their half-hearted and spineless policy of 'encouraging British settlers' which has had such disheartening results. The gulf between British-born and immigrants from 'non-preferred' countries will be diminished by the simple process of a general slackening of immigration all round. It is less trouble, evidently, for the Government to put up the bars against the foreign settler than to encourage British immigrants."

In a letter that fills several newspaper columns, the heads of the Canadian Pacific and Canadian National railways have set forth their side of the case. Since this joint letter is too long for quotation, we quote in part from a recent speech of E. W. Beatty, President of the Canadian Pacific, as reported in the Toronto *Mail and Empire:*

"Canada is predominantly a British Dominion. Of our somewhat less than 10,000,000 population, almost 8,000,000 are of either British or French-Canadian origin. We have not, therefore, reached the stage at which it may be said that, in national characteristics, standards of living, habits of thought or ideals, this country is not essentially Canadian or British.


HURRY UP WITH THAT WORM!
OH - AIN'T IT OVERCROWDED
AIN'T THIS A DOG'S LIFE!
CAN'T YOU FIND A BIGGER ONE THAN THAT'
WE'D HAVE TO SCRATCH FOR OUR WORMS DOWN THERE
UNEMP
ED
IT MUST BE RATHER NICE DOWN BELOW.
OO! I'D NEVER DARE JUMP!
YOU WON'T CATCH ME LEAVING HERE! I KNOW WHEN I'M IN A CUSHY SPOT
BRITAIN
DOLE
CANADA
AUSTRALIA

THESE BIRDS CAN SING THE OLD SONGS

Especially "No Place Like Home." The new official British tune of "Emigration Hooray!" makes no such hit as London's Industrial Transference Board expected.

—Cardiff *Western Mail.*

"I have no desire to see this country made a melting-pot for races whose traditions, standards of living, and national ideals are so different from ours as to make it difficult, if not impossible, that they should be assimilated and become in time Canadians. But I do believe that we can exercise a proper discretion which will permit the flow of immigration to increase from year to year, and yet not expose this country to the risk of admitting unwelcome settlers and creating in it little nations within a large nation.

"The executives of the railways are very conscious that the greatest benefit to their properties comes from prosperous conditions throughout the country, new industries, and greater production.

"Therefore, for many years they have been moved in their policies, not by the desire to sell lands, not entirely by an ambition to fill their ships and their trains, but by an ambition to play their full part in supplementing the man-power of this country in order that the national wealth and therefore their own prosperity should be increased."

In the opinion of the Manitoba *Free Press* (Winnipeg):

"The Canadian people must decide this country's immigration policies, and these policies must be shaped with regard to the public interest, and not on convenience or inconvenience to railway or shipping companies, or any other organization. This point is fundamental. If we shut off the supply of settlers coming in from any particular countries, and later find that we can not get the movement to flow at some later date when we desire settlers, that will be our misfortune. It is one of the factors that has to be kept in mind in framing our immigration policy."

THE TERROR THAT IS LURKING BEHIND INDIA'S TERROR

MOBS, TROOPS FIRING UPON THEM, and dozens of bodies of the slain rigid in prominent streets were details of life in Bombay that made our newspaper dispatches vivid a few days ago. Rebellions and riots planned for this coming spring impart a direly prophetic tone to press comment all over the world when India becomes a theme. *The Times of India*, a paper printed there in English under British auspices, insists that the Government had "ample warning that trouble was brewing." Immediate local provocations (like Hindu-Pathan riots over the alleged kidnaping of children) are not taken seriously in some European press comment professing to be well informed. Long before the sanguinary episodes of this very month in large Indian towns, the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung* commented gloomily upon the prospect in all India as a result of what it considered a systematic Soviet agitation. German newspaper comments affect a tone of well-informed pessimism upon the prospect. The *Koelnische Zeitung* goes even further in its revelations of Moscow as the seat of a conspiracy to convert India into a Utopia of the Bolshevist type. It is true that some of this pessimism is discounted by certain anti-German French papers as a mere scare designed to frighten the western world into a more indulgent mood toward Berlin, as a bulwark against communism. Nevertheless, we have the conservative German press more and more inclined to point to what it considers the terror within a terror, of which India has become the chief exemplification.

German impressions that Communism under Soviet auspices is making headway all over India are confirmed by much press comment in India itself. This view is not popular with most Indian politicians, who try to make out that Communism in India is a mere creature of the British imagination, created on purpose to justify the suppression of free speech and the Indian press in the interests of British Imperialism. Nevertheless, an Indian leader of nation-wide fame, Sir Chimanlal Setalvad (at one time a Minister in the Government of the Bombay Presidency and formerly Vice-Chancellor of the Bombay University, now taking a prominent part in the boycott of the Simon Commission), did take a decided stand against Communism, which, he tells his countrymen, is making rapid strides in India.

This is precisely what important German newspapers have been reporting for some time, but they cite the fact as proof of the activity of Russian revolutionaries in India, and they suspect that the western world dwells in a fool's paradise upon the subject. Without entering precisely upon that aspect of the terror, Sir Chimanlal takes a sufficiently grave view of it, thus:

> "I feel bound to draw the serious attention of all who are interested in the welfare and prosperity of India to the growing menace that is threatening not only the ordered progress of the country, but the very foundation and existence of society and the State. There are indications that Communist ideas are disseminated among the working classes, with the avowed object of subverting the present structure of society and the ownership of property. The repeated and long-continued strikes in important industrial centers which have nearly ruined the staple industries of the land are engineered not merely for the purpose of redressing the legitimate or supposed grievances and improving the condition of labor, but as part of a plan to break up the present order and structure of society. They are subsidized partly by foreign funds. A party has come into existence which is openly proclaiming revolution and destruction of the present structure of society and ownership of property as its goal."

Sir Chimanlal would have the Government of India "and all right-thinking men take measures to stop this exploitation of the masses for revolutionary purposes before it is too late."

Almost at the very moment when this eminent Indian was sounding his alarm, Indian laborers, thousands strong, were carrying banners bearing such legends as "Glory to the Red Army" and "Long Live the Independent Socialist Republic."

SPANISH-AMERICAN ANTICIPATIONS OF 'CHARMING "YANKEES"

ALL URUGUAY AND MOST OF PERU express profound interest in those finer types of American diplomatic officials who, under the Hoover Administration, are to exemplify our own noblest traits. In truth, as the *Nacion* of Buenos Aires remarks, there may exist in the South American mind at this day a gratuitous prejudice against "Yankees." From this point of view Herbert Hoover made a genuine hit at Montevideo as well as at Asuncion. Uruguayan dailies understood Mr. Hoover to mean that diplomatic representatives from this country at their capital and at others on the same continent must henceforth not only know Spanish but be saturated to some extent with the culture which, he was good enough to say, had made the Spanish peoples so great.

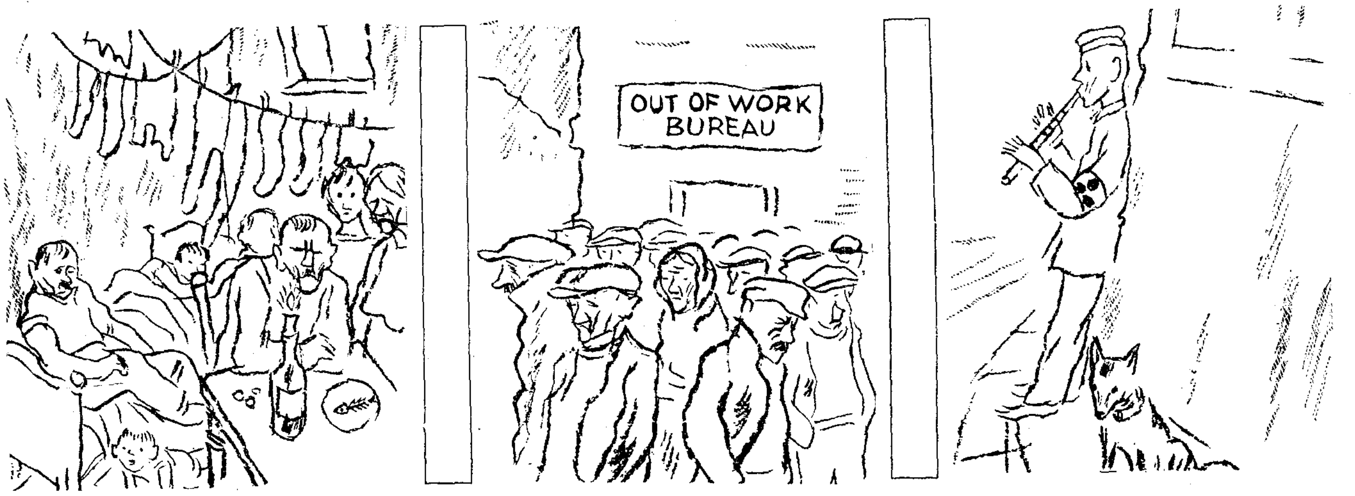
And South America, adds the *Nacion*, a bit acridly, has good reason to deplore the presence down there of a too-familiar type of North American official. He arrives, it laments, in the capacity of "inspector" or "investigator" or "attaché," or "diplomatic agent," thrusting his nose into affairs which can not possibly concern him. He does not shrink from violating some traditional amenities of human intercourse from the Spanish-American point of view. He is a character whose deportment suggests to our indignant and sarcastic Latin contemporary that he has been hired to create ill-will between his own country and the one in which he happens to find himself.

Perhaps those tactful Americans who are to charm South America when Hoover is President, conjectures the *Diario Ilustrado* (Santiago), will know, in addition to something of good manners, something of international law as well. But such comment, and much more of the same sort, seems most unjust to the Lima *Comercio*. It tends to impress upon South American minds an idea that North Americans from the United States are impolite, impolitic, impertinent, and imperialistic. The truth is that Americans generally are charged with noble traits and beautiful ideals. Mr. Hoover's hint, it adds, that the United States will be represented henceforth by individuals of sweeter manners diplomatically, implies that South Americans generally do not realize the fineness of the "Yankee" nature. The Peruvian organ affords the South American world these eulogies:

> "It is generally assumed in South America that the Yankees are grim, commercialized, all of a piece.
>
> "Nothing could be more erroneous.
>
> "In the southern continent of the Western Hemisphere a Yankee is conceived to be a creature who swaggers, a husky being, florid of complexion as of speech, his mouth conspicuous through a pipe too big, his brow frowning, his vocabulary limited, peremptory in his talk, asking much, giving little, intolerant, mechanical in his movements as in his ideas, plenty of money in his purse, his heart incapable of throbbing in unison with any noble impulse or any sublime cause or even a burst of generous passion, his sole watchword and motive summed up inevitably in the familiar slogan that business is business.
>
> "An error, all this, a profound error!
>
> "A vast proportion of the North American element, it may even be said that a decided majority, are charged with a spirit that is positively romantic."

No wonder, then, observes our Lima contemporary, that the consuls representing Bolivia and Paraguay in the United States were besieged by swarms of these romantic North Americans eager to enlist for the rumored war in South America. This, it explains, was an outburst of that free spirit which characterizes a people still too little known to South Americans generally:

> "The man under the spell of his own longing for adventure, the heroic type so precious to readers of romantic fiction, a man it may be who has complicated his existence by a single misstep reflecting a trait which is the defect of a quality in itself glorious and fine—these are the sorts and conditions most frequently encountered in the American West, in the States which were originally settled by a markedly Latin element to a great extent."



As a result of the house shortage, ever so many can save rent.

Hundreds of thousands may spend the whole day walking in the open air.

And what ideal opportunities for the disinterested cultivation of music as a fine art!

GERMANY OUGHT TO KNOW HOW WELL OFF SHE IS

—Herzberg in Berlin *Ulk*.

DOES GERMANY SIGH FOR HER WILLIAM?

THOSE WHO ARE IN A POSITION to speak with a certain authority declare that the former German Emperor—be he deposed, exiled or simply resigned—fully expects to reign again at Berlin. But his people, according to others, never expect to behold him in an imperial capacity at the German capital. They consider the days of the empire gone forever. Germany, as the Socialist *Vorwärts* (Berlin) once said, is a republic and will remain a republic. But that would appear to be a somewhat hasty inference. There is a powerful monarchical party left in the land, according to the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung*. That newspaper insists upon the monarchical foundation of the German political nature. The felicitations sent to Doorn the other day by the German National People's party are alleged to substantiate the assertion. Then there is the utterance of that stalwart organ of Bismarckian diplomacy, the *Hamburger Nachrichten*. Its observations on the whole subject of Germany as it is and Germany as it was merit attention, perhaps, because they are typical of various others:

"How few Germans there must be who do not look back with regret to the period when we, as a free and a mighty people, were in the habit of felicitating our sovereign—the peace Emperor, as all the world termed him—when his natal day came around!

"A large portion of our people do not want to be told that the reign of Emperor William II, up to the World War, was the happiest the Germans had experienced since the Thirty Years War.

"No doubt we reaped then the fruits of the labors of the previous generation under Emperor William I and Bismarck.

"And did not the Wilhelmine generation under the personal sway of the Emperor enjoy the profits of those labors manyfold?

"Commerce and industry flourished.

"The wage-earners enjoyed good incomes.

"Lack of employment in any menacing form was unknown.

"Agriculture bloomed.

"The arts and the sciences developed splendidly through the aid they derived from the Government.

"Administration of the Federal Government, as well as the administration of the single States, was the most efficient in the world, and corruption in public office was a thing unknown.

"The finances were well-ordered and taxes were levied at so low a rate, that people can not comprehend nowadays how the business of government could be conducted at all."

No wonder, proceeds the great organ of Bismarckian traditions, prosperity waxed under such a system. The wage-earner in a land so blest and so ruled could lay aside a bit for his old age and for spells of sickness. To-day the height to which the savings of even the humbler elements among the middle classes arose would seem unattainable to many who are deemed fairly well off in the Germany of the present year:

"A fundamental conflict between the national Government and the States of the Republic did not even exist. Sectionalism was an unknown thing. Indeed, the imperial Government at Berlin always took into account the peculiar circumstances of the units of the Empire. No German of sense in those days ever took it into his head to urge a partition of Prussia into separate counties or provinces of the Central Government. Nor was it ever suggested that Berlin and Hamburg become a single administrative unit.

"And this very regard for the rights of the individual States resulted in a German Empire more and more firmly welded."

In all of which respects, the present German Republic, it is argued, compares unfavorably with the old Hohenzollern Empire. Furthermore:

"The allegation that William II, in sharp contrast with his grandfather, aimed at the aggrandizement of the imperial throne at the expense of the rest of the German princes will not bear unprejudiced investigation.

"At the head of the Empire stood a sovereign who not only in his private life was a shining example to his people, but was the best ruler his people could have for their government.

"Germany stood in the forefront of the Powers in the matter of social service for the benefit of the working classes. This could be ascribed to the initiative of the Emperor himself.

"The Emperor was the indefatigable sponsor of the German fleet. He deemed it the shield of the rapidly growing commercial fleet of his empire.

"That fleet at the battle of Skaager Rack demonstrated its vitality. Everywhere, indeed, that same German fleet proved the wonder and the admiration of mankind because of its heroism, its power, its might, its foresight.

"The German Army was the best in the world. The Emperor, having inherited this great instrument from his grandfather, developed it tremendously with determined courage and with strategical far-sightedness. The creation of the heavy artillery of the field Army was his personal achievement.

"The progressive administration of the German colonies, in view of the state in which they now flourish, ten years after the World War, calls for no comment.

"Thus things went forward for the German people when they dwelt under the symbol of imperial unity and the emblem of the German throne.

"But from the very first the voice of malicious envy was raised against the person of the German Emperor. Nor must it be overlooked that the tragedy of the reign of William II began with the dismissal of Bismarck. The event troubled the eye of the German people in the contemplation of their sovereign, and it proved agitating to the outside world.

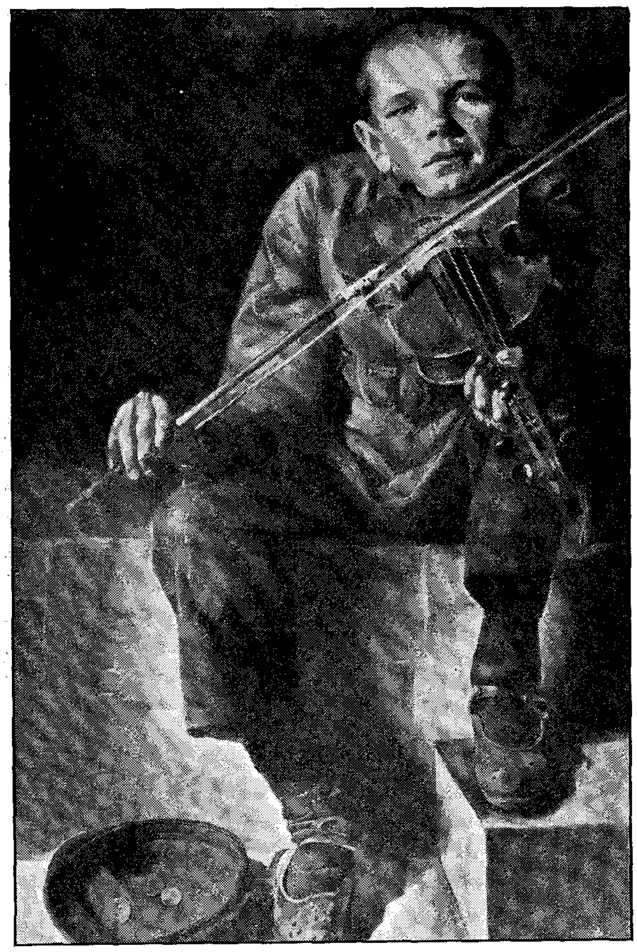
"Let us not dissemble his faults to ourselves, but the particular fault ascribed to William II he did not have at all."

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

SOVIET ART "REJOICING IN ITS NEW-FOUND FREEDOM"

THE COMEDY, THE TRAGEDY, but, above all, the immense vitality of the people of Soviet Russia, their open frankness of life, their various artistic endowment, are shown to America for the first time in their Exhibition of Contemporary Art at the Grand Central Palace in New York. The wonder of it is not so much as "a concrete expression of esthetic activity as it flourishes to-day in the U. S. S. R.," as it is the "convincing disclosure to the outside world of what is being accomplished by the representative artists of a State that has but lately celebrated its decennial." These expressions of Dr. Christian Brinton, in the catalog, refer particularly to the graphic arts, but allied thereto are the numberless examples of decorative art applied to articles of handicraft. Inborn artistic instinct is just as manifest in the products of the unlettered peasants as in the work of the professional artist. Of the work of the latter, Dr. Brinton writes:



THE PITY OF RUSSIA

The peasant makes music, tho he's misshapen and ragged—so C. A. Kazman shows us in the "Street Musician."

"Not the least appeal made by this notable ensemble of contemporary Soviet painting, graphic art, and sculpture now on view in this country, is that it belongs strictly to its own time and its own day. Patient researches by the conscientious cataloger have failed to unearth scarcely an object that dates from more than a round dozen years back. You here see Russian art not as it was, but as it actually is, and as it may possibly be for a brief space hence. And yet, not for long, since the distinctive characteristic of Slavic cultural expression is that it is essentially a part of that aspiring social organism which in itself is subject to constant change.

"Following the pulsing social rhythm of the day, Soviet art is at present rejoicing in its new-found freedom. Tho by no means has all the esthetic cargo of the past been jettisoned, the general direction of the course of development points forward and upward. You will find upon these walls little to remind you of prerevolutionary Russian art. Here is no hint of the sultry splendors of the Ballet Russe. You will here not inhale the exotic perfume of that St. Petersburg dilettantism, which lingered flowerlike upon the brink of an abyss. Fresh, virile forces in the main replace those that were engulfed in the greatest cataclysm of the modern world.

"Stroll through the rooms and you will meet new names, and make new acquaintances. You will above all scarcely fail to react to the tonic, invigorating spirit of the collection taken as a whole. Cézannism, which has proved the bane of the modern art world, as likewise the bare, blighting abstractions of the Cubist, are mercifully infrequent. In their place has sprung into being an art that at once takes something more from nature, and gives more in return.

"While offering a judicious cross-section of current Soviet artistic activity, with due representation accorded to right, left, and center, the exhibition is clearly dominated by two strongly defined personalities. The first is Sterenberg, the second Pimenov. To these may be added a third, a gifted young individual who disports the readily pronounceable Slavic patronym of Peter Williams. Sterenberg composes spatially in pure flat tints with a decided eye for decorative pattern. Pimenov is a master of plastic rhythm, and Williams adds wit and character to a novel sense of placement. The older men of advanced persuasion such as Altman, Lentulov, Falk, Kuprin, and Tatlin have been appropriately reinforced by such vital, spirited talents as Goncharov, Vialov, and Labas, the latter of whom contributes a group of immensely diverting airplane studies. Apart from the others, tho allied to his fellow neo-Orientalist Saryan, stands Paul Kusnietzov, whose serenely luminous and monumental canvases depicting South Russian life and scene form an outstanding feature of the ensemble."

Much of the painting is suggestive of graphic work in its dependence on line and its two-dimensional pattern. Says Margaret Breuning in the New York *Evening Post* also—

"Here, as on the amusing cover of the catalog, where one may feel modern Russia symbolized in the fast-flying train, the motor-truck driven by a woman, and the old peasant's cart slowly making its plodding way, one finds traces of all this new Russia so much heralded and discust. Sports, the foot race, tennis, flying, rowing, all athletic development, so strongly fostered, are reflected in many of the subjects chosen. In only a few, such as 'Revolutionary Uprising' by Kozlov, do we find echoes of the tremendous upheavals that shook all the world."

The ingenuity in the field craftsmanship which goes into the making of these expressions of the Russian peasants' inherently artistic nature excite admiration at sight, says a writer in *The Soviet Union Review* (Washington). Further:

"It is only after learning the extreme handicaps under which the peasant often works that one can fully realize the slow patience and painstaking care that he puts into his work. This quality, however, is readily understandable in one whose life is lived close to the soil; one whose years of sowing and harvesting and whose observation of the inevitably regular rotation of crops can not but imbue him with some of the same inexorable patience, the same enduring creativeness.

"What the Western mind finds especially difficult to conceive is that a large number of these articles, many of them the product of a highly developed craft—including the finest miniature paintings of modern times—are made by the Russian peasant after the close of a hard day's toil in the fields. Especially in the long winter evenings, following the end of the agricultural season, does the Russian peasant turn his attention to his craft.

"The exposition represents, in substance, a vivid Handicraft Map of the Soviet Union. Every part of the U. S. S. R., all of its native peoples, is represented."

Except in the case of articles fashioned from bone, to be found only in a special locality, "the same product of peasant handicraft may be found in different parts of the country." Thus:

"Linen, for example, is made in the north, in Central Russia, and in the Ukraine, further south. The same is true of tapestries, rugs, and other fabric materials. As in every native art, the particular form of any article, its coloring, etc., is to a considerable extent governed by the locality of its manufacture and conditioned by the life and needs of the artizan. In the past, the relatively primitive life of the Russian peasant and the consequent necessity of inventing for himself, has made it possible for him to realize his individual conceptions of form and color. Very often the result is not only ornamental and useful, but also is in itself an artistic achievement. The result is a highly developed collective art.

"An apt illustration of the distinct difference in color, design, and motif, depending on the district of its manufacture, is the Russian linen. From the north, where winters are long, come the pure, white, refined linens; from Central Russia come linens with symbolic, supernatural motifs, designs having their origin in mystic legends and religious tales; from the Ukraine, in the warmer south, come the natural designs, such as flowers, set in splashes of vivid color.

"The comprehensiveness of the exposition can be seen by a glance at a partial list of the articles which are on display. These include the famous majolica pottery of Poltava, in the Ukraine; beautifully decorated chinaware from the environs of Moscow and Leningrad; solid oak carved desk sets from the province of Moscow; the beautiful, characteristically Russian wall cabinets; rugs and tapestries from Southern Russia and the Caucasian mountains, made in a remarkable variety of design and weave, preserving the old Russian traditions and poetic legends which are woven into them—legends which would otherwise be lost in the dust of centuries; precious and semi-precious stones from the Urals, including topazes, emeralds, beryls, and aquamarines; nested and screwed, highly polished and brightly colored educational toys and carved replicas of Russian scenes; cigaret and cigar boxes made of one piece of Karelian birch; laces, linens, and shawls, beautifully colored with vegetable dyes and artistically embroidered; the famous Palekhi paintings on papier-maché boxes; brightly colored 'Fedoskino' boxes; decorative articles carved out of mammoth bone by the Siberian villagers; rare Caucasian silverware by old Russian masters—curiously wrought implements fashioned by a lost art; and more modern silverware, made near Moscow; decorated wooden lacquer-ware, some of which is used by peasants for hot foods."

Tho the motifs for decorative art are frequently drawn from the new life of the nation, yet tradition is not entirely repudiated:

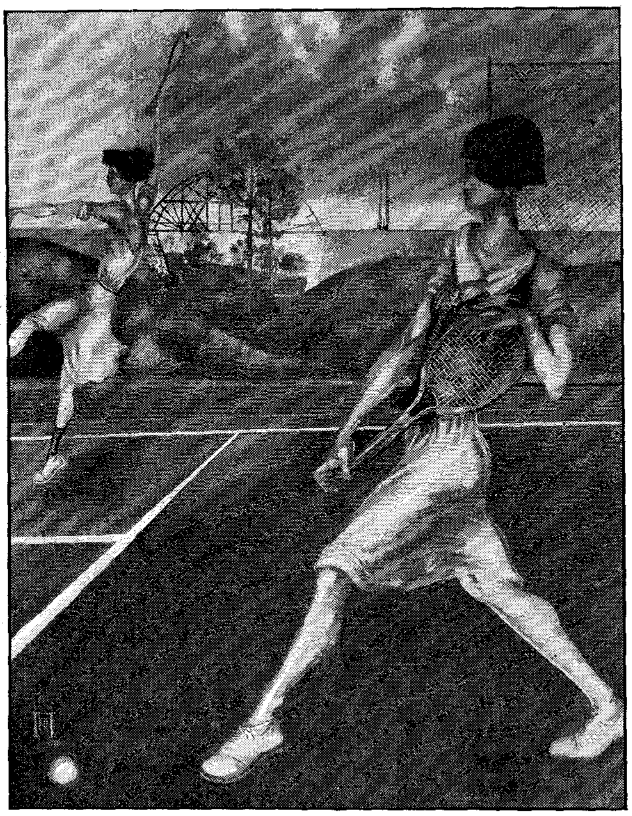
"Of all the peasant products, perhaps the most exquisite are the Palekhi boxes. The art of miniature painting on papier-maché boxes is an inheritance of the Russian peasants of Palekh, in Central Russia, having been handed down from father to son for centuries. At first dealing with religious subjects only, these former holy-ikon painters turned to more immediate themes with the progressively lessening demands for ikons—a demand which is now practically non-existent. For their themes, the handful of acknowledged masters of the art of miniature painting turns to Russian fairy-tales and legends, or to the life that is familiar to them, or, more lately, to the symbolic picturization of the life of the New Russia—a life whose inherent vitality was given release for self-expression by the Revolution, after which the Russian peasant began to live a less restricted life.

"The Palekhi artists have become known as the best of the miniature painters. What immediately impresses one on first sight is the fineness of line and detail work, reminiscent of the ancient Chinese scroll painters, and the vividness of their colors, which seem to live on the black lacquered lids."

TO MAKE THEATER FINANCE LESS HECTIC

"PREVENT ANY ONE PERSON making more money out of the theater than he has a right to make." This is Barrett Clark's remedy for the much-discust theatrical situation. "If it were no longer possible for A. to make a million dollars out of a huge success, it would no longer be possible for B. to lose a million." This is comfort for B., who surveys the line of figures on the wrong side of the ledger, whatever A., across the street, may think. Only A. isn't apt to look ahead and see himself in B.'s place next season. But here is the solution as Mr. Clark gives it in *The Drama* (New York):

"Apply the idea of shareholding. Do what the insurance companies do in the case of large policies, and what more and more of our large corporations are doing. The capitalist X. no longer says, as he used to say, 'I will make a hundred millions out of my scheme and to hell with the public.' Instead, he says, 'The public is getting wise: I shall therefore (after paying something to this interfering government) let fifty friends make a million apiece, and the general public may buy stock to the amount of a few millions besides.'


VIGOR IN PLAY

Yet the strenuous life is also symbolized in the background in U. Pimenov's "Tennis," shown in the Exhibition of Russian Art.

"I should like to see a producers' organization pool their resources and pass on a play before it goes into rehearsal, each of twenty members buying a thousand dollars' worth of stock. The same system could be worked among dramatists and actors, stage crews and backers. And finally, why not the public? I am not a promoter and I don't know much about the practical side of finance, but I see no good reason for not letting each audience that goes to see a new play buy shares at a dollar, or two dollars, or five dollars a share. Sell $10,000 worth of stock during the first week to 10,000 people, or five thousand, or two thousand, and you have so many boosters. The better the play the better the stock. And of course the thing works the other way. If, for instance, we should get a play that the public fails to patronize heavily, but one that is (like 'White Wings,' 'Spread Eagle,' or 'The Yellow Jacket') liked by the critics and a small part of the public, sell stock to these persons at low prices, and give the play a chance to get on its feet.

"Of course, under such a system no one can make a fortune, but why in the world should any one? Take the case of 'White

Wings.' It ran three weeks, and there were perhaps 15,000 people who saw it. I feel convinced that if the play had run another two weeks, it would have gone over, and even if it hadn't, no stockholder would have lost very much. The only half-way legitimate reason any producer has to offer to excuse his insisting on large profits is the large risk he assumes. Let him reduce his risks by sharing them. If gambling must lie at the bottom of it all, then let us all gamble.

"My system might, I think, reduce the number of superfluous theaters, as it would surely keep out of the field the irresponsible fly-by-night producers who have scraped together a little capital and hope to clean up in one season; and it might serve to eliminate some of the terrible plays we are forced to see every season; and, finally, through these processes, some of the potential theater-going public that is now ceasing to go to see plays might be won back. If managers still insist on gambling, the public will refuse to do so by simply staying away from the theater. The risk of seeing a poor play when paying for a good one is becoming too great. Then there is one more thing we may do, and in a sense, very gradually we are doing it: Break loose altogether from New York as the theater center of the country."

PRODUCT OF THE UKRAINE

A specimen of the famous majolica pottery of Paltava among the pieces that are on display in the Russian Exhibition.

THE COVER—This portrait of Martha Washington, together with that of George Washington, hangs in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. "They were painted from life by Gilbert Stuart in the spring of 1796 at Philadelphia. Washington, acceding to the request of Stuart, permitted the artist to keep the originals, and accepted copies in their place. The originals remained unfinished in the possession of Stuart until his death in 1828. The portrait of Washington served in the production of many pictures, and is regarded as the standard likeness. The artist's widow sold these studies after his death to the Washington Association, by which they were presented to the Boston Athenæum in 1831."

The foregoing is the note contained in the Illustrated Handbook of the Museum. Gilbert Stuart, the artist, has already been treated in our "Cover" notes. He is our chief authority for Washington portraiture. The accompanying head of Washington is probably the most popular of all the likenesses, and thus fixes his image in the popular mind.

FOOLISH MUSIC CRITICISM

LEAVING THE CONCERT-ROOM, we hardly dare say our soul's our own until we see the morning paper. Was the music good? Did the orchestra or the pianist interpret the composer well? If the critic disagrees with us, our digestion is apt to be upset for the day. He ought to know, we think; and, of course, he thinks he does know. But, at last, we have a homily on the foolishness of music criticism, and the confession comes from one of the foremost of the clan, Mr. Ernest Newman of the London *Sunday Times:*

"After a lifetime spent in musical criticism, I find that I can no longer read it—thus, I imagine, coming at last into line with the general public. It is bad enough to have to write the stuff; to read it, except for some definite purpose of the moment, is impossible, for the reason that it tells me nothing about the composer, who is the real object of my interest, but only something about the critic, in whom I am not in the least interested. His view of the composer is merely the result of his own personal reaction, which is a matter of no concern and no value to any one but himself. If he answers me with a *tu quoque!* I cheerfully give him right; my own personal reactions are valid for myself alone.

"There was a time when I, too, young and innocent, thought my own reactions to music the only correct ones, and believed every one who differed from me to be wrong. Older and wiser now, I do not trouble about these things. The proselytizing spirit is dead within me. I have not the vanity to think that my own mental and emotional constitution should be the norm for the rest of musical mankind, and, therefore, I can only smile when younger writers, or older writers, who by this time ought to know better, implicitly claim that they are the world's norm. There was a time when I had a half-idea that it was really quite intelligent on the part of Providence to have sent me on earth, for had I not been born the world would never have known the truth as to musical 'values.' In my boyish simplicity I thought that it was essential that other people should feel as I felt; now I have developed, on this point, a toleration so magnificently comprehensive that it amounts to complete indifference."

So far as "the wretched thing" called musical criticism is "simply the expression of an individual reaction," of what earthly use, Mr. Newman asks, "can it be to any one but the writer of it?" Then we find out the answer:

"He tells me, for instance, that Wagner is a poor composer. As I do not think so, the only conclusion I can come to is that he is put together differently from myself, and that consequently Wagner either raises him to a different emotional temperature from mine, or disagreeably lowers his temperature, or has no effect on it at all. Of what use is it for him to tell me that it is a vile, depressingly cold day, not fit for human beings, when the spin of my own blood tells me that it is a magnificently bracing day on which it is a joy to be alive? Does he really think that, because the East Coast disagrees with him, the rest of us are going to refuse to take our holidays anywhere further east than Bath?

"But to expect this of us would not be fundamentally more absurd than to expect us to refuse to be thrilled by the Grail Scene in 'Parsifal' because he is not thrilled by it. If his and my account of our respective reactions to 'Parsifal' are 'criticism,' then the less we both read of criticism the better. Our respective sensations are like the experiences of religion—a matter for the individual himself and no one else. Would Saint Teresa be imprest if the pork-butcher were to tell her that her mystical experiences were a mere delusion because he had never experienced them? She might, if she were not in a very good temper at the moment, and therefore not inclined to be over-polite, reply that that might possibly be because he was a pork-butcher and she was Saint Teresa, and that the experiences were as completely, all-sufficingly real to her as any string of sausages could be to him.

"All this confusion, this rending of the placid air with vain words about musical 'values,' comes, I contend, from the fact that musical criticism is at present merely dilettantish. The musical criticism of to-day stands in the same amateurish relation, I will not say to what it ever will be but to what it ought to be, as astrology does to astronomy, alchemy to chemistry, or soothsaying to scientific prediction: it is an attempt to reach the end before mastering the means, and to make up for lack of accurate knowledge by indulging in flights of fancy."

WAR BANISHED FROM SCHOOLBOOKS

WILL THE "DISMAL SCIENCE" be glorified so as to replace war in the interests of children of the future? "Dismal science" was Carlyle's term for political economy, while he crowded his books with figures who were the leaders of armies with banners. But the authors of a new set of text-books are presenting the subject as a series of "fairy-tales," and thus seeking to bring about world peace by providing this form of history for our 25,000,000 school children. Emphasis is placed on "an economic and industrial interpretation of the world in place of the age-old story of strife and bloodshed." The experiment is now under way, we are told by Wayne Parrish in the New York *Herald Tribune*, and more than 600,000 of these text-books have already been studied by school children in 300 school systems in thirty-eight States. These figures are obtained from Dr. Harold Rugg, professor of education at Teachers College, Columbia University, who states that Denver, Colorado, is one of the larger communities using the text-books. Mr. Parrish goes on to interpret Professor Rugg's idea:

"Scrapping the separate subjects of history, civics, geography, economics, and sociology, Dr. Rugg has combined them all into a new course, which he calls 'Social Science,' in which all the elementary grades and high-school children will be provided with an economic, rather than political, interpretation of the world's history. He has been encouraged and aided financially by Teachers College, which supplied him with a laboratory and research facilities with which to work.

"Newspaper head-lines, newspaper style, cartoons, and graphs have been used freely and frequently. The texts have been so 'jazzed' up by Dr. Rugg that no old schoolmaster would recognize them. Mechanical and industrial conquests are told as 'fairy-tales,' with emphasis on a literary style found mostly in fiction books.

"The rise and fall of kings and empires are often told in lines and sentences. The World War receives 1,700 words. The assassination of President Abraham Lincoln is told in thirty-eight words. The Civil War, given chapters in every text to-day, is presented in 2,000 words in these revised texts. Mechanical and industrial conquests are told in chapters, with whole books being devoted to social and ethical problems which Dr. Rugg says have never before appeared in schoolbooks.

"Conceived shortly after the war as an idea, and started on its road to realization seven years ago, Dr. Rugg first obtained pledges to buy books from 100 school systems over the country. Texts for the seventh, eighth, and ninth grades have been completed, ready for a final printing this summer. A decade will be required before the revision is completed for all grades. Dr. Rugg considers his move to be the first attempt ever made to 'condition' the minds of school children of a whole nation to tolerance, peace, and understanding of the world's peoples and problems."

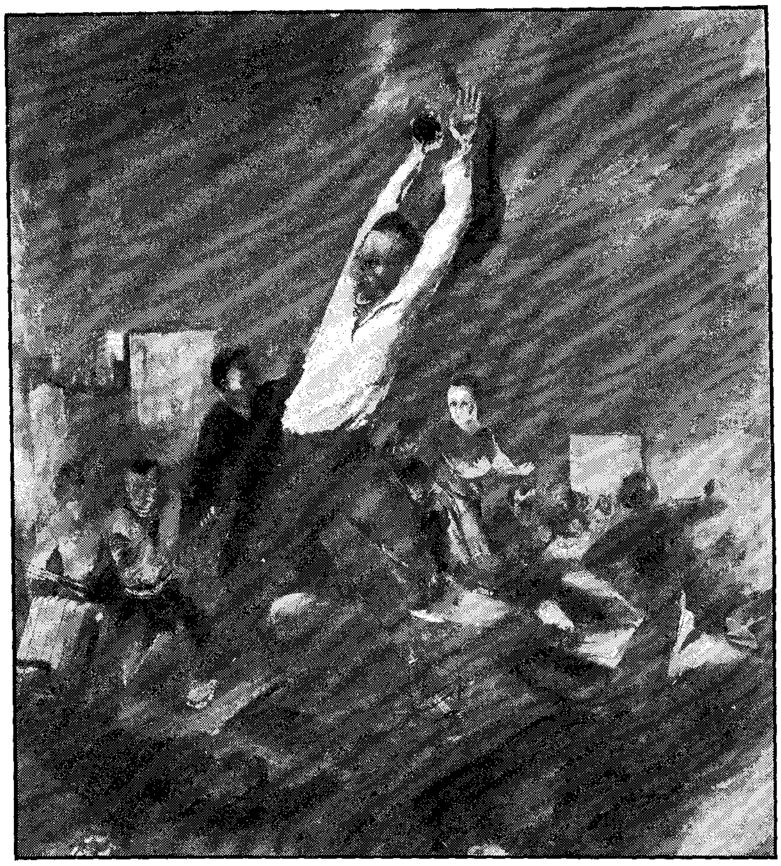
Scarcely a single battle is mentioned in the whole text-book series. *Little Peterkin* will not sit in wonderment over gory tales and ask, "But what good came of it at last?" Nor will *Grandpa*, equally vague, have to murmur, "But 'twas a famous victory."

"An example of how this educational experiment works is found in the treatment of the Civil War, which Dr. Rugg has mentioned in the abstract in a small section of the first volume of his 'America's March Toward Democracy,' which is the equivalent to prevailing American histories. A paragraph of what the children will read about the Civil War is typical of the whole treatment:

"'In the excitement of the moment much of the horror that civil war must mean was not realized. The first few battles, however, shocked people into the knowledge that it was not a war to be quickly or easily won. Indeed, it was to last four long years. Seven hundred thousand men lost their lives in its battles. In order to pay the expenses of war, the Government had to borrow enormous sums of money, which it could not repay for many years. When the war was ended the South was a ruined land; her plantations deserted, many of her cities burned; her commerce completely destroyed. The Civil War was one of the most terrible wars that the world had yet known.'

"Perhaps the most pertinent and the most dramatic example of Dr. Rugg's wholesale revision is told in America's part in the World War, which is given in the second volume of 'America's March Toward Democracy.' On page 105 is the statement: 'On April 6 war with Germany was declared.' On page 110, five pages later, is the sentence: 'On November 11, 1918, peace between the warring countries finally came.'

"The whole story of the World War is told in about 1,700 words, again with scarcely any mention of a battle, and then only in a perfunctory manner. War is mentioned in the abstract. A few paragraphs concerning the World War are:



DAYS NOT YET FORGOTTEN

A. N. Kozlov in "Revolutionary Uprising" brings back the frenzy of the days when everything seemed doomed to perish to bring forth a new order in Russia. This is in the Russian Exhibition.

"'A war in the modern world is no comic-opera affair. A war engaged in by industrial nations is vast and complicated. It involves industry of all kinds, it depends upon fleets of ships and thousands of miles of railroad.

"'Now in order to transport millions of men to the front, in order to feed and clothe them and supply them with ammunition, in order to feed and clothe the home population, in order to keep industries going and railroads running, in order to raise money to do all the other things some one must control all these people, all these armies, all these industries, all these means of transportation. Who or what is big enough to do this job? Only the Government. Therefore, when the United States Government found itself in the greatest war in history, it had to take on itself greater powers than it had ever before assumed.

"'The Government had to persuade 100,000,000 people to enter the war, it had to build ships, it had to run railways, it had to manage industry, it had to feed armies, it had to send goods to the Allies and keep some at home for the home population, and it had to raise huge sums of money.' . . .

"This is what Dr. Rugg gives the school children in place of descriptions of the battles of the Marne, Château-Thierry, the Hindenburg Line, and the like. The story of the World War is essentially one of how the Government was forced to enter all branches of activity, the tremendous costs, and loss of life."

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

THE PROTESTANT CHURCH'S SURVEY OF MARRIAGE EVILS

THE RISING CURVE OF DIVORCE and the disturbed condition of the American home which it indicates; the dangers of companionate marriage, the relation of the Church to the home, the confusing marriage laws of the forty-eight States, the tendency of literature and the stage to dwell upon sex, an apparent increase of laxness in the relation of the sexes, the overstimulation of the sex emotions by the tabloid newspapers and motion-pictures, the "marrying parson" who commercializes his sacred office, the growth of a cynical attitude toward love—these are a few of the topics discust in the first report of the Committee on Marriage and Home of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. A distinguished body, headed by Bishop James Cannon, Jr., and Rev. Howard C. Robbins, and containing both men and women, issued the report after a survey lasting an entire year. The conclusions reached may, therefore, be accepted as those of the Protestant Church, since the report is issued for the guidance of the twenty-eight communions associated with the Federal Council. In an introductory statement, the Committee explains that the report is designed to prepare the way for later studies and practical recommendations on the training of youth for marriage, birth control, the rights of children, safeguarding marriage, unhappy unions, and the growing problem of divorce. Says the report just issued, in part:

HIGH LIGHTS OF THE REPORT

"The chief danger of companionate marriage is that it puts sex desire first."

"The growth of a cynical attitude toward love, such as that which now appears in most current literature, strikes at our civilization."

"The Christian ideal of marriage can make no compromise with lax sex relations."

"Divorce, even when allowed by the church, must be looked upon as a tragic and humiliating failure."

"The expediency at the present time of Federal legislation for uniform divorce laws is debatable."

"Too many pastors are careless about safeguarding the marriages they celebrate."

"The word 'companionate' is so rich in meaning that it should not be degraded by being fastened to a form of trial marriage."

"Every church should be a kind of clinic to which people might come for guidance, sympathy, friendship, and the help of God."

"Very early marriages should be discouraged, and runaway marriages should never be performed knowingly."

"The church appeals to 'marrying parsons'—the men who intrigue for weddings and who are manifestly commercial—to discontinue their traffic. The Committee also recommends discipline where persuasion is unavailing."

> "It has been noted that love between the sexes and the love which expresses itself in religion are closely related. This does not mean that the emotional desires accompanying sex and that splendid love for God and mankind, which is the glory of religion, have the same source; but rather that the devoted and enduring love of one man and one woman for each other is like the love of God; and that the realization of such a love is akin to religious experience.
>
> "This concept of marriage still prevails in the United States. It is sound and should be preserved at whatever cost."

The growth of a cynical attitude toward love, such as often appears in our current literature, "strikes at the best and most vital elements in our civilization," declares the report, for—

> "True marriage, as Keyserling has pointed out, is a state of fine spiritual tension between two intelligent beings who must maintain themselves in a relationship which makes great demands upon character. A resolute will to succeed, no matter what comes, a refusal to yield to difficulties that are inevitable, are of great importance to strong home ties.
>
> "A part of the restlessness in the home and of the irritations that often exist between husbands and wives is due to unnecessary restrictions upon the freedom of each. It is not that they do not like to be together or are disloyal, but that each has interests and ambitions which become irritants if unduly inhibited. It is possible, and to the broadening and enrichment of life, to go a long way in developing common interests. The ties of marriage are the stronger for consideration of the interests of each.
>
> "Marriages are frequently made unhappy because of poverty or financial mismanagement. But the home is possibly as frequently unsettled by preventable financial difficulties, such as mismanagement, or the extravagance of husband or wife.
>
> "These are ills largely preventable by educational methods and by a clearer understanding of financial relationships and responsibilities before marriage."

The Committee has considerable to say of companionate marriage:

> "Companionate marriage, when first proposed, was an ordinary marriage except that the husband and wife were not to have children. It is now put forward as a remedy for the great evil of premarital sex experiences by the young; and also as a relief from the strain of the sex instinct and the inability of youth, for economic reasons or because they are students, to enter into early marriages. The proposal includes the idea of trial marriage. It is related in the minds of its proponents to the new economic independence of women, large numbers of whom desire a form of marriage which gives them greater freedom. It still emphasizes the companionate idea to meet the desire of persons of both sexes who want to marry, but wish to pursue their individual careers unhampered by children.
>
> "The young people may live in separate establishments, or they may live together as married people usually do. It is supposed that each of them will be a worker outside the home, except in case of students. It is hoped by its advocate that companionate marriage will in most cases pass into permanent marriage. But in any event there will be a period of experience or trial during which young people may discover whether they can live together happily and whether it is desirable that they should have children.
>
> "If this is a fair statement of the aims and hopes of those who advocate companionate marriage, its uncertainties and very great hazards should be pointed out with equal objectivity.
>
> "The chief danger of companionate marriage is that it puts sex desire first. It is a cause of regret that the author of *Companionate Marriage* treats sex experience in the young as a matter of little consequence. Sex desire, altho one of the normal instincts of the body and one of the most powerful, should never be put first. To do so is to degrade, not only the mind, but sex itself. Sex experience is elevating and wholesome to body and mind only when it is under moral restraint and when it is transmuted into a spiritual experience by love and devotion.
>
> "Companionate marriage also gives a wrong start to marriage by the ideal which it holds before the young. Instead of the lifelong companionship which purposes to overcome all difficulties and welcomes children, it starts with self-regarding motives and raises the doubt as to the future. This is psychologically unfortunate and puts marriage on a distinctly low level."

The question also arises, we are told, whether companionate marriage is able to accomplish its object, especially with the young, and whether it seriously diminishes illicit sexual relationships. Says the Committee:

> "Very early marriages such as advocated in companionate marriage are likely to be impulsive and inconsidered, whereas what youth needs is greater maturity and longer acquaintance before marriage, better training for its responsibilities, and a stronger voluntary discipline over the impulses of sex.
>
> "For these reasons the Committee finds itself strongly opposed to the proposal of companionate marriage. It believes that its effects would be antisocial. The sex instinct is not to be set free, but to be held under control. Marriage should set out to be permanent.
>
> "It is manifest that the Church should lift up the Christian ideal of marriage with all the power of its great influence and that it should throw about it every possible religious sanction. Especially should the Church emphasize the sterner obligations of marriage, the difficulties which may be expected, and develop the will to meet them.
>
> "The ideal of a marriage for life is the only union which the Church can teach. Divorce, even when allowed by the Church, must be looked upon as a tragic and humiliating failure. Marriage which has children in mind, the right of children to happy homes, the joys of parenthood, and the great meaning of marriage for the enrichment of life must have a new place in preaching and in the entire program of the Church.
>
> "The expediency of Federal legislation for uniform marriage and divorce laws is debatable in the present state of knowledge on the subject.
>
> "As to the marriage of divorced persons, extreme caution should be exercised. The readiness with which many ministers perform such marriages is a scandal to the Church. When the causes of divorce are not known, it is best to request time for investigation or to decline to render the service."

The "marrying parson" is not overlooked in the report:

> "Reference has been made to the scandal of the so-called 'marrying parson.' This is not meant to censure ministers who are deservedly popular, or churches which are sought by young people because they have won the affection of the community. The 'marrying parson' is the man who intrigues for weddings, who is manifestly commercial, who treats as lightly as he may the safeguards with which the Church and society have surrounded marriage. The Committee appeals to such ministers to discontinue their traffic. The Committee also recommends the exercise of discipline by ecclesiastical bodies where persuasion and admonition are unavailing.
>
> "The Committee protests urgently against the so-called 'stunt' weddings—weddings at fairs, weddings in airplanes, and the like. Whatever the motive may be—notoriety, publicity, money-making—such weddings are shameful and debasing. No minister should perform them and public opinion should make them odious.
>
> "Young people are themselves the court of last resort in all these matters except as marriage is regulated by the State. Most young people rise splendidly to responsibility when they see the way clearly, and it is this fact which gives promise that the homes of generations yet to be will be better than those of to-day."

Dr. Worth M. Tippy, executive secretary, says in *Current History:*

> "The report has been submitted to the larger Committee, to the Commission on the Church and Social Service, and to numerous persons for criticism and suggestions. These suggestions have been studied critically, and many of them have been incorporated in the report. Finally, the report was submitted to the Administrative Committee of the Federal Council, and received its approval. It will go now to the Protestant churches of the United States, mainly through denominational channels."

AMAZING MASS EDUCATION IN CHINA

Beginning with forty Chinese recruits of the Allies over in France, there are now said to be five million Chinese students of all ages among the uncultured classes, in what has become the most amazing mass education movement of these world-neighborhood days. After the war, in order to get illiterate people interested back home in Central China, parades with banners and brass bands were sent through the streets, and against the opposition of the conservative classical scholars the promoters' argument was, "if we could not get the people educated, China would always be a sleeping nation." How the marvelous results came to pass, and something of their future significance, is modestly but inspiringly told by Dr. Y. C. James Yen, a Chinese graduate of Yale, speaking at the recent annual banquet of the Wesleyan Association, Boston, which maintains *Zion's Herald.* Of his beginnings in war-time, as his speech is condensed by *The Congregationalist,* Dr. Yen says:

Acme Newspicture

CHINA'S SCHOOLMASTER

Dr. Y. C. James Yen, a Yale graduate, started teaching the Chinese laborers in France during the war, and now has 5,000,000 pupils in China.

> "When the Allies needed laborers, they recruited many from North China, and the Allies appreciated the service of these men, and many of them were decorated for bravery.
>
> "While at Yale, I was one of those who volunteered my services, and I was put in charge of some Chinese soldiers in France. They were not educated; they could not write letters home or read in the newspapers what was going on in the war. I said that I would teach them so they could write home and read the newspapers. So I made a text-book and taught them. I started with forty men. After six months, I found, to my great amazement, that these men were eager and able to learn. I then entered journalism—I started a paper about the war. They were now able to write home, and those who had at first jeered at the idea found out that there was an advantage in these lessons. So the number of my pupils grew by the hundred, until I had one thousand.
>
> "When the French inspecting officer came around, he asked me to head up the education of the 200,000 Chinese laborers with the Allies. So I called together the teachers in Paris for a period of training, that they might return to the camps and carry on. I then published a larger paper, *Chinese Laborers' Weekly,* and it was really more like a newspaper. One incident impressed me very much during this period. I received a letter from one of the laborers in which was the statement: 'Ever since the publication of your paper I can understand everything under heaven.' And with the letter came a gift for the benefit of the paper. It represented what he had saved during the three and one-half years of his service.
>
> "I had never been associated with laborers before, and I learned in camp the terrific need of education for them, and also their possibilities and capacities. We had always felt that we were the important ones to receive an education—it was not for the farmer, laborer, artizan, and others. I thought about the difference between them and me, and came to the conclusion that it was only a matter of opportunity.
>
> "So I resolved to give my life to the helping of the millions and millions of the uneducated."

Dr. Yen explained that the Chinese Government plans education for those of school age—six to twelve years—but the mass movement is making a drive for the two hundred million beyond the age of twelve, who are indifferent to reading or citizenship because they have not had a chance. Tradition and language difficulties had to be overcome or the task would be hopeless. The story continues:

> "I have often been asked why it is that so many can not read or write when China gave printing and paper-making to the world. We have two languages in China, the classical and the

spoken, or *Pai-Hua.* In China, Japan, and Korea the same characters are used. There is as much difference between the classical and spoken languages as there would be between Latin and modern English. For centuries the classical has held sway. To learn it means a lifetime of study, and most of the people have not the time, for they must earn their living. This is why we have a great country where many people do not read.

"Fortunately for China, four-fifths of the country can use the spoken language. Also, there is a small class of literature in this language, and this is what we want to teach to the two hundred millions. But even in this spoken or *Pai-Hua* language we have 40,000 characters. And so unless we could modernize this, the task was hopeless. We collected 200 kinds of *Pai-Hua* publications, and counted how many times a given character was used. After this kind of study we reduced the characters from 40,000 to 1,300. Based on these, we prepared four readers. There are twenty-four lessons: one hour a day to learn a lesson, and one month to complete a reader. In ninety-six hours the average person can grasp all the fundamental characters of this *Pai-Hua* language.

"In addition to these four readers, we issued another, called 'People's Pocket Dictionary,' containing 2,000 additional characters. When a man has completed the learning of the 1,300 characters from these readers, he is able to read anything in the *Pai-Hua* language. The cost of the course was twelve cents."

The next problem was to bring these lessons into the hands of the people, in spite of both opposition from the classical leaders and lethargy among the masses, declared the speaker, and of organization in Central China and public recruiting methods, with slogan, posters, parades, and volunteer workers, he tells us:

"The classical scholars objected, saying that the farmers and artizans should not be given an education, and we had to tell them that every Chinese must know at least one language. They agreed to this, but said they ought to be taught the *Pai-Hua* language. We told them that if we could not get the people educated, China would always be a sleeping nation. So the organization was formed to carry on our work.

"We wanted the well-to-do to contribute to the campaign. And to arouse the illiterate, we used a parade with brass bands. The marchers would ask on either side of the street: 'Can you read Chinese? If you can't, come to school.' In a short time, 1,450 students enrolled, fifty buildings were put at our disposal, and eighty teachers volunteered to serve without pay. This was in March, 1922. After four months of study, a final examination was held. The old Governor had been very skeptical, but said that he would not oppose the movement. Twelve hundred and twenty-five stuck to the last, and 967 passed their examinations, which the Governor supervised. He also made the commencement address and presented the diplomas. They were much more picturesque than the sheepskin I received from Yale."

Then the gentry arose to the movement's support, says Dr. Yen, and before 1925 there were no less than 150,000 students enrolled in one province alone. But we read on:

"We did not know whether the methods we had used could be used successfully elsewhere or not. In our next experiment we made fewer mistakes, gaining much by our experience. In our effort we had the pleasure of having Madame Hsiung cooperate. She made the commencement speech, and distributed the diplomas. She was much affected by the sight, and remarked about the number of graduates—1,450. She spoke about the differences in ages, some men of fifty and some boys just beyond twelve. She also spoke of the dress—some in their best Chinese dress, and some in rags, and barefooted. Then she said: 'I have been interested in all kinds of organizations, but I shall resign from them all, and make this my lifework.'

"We then went to East China and South China. All this made a wide stir, and it was thought that we must organize nation-wide. And so in the fall of 1923 a national council met in Peking, and 600 representatives formed the Chinese National Association of the Mass Education Movement. Branches sprang up everywhere. Five millions are now studying among the laboring class, in the rural sections, and even in the Army."

How, in all the recent revolutions, has this movement been able to carry on? Dr. Yen answers:

"There are at least two reasons: (1) The common people are eager to get an education, and (2) there has been a nation-wide awakening to the need of educating all the people of China. China now realizes that she must train her common people if she is to take her place in the sisterhood of nations."

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

By E. A. Havelock

NOT unto us, O Lord, the praise
For what is wrought by sea or coast,
Through babel shouts and words that boast
Of conquest, comes the master phrase—
"Not unto us."

Along the wires the currents fret
Or fly where there is none to guide:
The railway climbs the Great Divide,
And liners sail secure—but yet
"Not unto us."

Factory, office, mine and mill—
The shuttles shift, the threads remain:
The garments still is Love and Pain
When woven. Therefore, say we still,
"Not unto us."

From confident material ways,
From civilized complacent word,
From this our age, O save us, Lord,
And give not unto us the praise—
"Not unto us."

—*The Canadian Forum, Toronto.*

NO SNOOPERS!

THE SUGGESTION which crops up now and then, that ministers and other church people should snoop around their communities to detect violations of the Prohibition law, and thus aid in its enforcement is not commended by the New York *Christian Advocate* (Methodist), which believes the Church has much more important work to do. At first sight the suggestion seems innocent enough. But, says this *Advocate:*

"There is one argument—to us a convincing argument—against such a course. The main business of the Church lies in a totally different field. It exists in the community to meet the religious needs of the people. It exalts Christ, inculcates His teachings, and tries to win men to accept His leadership, with all the spiritual and moral consequences which flow from such fellowship. When the Church has done its perfect work, there will be no speak-easies, no bootlegging, because the will to do these things will have been changed by spiritual process. Until then it is the clear duty of the Church and those who are guided by it to give vigorous support to every agency which makes for the suppression of evil doing.

"The officers of the law should be assured that they have the backing of the church members in prosecuting offenders. But the Church goes beyond its sphere when it takes upon itself the rôle of detective, and makes itself a voluntary part of the enforcement machinery. It could not perform such a function without detracting from its influence in the community, degrading it from its proper place, and digressing from its legitimate function.

"Exceptional instances doubtless may be cited, in which a pastor has rendered a marked service to his community by doing a striking piece of detective work, and thus awakening public opinion and forcing the sluggish officers of the law into action. But the exception is very rare. It would be better to have no exception at all than it would be to have every minister, every member, every Epworth League, every Ladies' Aid Society focusing attention on possible violations of law, acting as spies upon their neighbors, and injecting gossip and suspicion into every rank of society. If any one is seeking a method of weakening the influence of the Church, and of the forces supporting Prohibition, there would scarcely be a more effective way to accomplish these ends than by turning every church into a detective agency, and every minister into an 'Old Sleuth.'"

CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

TO unearth unpublished poems of Emily Dickinson is something of an adventure, seeing that she is already enshrined in a "collected" edition. This is the feat of *The Atlantic Monthly*, and we select three out of their ten:

UNPUBLISHED POEMS BY EMILY DICKINSON

I

I reckon, when I count at all,
First Poets—then the Sun—
Then Summer—then the
Heaven of God—
And then the list is done.
But looking back—the first so seems
To comprehend the whole—
The others look a needless show,
So I write Poets—All.
This Summer lasts a solid year.
They can afford a Sun
The East would deem
Extravagant,
And if the final Heaven
Be beautiful as they disclose
To those who trust in them,
It is too difficult a grace
To justify the Dream.

III

It always felt to me a wrong
To that old Moses done,
To let him see the Canaan
Without the entering.

And though in soberer moments
No Moses there can be,
I'm satisfied the romance
In point of injury

Surpasses sharper stated
Of Stephen or of Paul,
For these were only put to death,
While God's adroiter will

On Moses seemed to fasten
In tantalizing play—
As Boy should deal
With lesser Boy
To show supremacy.

The fault was doubtless
Israel's;
Myself had banned the Tribes,
And ushered grand old Moses
In pentateuchal robes

Upon the broad possession
But titled him to see.
Old Man on Nebo! Late as this
One Justice bleeds for thee!

VII

After great pain a formal feeling comes—
The nerves sit ceremonious like tombs;
The stiff Heart questions—was it He that
bore?
And yesterday—or centuries before?

The feet mechanical go round
A wooden way
Of ground or air or ought,
Regardless grown,
A quartz contentment like a stone.

This is the hour of lead
Remembered if outlived
As freezing persons recollect
The snow—
First chill, then stupor, then
The letting go.

THE New England conscience is not confined to New England, so *The Pasque Petals* (Aberdeen, S. D.) would teach us:

AS ONE HAVING A GREAT INHERITANCE

By Zelda F. Melton

I said to my Soul I would take
Nor question the whence nor how,
I scorned the Parson's Heaven and Hell;
I would live Here and Now.
I mocked at Life, and I scoffed at Love—
(Love passing, scars left deep)
I said 'twere better to laugh and die
Than to live long and weep.

But I had not reckoned the blood that fed
The poor, bruised heart of me,
Nor visioned the strength of that crimson thread
That could live for a century.
I had not counted my mother, Elois,
As pure as a lily's breath;
Nor my grandmother, Constance, stately and
good;
Nor the one named Elizabeth;
Nor the one who had mothered a bishop son,
Whose blood flows in my veins.
How could I know that the virtue of them
Bound me with forged chains?
How could I know that their dear, dead hands
Would reach and draw me back
Their child—in spite of the grave itself
Into the beaten track?

I'm teaching the "Corner" school again
And I sing in the Methodist choir,
And I'm stroking a cat with topaz eyes
As I sit and write by my fire.
Yet, if "Teacher" is good (as the children say)
Freely I here confess,
It is not I who am good at all—
Perhaps it's Elizabeth . . . . ?

LORD DUNSANY catches the secret of the artist's tragedy. It is from *The Daily Express* (London):

ART AND LIFE

By Lord Dunsany

There is so much to catch
As the days go by,
The line of some queer old thatch
Against wintry sky,

The huge red sun of November
Threatening snow,
Dark woods that seem to remember
Ages ago,

Gold king-cups crowning the ditches,
April agleam,
Old willows standing like witches
Haunting a stream,

Far mountains lit with a glow
That is tremulous
With something we only know
Is never for us.

All shapes of rocks and of trees
That a rune has enchanted,
All sounds that sigh upon seas
Or lands that are haunted.

So much there is to catch
And the years so short
That there is scarce time to snatch
Pen, palette, or ought.

And to seize some shape that we see,
That others may keep
Its moment of mystery,
Then go to our sleep.

The New Yorker is not all frivolity, and sometimes has a note of pity for its devotees:

SYLVIA IN HEAVEN

By Florence Kiper Frank

She has loved only
Glitter of light.
Will she be desolate
In the great night?

Or will the angels
Bear there to bloom
Merciful candles
To whiten her room!

Will there be down
For the little gold head
That in justice should sleep
Upon nettles instead!

She has walked always
Clad in the grace
Of quick-glowing velvet,
Of ermine and lace,

And harshly indeed
Would her sinful heart fare
If they should give her
Homespun to wear.

She has no hardihood
Yet to endure
The rigors of God
That would render her pure.

She has forgotten
The prayers she must pray
Whose lips have had only
Bright words to say.

Her feet that are languid
Would bleed in the bone
Should she go barefoot
The way to the Throne.

Let Peter abate
Her penance awhile,
Breaking his heart
On her innocent smile.

And let the dear Mary,
Tender of soul,
Grant her one lover
For sake of her dole.

"THE Celtic poet and the Arab tribesman have the common denominator of awe in the face of darkness," says *The Atlantic Monthly* (Boston), in comment on the following which it prints:

NIGHT

By Lord Dunsany

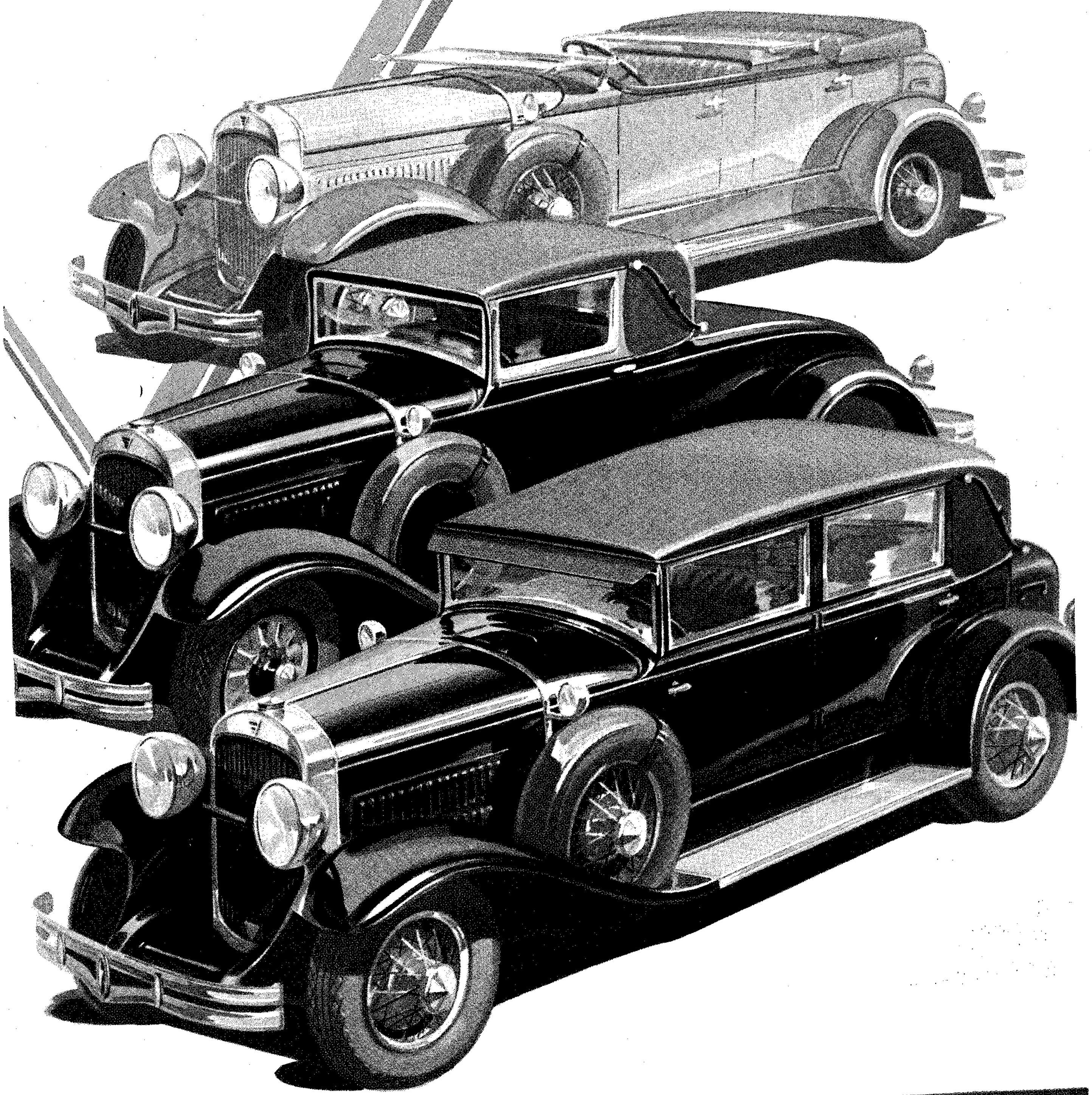
Night falls on the lone
Sahara, and spark by spark
Arabs I have not known
Light fires in the dark.

Of the specks of ash in the smoke,
Which atom knows
From what fire it awoke,
Or whither it goes?

In the wilds of Space, in the dark,
Spiral nebulæ
Twirl spark upon spark,
Whereof one are we.

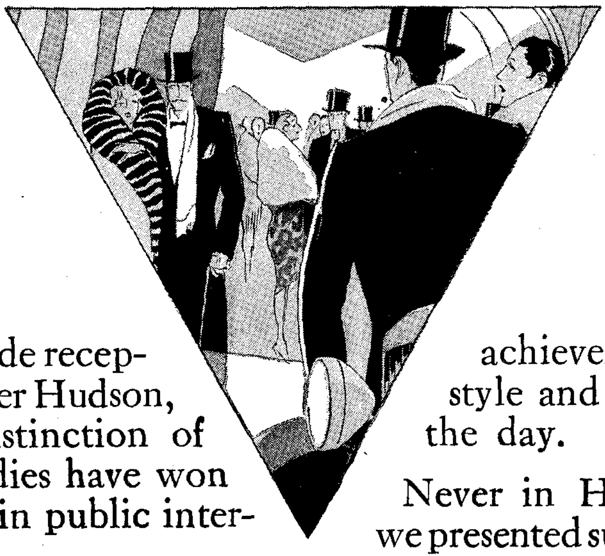
Who can say for what task
They arose, or whither they slip?
And all the Spirits I ask
Stand finger on lip.

The Greater



HUDSON

In 14 Distinguished New Body Types



IN THE country-wide reception of the Greater Hudson, the beauty and distinction of its new line of bodies have won pre-eminent place in public interest and attention.

For refinements of body design, finish and rich appointment comprise the most evident, and many of the most important of its 64 outstanding improvements.

All the new models are larger, wider and roomier. They provide greater leg and head room, and freedom of movement for the full passenger complement.

Every advancement suggested by the experience of 1,000,000 Super-Six owners is incorporated in these 14 new body types. And they are foremost in acclaiming this Hudson achievement as the highest style and value possibility of the day.

Never in Hudson history have we presented such beautiful bodies. Never such value. Never such price advantage. And those who know motor leadership say that speaks for the entire industry. To the wider number of models presented a further variety of personal choice is provided in two chassis lengths, of identical quality.

Among 64 advanced features are:—Large, Fine, Roomy, Luxurious Bodies—92 Developed Horsepower—Above 80 Miles an Hour—70 Miles an Hour All Day—Greater Economy.

You will add your endorsement and perhaps your ownership when you see and ride in the Greater Hudson.

64 Advanced Features:

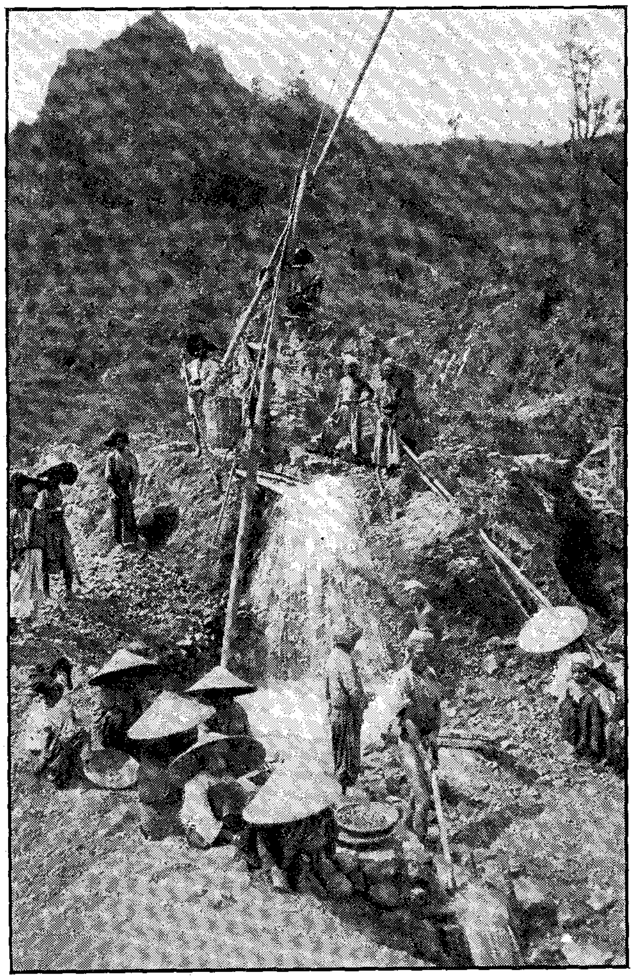
$1095 *and up at factory*

Standard wheelbase—2-Door Sedan $1095, Standard Sedan $1175, Coupe $1195, Roadster $1250, 5-Pass. Phaeton $1350, Town Sedan $1375, Convertible Coupe $1450, Landau Sedan $1500, Victoria $1500. *Long wheelbase*—5-Pass. Club Sedan $1850, 7-Pass. Sedan $2000, 7-Pass. Limousine $2100.

***Standard equipment includes:** 4 hydraulic two-way shock absorbers—electric gas and oil gauge—radiator shutters—saddle lamps—windshield wiper—rear view mirror—electrolock—controls on steering wheel—all bright parts chromium-plated.*

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

THE NEW VOGUE FOR SEMIPRECIOUS GEMS



Underwood & Underwood photograph

RICHES FOR THE PICKING

Crude method in Burma of washing out rubies from the river-gravel.

THOSE WHO CAN NOT AFFORD a diamond, a ruby, or an emerald, may enjoy "something just as good," without resorting to imitations, we are told by Herbert P. Whitlock, curator of minerals and gems in the American Museum of Natural History, New York. Writing in *Natural History* (New York), Mr. Whitlock tells us that since the bead necklace came again into fashion, the semiprecious gems—many of them quite as beautiful as those of higher value—are coming into their own. The relation of minerals to gems, says this expert, is not always easy for the layman to grasp. If every kind of mineral furnished a different kind of gem, there would be more than one thousand varieties. Only 4 per cent. of the mineral species are suitable for gems, and in many instances only certain varieties answer the requirements of a gem stone. In most cases our most beautiful and precious gems are only distinguished varieties of very common and unassuming minerals. He goes on:

"In the first place, the most obvious quality that a gem should possess is beauty of color. From the rich brilliant red of the ruby through the delicate and subtle shades of tourmaline and chrysoberyl, beauty of color is the source of the appeal exercised by these fragments of Mother Earth.

"Linked to beauty of color is a certain degree of transparency, which permits the color qualities of a gem to be developed by cutting and polishing.

"Again, in order to preserve its transparency and polish against wear, a gem mineral should possess a certain degree of hardness. This requirement is particularly rigid for stones that are intended to be mounted in rings, since it is these that are subject to the most strenuous wear.

"And, lastly, the desirability of a gem is very largely governed by its rarity. Artificially produced sapphires and rubies possess all the qualities of the choicest natural gems, beauty of color, hardness, brilliancy, but on account of the ease with which they are obtained and their low price, they are little esteemed. Nor does the comparatively low price of these artificial members of the royal family among gems in any way affect that of the natural rubies and sapphires. Gem purchasers are willing to pay many times the value of a synthetic gem solely for the rarity of the same gem from a natural source.

"Just what is the difference between a precious and semiprecious stone? This is not easy to answer. The difference, altho mainly one of value, is complicated by several considerations. In the first place, a gem mineral such as beryl furnishes us with the highly desirable gem, the emerald, and also with the semiprecious aquamarine. The same is true of all the mineral species that include among their varieties the precious stones, the single exception being the diamond; there are no semiprecious diamonds.

"Again, a gem stone that to-day commands a price which places it in the precious-stone class, may in ten years dwindle in value to a point where it becomes a semiprecious gem.

"To-day the precious stones include diamond, ruby, sapphire, emerald, and opal, altho, on a basis of value, such gems as alexandrite should be classed as precious. Of these favored few among the gems, both ruby and sapphire are varieties of the same mineral, corundum. In other words, a deep red corundum is a ruby, and a fine, rich, blue corundum is a sapphire.

"But here again we come to distinctions and differences. A good judge of gems will tell us that he can distinguish between a Burma and a Siam ruby by the color alone, and that he can note the shade that separates the rare Kashmir sapphire from its less expensive sisters who hail from Ceylon and Montana.

"Then there are those usurpers of privilege, the artificial rubies and sapphires, who do not own Dame Nature as their parent at all, and are consequently, on a basis of value, very much semiprecious stones, altho they are just as much real rubies and sapphires as those dug from the earth.

"The mineral beryl gives us among its gem varieties the emerald, which just now stands supreme among precious stones, and the aquamarine, a sort of poor relation to it, ranking as a semiprecious stone. Here again there are elusive shades of difference in color between the so-called Peruvian emeralds, which really come from Muzo in Colombia, and the Siberian emeralds, some of which constitute the chief glory of the Russian crown jewels.

"Few realize how much difference exists between the various shades of color in the aquamarine. This semiprecious gem runs the gamut of color between greenish blue and greenish yellow, as is shown in the magnificent series in the Morgan Gem Collection. Here one may see large choice stones from Siberia, Brazil, Ceylon, and, not least among them, our own United States.

"Then there is that rainbow-like gem, the opal, that occupies a somewhat analogous place between the precious and semiprecious stones, sometimes being ranked with one group and sometimes with the other. Few can resist the charm of the richly colored black opals from Australia, or the harlequin-like fires of those from Hungary, and despite its evil reputation as a harbinger of ill fortune, the opal will always hold a high place among those of us who appreciate its many-colored beauty.

"Among the large family of the semiprecious stones, the wearer and admirer of gems may satisfy his love of the beautiful, quite apart from the artificial prestige that goes with the possession of something of supreme value. Many of these scraps of frozen color may well rival in beauty the emerald or the sapphire. Not one person in fifty knows that there are several kinds of garnets, or that such a gem as the peridot is in existence.

"Since the very general custom of wearing strings of beads has been revived, the semiprecious gem stones are coming into a well-deserved popularity. People are awakening to the charm of the tawny fire that lives in the heart of the topaz, and to the changeful delicacy of the tourmaline. The average jeweler of thirty years ago was content to know his diamonds, sapphires, rubies, and emeralds, and I have even encountered one in those days who spoke of every stone other than these as a 'fancy sapphire.' But we have arrived at a time when semiprecious stones are sold in the department stores, and by people who decidedly know what they are dealing in.

"As more people gain more knowledge regarding the possibilities of the less well-known semiprecious stones, such as zircon and peridot, alexandrite and kunzite, we shall see these gems come into far more general use."

Probably no single substance on earth is so obvious, the writer goes on to say, as quartz. It is found in all sorts of places, from the sand on the beach to the rock on the mountainside. These varieties are not, generally speaking, valuable, but they hold a unique place as materials for beads, as well as for the host of small objects usually decorated with engraving and carving. Some are quite the reverse of cheap as, for example, the rock crystal spheres so cleverly made by the Japanese. Further:

"There are two well-known materials that are distinctly opaque, turquoise and lapis lazuli. One of the striking examples is, of course, the minerals that go by the name of jade.

"Then there are the opalescent stones, such as the moonstone, which seems to bring with it a ray of oriental moonlight. Nearer home we have the labradorite from the Island of St. John, off the Labrador coast.

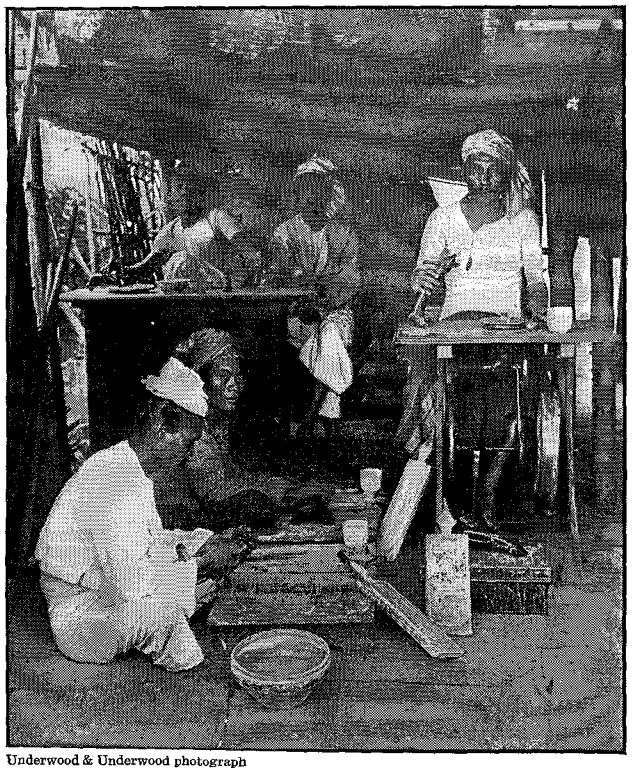
"The oldest civilizations began in their infancy to use gem stones for beads.

"Of course, in the most elementary of jewelry forms, no attempt was made at setting the stone in metal. But, from a necklace composed of strung beads, it is not a long step to one in which the stones were encased in a gold setting.

"If one were to speculate on the history of these gems, an almost boundless field for the imagination is opened up, for it is quite obvious that they have had a history, and in all probability an interesting one.

"We know that most of the famous diamonds of the world have had historic careers, involving violence, cupidity, and intrigue. It would be interesting indeed if it were possible for us to write the story of every gem in a jeweler's show-case. Some of them may have been mined only last year, but others may have seen centuries of use as gems.

"Gold and silver objects are constantly being melted and shaped into newer forms, but a gem can never lose its individuality. A ruby is always a ruby or an emerald is always an emerald, they can never be anything else."


Underwood & Underwood photograph

REMARKABLE WORK WITH RUDE TOOLS

Ruby-cutting in a native shop in Burma.

Underwood & Underwood photograph

HARVESTING BLACK DIAMONDS IN BRAZIL

NEGROES GROWING HEALTHIER

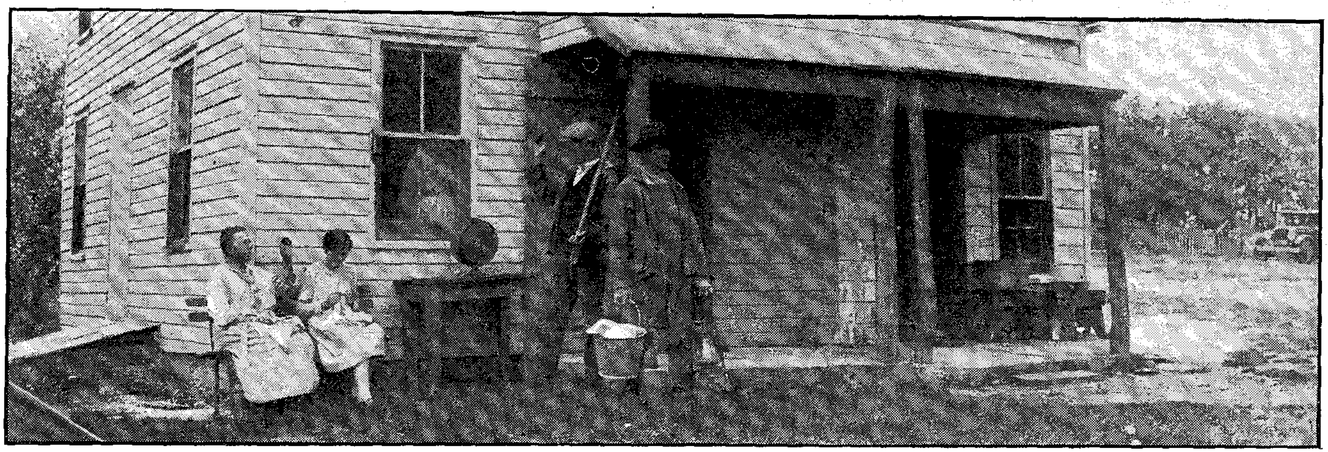
"HEADED FOR EXTINCTION," was the gloomy prediction made a score of years ago by some experts, regarding the colored race in the United States. Instead, reports the *Bulletin* of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company (New York), the race has been steadily improving in physical condition. We read:

"The current decade and the immediately preceding one have witnessed material improvement in the life span of both white and colored Americans. But in childhood, in adolescence and in early adult life, where the gains have been greatest, the drop in the death-rate of the colored people has almost matched that of the white. At all ages combined, and after age 25, the improvement for negroes, substantial as it is, approximates only one-half that for the whites.

"Between 1911 and 1927, the mortality rate of the negroes at all ages dropped 17.3 per cent. as compared with 31.6 per cent. for the whites. It is true that, by comparison, the improvement of the white policyholder has surpassed the health progress shown for the colored. But when we consider that it was not much more than twenty years ago when extreme pessimism was exprest as to the future of the negro in America, the gain he has made is impressive, indeed. Some students of negro health conditions even went so far as to predict that the colored race in this country was headed for extinction. Instead, during a period in which we have had a World War, two great pandemics of influenza and a great migration of negroes from the farms of the South to the cities of the North, the colored race has registered a declining death-rate. Colored men who left the South, exchange, for the most part, agricultural work for that of the iron and steel mills, the coal-mines, and other fields of labor in which the negro, brought up in a rural environment, was not expected to thrive physically. Many of these negro migrants suffered seriously from inadequate housing. This situation, which was acute in some cities, led to higher mortality. Were it not for this heavy migration, the improvement in negro mortality would certainly have been much greater.

"The greatest single factor in the improvement of the mortality rate of the negro during this period has been the decline in the death-rate for tuberculosis. While the gain for all causes combined was 17.3 per cent., that for tuberculosis was 44.7 per cent. With respect to this disease, the gain for the colored approximates three-quarters that for the whites. In childhood, each race made about the same amount of improvement, and each, by 1927, had more than halved the death-rate of the three-year period 1911-1913.

"Thus, for tuberculosis (which was the chief cause of death for each race twenty years ago) as well as for all causes combined, gains have been experienced regardless of color and age. Other studies have shown that improvement has also been achieved regardless of economic condition, in all sections of the country, in both the rural and urban population, and in virtually every branch of industry."



Herbert photograph

RADIO ON THE FARM

THE FARMER'S DEBT TO RADIO

WIDE-SPREAD USE OF RADIO has proved the final step in releasing the farm family from isolation, we are told by I. W. Dickerson, writing in *The Oklahoma Farmer-Stockman* (Oklahoma City). Not many years ago, he says, the farm family practically hibernated during the winter months. It was a time which to the farm women especially was a long nightmare of loneliness and discontent. But now:

> "The telephone with its chance for neighborly conversation and gossip, its possibilities for spreading quickly really important news and summoning help in cases of sickness or emergency; the rural free delivery of mail in all times except when roads and weather are the very worst, with its daily papers and better contact with markets and news; and the rapid development of the automobile and better roads, with a chance to come and go quickly and easily—all these have done a great deal in breaking up farm isolation and making farm life more enjoyable.
>
> "However, it has been radio which has really pulled back the curtains of isolation and put the farm family at once closely in touch with the best of everything in the way of entertainment, education, travel, and religion. During the long winter days when farm work is slack and the weather and roads are the worst, radio is at its best; and the farm family can sit comfortably before a cheerful fire and listen to sermons on religion and the better life, talks on citizenship and the affairs of state, or on science and education. Maybe the family tires of one speaker or program. If so, a turn of the dial will bring music by a great violinist a thousand miles away. The radio is even greater than the telephone in annihilating distance.
>
> "The radio is already one of the great factors in keeping the young folks satisfied with farm life. Some sort of radio entertainment is usually available, nearly always good, and varied enough to meet almost any demand. The radio furnishes good dance music, and the only preparation necessary for dancing is to push back the table and roll up the rugs. For those interested in sports there are the broadcasts of baseball, football, and basketball games, play by play, and of the scores of all important games."

Radio also has several practical phases of interest to the farmer, Mr. Dickerson reports. One is the daily broadcasting of market reports. Before the farmers had radio, the local shipper received telegraphic reports each morning, and it was quite common on receiving news of a rise in the market, to buy up a car-load of live stock before the farmer received news of the advance. Now any farmer with live stock ready to market keeps close tab on the market reports, which he receives as promptly as the buyer does. Farmers have in this way saved enough in a few shipments to more than pay the entire cost of the radio. To quote further:

> "Another important radio service is the broadcasting of weather predictions. If rain is called for, the farmer knows better how much alfalfa to cut down, whether to start threshing, or whether it is advisable to start on a long automobile trip over dirt roads. Frost predictions are also valuable to truck growers and fruit raisers. Now that the combine is becoming common and the moisture content of the combined grain must be closely watched, these weather predictions will be even more valuable. Even the women use them, and listening to the weather predictions can tell whether to wash Monday morning or not."

DRUG-STORE HEROES

EVEN THE DRUGGIST HAS his heroic moments, we are told by an editorial writer in *The Druggists' Circular* (New York). After noting the physician who takes his life in his hands that he may relieve the sufferings of some poor unfortunate; the priest who crawls under a burning building to administer the last rites to an entrapt worker; the fireman who dashes into flame and smoke to rescue a child; the driver of a dog-sled carrying antitoxin to a diphtheria-stricken city over long frozen wastes; the telephone operator who sticks to her post while warning others of a flood; the elevator operator who empties a doomed building before seeking his own safety; the boy who drowns in saving a comrade—he goes on:

> "But not one of them puts to shame the pharmacist who in time of pestilence or other great disaster remains on duty day and night with hardly enough rest or sleep to keep him alive. In battle or other great excitement one's courage often is carried to and held at the sticking-point by the suddenness of the danger —there is lack of time to reason about the consequences. But where some deadly epidemic slowly creeps up and fixes itself upon a community there is no martial music to spur the humane worker to his task. In such an emergency the pharmacist prosaically and in a tiresome routine manner, albeit with increased energy, prepares and dispenses medicines alike to those who have the price to pay and those who have it not.
>
> "When the great influenza scourge of ten years ago swept over the country most of the sturdy young men of the nation were 'over there.' Old men, boys, and women were carrying on at home. Usually the women and boys were not trained in pharmacy. The older men, already tired and worn by the work of keeping their businesses going without sufficient help, were swamped by the unprecedented inrush of prescriptions. Many of these men, being more than merchants, abandoned the front parts of their stores in which the money-making sales are usually made in order that they might minister to the ills of the affliction people. That a great number of them sacrificed health, and even life, in so doing there is no doubt.
>
> "This is only one example of the many courageous enterprises in the field pharmaceutic that await the pen of some latter-day epicist. Contemporary history is strewn with them. Not long ago there was a flood in the Mississippi valley. In a little town away down in Arkansas the water was rising rapidly. The people were warned to save their lives by taking to the hills. They fled—or most of them did. In passing the village drug-store they called to its proprietor to join them. In answer he moved his medicines to the upper shelves and as a new floor used boards laid from counter to counter. When this temporary arrangement no longer availed he procured a boat and rowed a stock of emergency remedies to a central point more accessible than his store. The people would need medicines, and his job was to stand by, as a member of the healing profession, along with physicians and nurses, and supply them.
>
> "This Arkansas druggist's action is not exceptional. In all parts of the country similar conduct on the part of pharmacists is known, but generally it is taken as such a matter of course that little or no mention is made of it.
>
> "Just as in entertaining strangers one may be entertaining angels unawares, so in dealing with a pharmacist one often deals with a man who might well be the subject of a great epic, and maybe some day will be."

Two Sets or Three?

© 1929 M. L. I. CO.

Lucky is the baby born of the modern, intelligent mother. While she dreams that her child will be a great man, perhaps President of the United States, she studies and plans for his health.

ONE of the things this modern mother found out is that teeth, so vital to well-being, begin to form before birth. And that in order to give her baby good teeth her own diet must consist largely of eggs, fresh vegetables, fruits, whole-grain cereals and milk.

The first set of baby teeth is very important in its effect upon the second set and should be given the greatest care. When one of the little teeth is lost, before nature is ready to send out its successor, the shape of the jaw is likely to change in such a way that the second teeth will be crowded and come in unevenly.

Especial attention must be paid to the double molars of the temporary set. By good dentistry, these should be made to last until the tenth or eleventh year. And so, when her child is only four years old—hardly more than a baby—and thereafter every six months, the modern mother takes him to her dentist.

The first permanent teeth are called the six-year molars because they come in at about the sixth year. They appear behind the two temporary molars, and can easily be distinguished by counting the double teeth on each side. If there are three double teeth in a row the back one is the permanent one.

These first permanent molars are the keystone of the dental arch and govern the position of all the later teeth. Coming in as they do in a mouth full of temporary teeth, they are frequently neglected and sometimes extracted as part of the baby set.

Good teeth do not just happen. They are built by food—like every other part of the body. First in importance comes the food the mother eats before her baby is born, then the food she gives him through babyhood, and finally the food that he selects for himself. Teeth are living parts of the body and need the minerals contained in eggs, milk, vegetables, fruits and cereals.

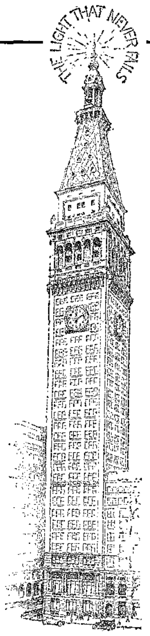
Lucky is the baby whose mother has determined that he shall have such fine first and second sets of teeth that he will never need an artificial set.

Your Doctor will tell you

Poison from tooth infection may damage vital organs, may cause eye, nerve, or joint trouble, rheumatism, headache, or any one of a long list of serious ailments.

The expert dentist of today employs much of the wisdom of medical science; he uses real engineering skill and his work is often touched by the grace of artistry.

If teeth are lost, artificial substitutes can usually be made which will insure comfort, good appearance and efficient service. Without the latter, good digestion and therefore good health are impossible.


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

A famous physician once made the statement "Bad teeth are the most common cause of physical breakdown."

Health scientists warn us that teeth should be watched not from the outside alone, but from the inside as well and that a tooth which has never ached nor shown decay may yet hide unsuspected poison. Dentists use x-ray photographs to tell the story. If the x-rays show poison at the root that cannot be dislodged by treatment, perhaps the tooth should be extracted.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail its booklet, "Good teeth, how to get them and keep them," to anyone who requests it. Ask for Booklet No. 39-L.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

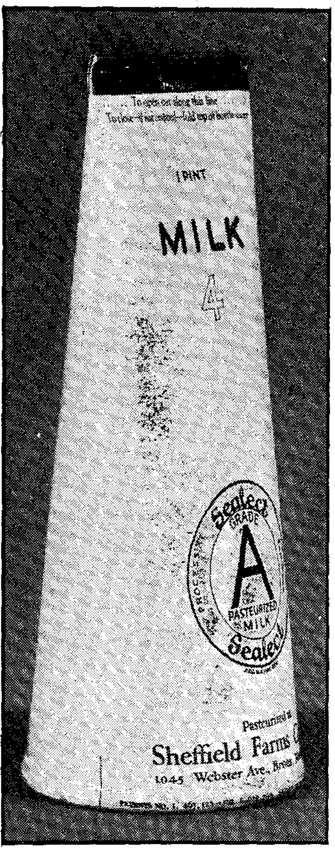
METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

MILK DONE UP IN PAPER

THE ADVENT OF THE PARAFFINED PAPER container, now being tried as a substitute for the familiar glass milk-bottle, in upper New York City, is hailed by the metropolitan press in various moods, both serious and lighthearted. The new container is thus described in the New York *Times:*

"The old-fashioned milk-bottle, which for forty years has held an almost indisputable place in store and kitchen, is threatened. A paper container has come to challenge its hold upon the home—the 'sealcone.' Its use as a milk-container is still experimental, say officials of the company which is trying it out, and its future depends upon popular favor. For the time being sealcones are being tried in the Bronx and in Harlem.



"IT IS A SERIOUS MATTER"

With the old-time glass milk-bottles replaced by paper ones, objects the New York *Evening Post,* "what will be left to throw at the cats?"

"To the unaccustomed eye the new containers present a droll appearance. A row of them suggests a miniature group of children masquerading as ghosts. Across the top is the shining strip of metal seal that safeguards them until they reach the consumer.

"Many advantages are claimed for this newcomer in the dairy world. Primarily made of paper, there is no need of its serving more than one customer. The fact that the sealcone will *not* be prest into multiple service is one of its greatest benefits. Each receptable is fresh and new, which eliminates many dangers.

"Tests have proved, it is said, that milk can stay fresh in a sealcone for five weeks. The system makes it possible to lower the temperature of the milk to 33 to 35 degrees, or well below the danger point.

"Sealcones are treated with sterilized paraffine immediately before use. From the moment the cut sheets of paper, shaped and sized like the materials in a garment factory, are placed in the forming machine, they continue on their formation until the container is filled, sealed, and discharged upon the conveyor that takes them to the packing table.

"The machinery adjusts the liquid-proof bottom to the cone, and sends the formed object on its way to the paraffining process, where it is made airtight, leakproof and sterile. From there it goes to the filling and sealing machine, where automatically the correct amount is doled out to each cone. There is no spilling and no waste.

"Another surprize that awaits the consumer, at a first encounter with the container, is that a new tool to open it is necessary. Scissors, not a fork or pointed knife, will have to serve the purpose, for the top must be neatly cut off.

"Aside from the health aspect there is an economic side to be taken into consideration with the paper container. According to present computations the cost of its manufacture is placed at ¾ cents, while that of a bottle is 4½ cents.

"Will the saving in bottles benefit the consuming public? H. S. Van Bomel, vice-president of the Sheffield Farms Company, replied that the future would undoubtedly see a lowering of prices if the public demand was sufficiently great to warrant an extensive use of the paper-containers."

Commenting editorially on the innovation, the New York *World* remarks that there may be drawbacks. Says this paper:

"While a block of ice can be shoved against a glass bottle in the refrigerator without harm, it would obviously make short work of a paper cone. But there is no harm in a good trial. The history of our food habits is more largely a history of containers than most people realize. The tin can, which came in during the Civil War, has left a deep mark on civilization. The attractive paper carton, popularized in the 'eighties, brought in a flood of breakfast foods, prepared desserts, package sugars, coffees, and what-not. There are a number of ways in which milk can be made cheaper and better, and one of them may lie in a displacement of the familiar bottle that graces millions of doorsteps."

The New York *Evening Post* is moved to jocosity by the news. Under the heading "Exit the Milk-Bottle," it remarks:

"Here is one bulwark of the past in which we had faith. And now? No more rattling in the areaway, no more clanking of bottles as the empties are collected. Milk will be delivered noiselessly. It is a serious matter. We can't hear cocks crowing in the city, but we have always had the milkman. What is to take his place as an alarm clock? Without milk-bottles how are those extra nickels to be obtained at the grocery store? And what will be left to throw at the cats?"

RADIO BURGLAR ALARMS

RADIO IS NOW A FOE TO BANDITRY in several States—notably, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, Michigan, Kansas, Wisconsin, Oklahoma, and California. The Radio section of the New York *Sun* tells us that vigilance committees have been organized in these States, and that when information of a bank robbery is spread by radio or other avenues of communication, these give a practical demonstration of their plan of attack—"organized surprize and regulated violence." This means, says *The Sun,* that corn-belt citizens, armed with sawed-off shotguns, awe the bandits into surrender without firing a shot. It goes on:

"The rôle of radio in flashing information relative to a bank robbery is similar to that performed by wireless communication in furnishing data concerning the iceberg menace in the North Atlantic Ocean. Bandits operating in these States where vigilance organizations are maintained, upon being detected, are the subjects of descriptions by radio—outlining their location, the course of their retreat, and other details.

"For example, WHO, broadcasting station of the Bankers Life Company of Des Moines, Iowa, upon receipt of information that a bank robbery has been perpetrated, immediately gives the alarm by radio. During the last year or so, a number of bank hold-ups have occurred in the State, and station WHO has gone 'on the air' immediately, upon receipt of information concerning the hold-ups, with a warning."

A State-wide radio burglar-alarm system was tried by station WHO by the sounding of a gong into the microphone of this station and a bell or light attached to radio receiving sets. The project was not found feasible, and was abandoned. We read further:

"The default of this radio burglar-alarm system does not necessarily rob this form of communication of its virtue as an aid in apprehending bandits when simply disseminating information concerning the presence of bank robbers. This is attested when we are told that the vigilance committees of Iowa and other States have enlisted radio-broadcasting stations together with secret telegraph-wire systems and telephone lines for spreading burglar alarms. Fortunately the invisible radio waves are not subject to the slashing efforts of bandits—and attempts to sever radio communication facilities are futile compared with the usual success of robbers in cutting telephone and telegraph wires.

"The broadcasting station as a veritable alarm in the wake of the criminal—from the petty offense of stealing an automobile to a hold-up resulting in the loss of life—is finding increasing usefulness. The mother who recently heard through her radio loud-speaker of a broadcast description of her sons in the rôle of bank robbers may have been an example of cruel vindication of justice, at least to that mother, but it was likewise testimony to the effect that criminal news by radio does not travel with leaden feet. There are numerous broadcasting stations engaged in daily dissemination of information concerning stolen automobiles, and where this service is not maintained by the station, persons who are victims of car thefts employ radio as a sort of newspaper 'stolen' column. The Federal Government is using radio in its efforts to detect and suppress rum smuggling, and several large municipalities are resorting to city-owned radio stations as a means of quickly flashing news of a crime in efforts to apprehend the perpetrators."

Her tooth paste bought her galoshes

You'll be delighted to find how many little things you can buy with that $3 that Listerine Tooth Paste saves you every year as compared to dentifrices costing 50¢ and up. Galoshes, for example. Handkerchiefs. Hosiery. Perfume. Gloves.

A remarkable dentifrice

–yet but 25¢

IT takes a great deal of money to prepare and introduce a new tooth paste. Unless the product is of exceptional merit and priced right, its chance of success is slight.

Four years ago Listerine Tooth Paste was produced by the makers of Listerine. It was the final expression of years of study. Today, sweeping toward leadership, it has reached and passed some of the excellent dentifrices that sell for 50¢ and more.

Millions are delighted by that refreshing sensation of mouth invigoration you associate with Listerine. They're enthusiastic about the quick, safe way Listerine Tooth Paste attacks deposits and leaves teeth white and gleaming.

We can offer no more convincing proof of its merit than this eagerness on the part of the public to buy—and keep on buying.

And think of paying but 25¢ instead of 50¢. That's a saving of $3 per year per person. Worth while isn't it? Particularly when a family is large. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

PERSONAL • GLIMPSES

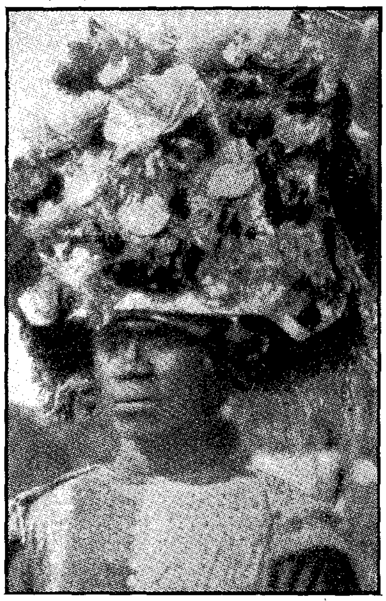
A PENNSYLVANIA KING IN THE WEST INDIES

"ATTENTION!"

"The King! The King! The King!"

"*Helloi! Helloi! Helloi!*" roared the assembly of negro subjects. There was a short rat-a-tat salvo on the drums.

A pale yellow silk bandanna was handed to Queen Ti Meminne, who knotted it around the shoulders of King Wirkus, the hero of a modern, real-life fairy-tale, W. B. Seabrook tells us in "The Magic Island" (Harcourt, Brace), a study of Haitian life and religion. Four big negroes mounted the throne, and "lifting up the chair in which King Wirkus was seated, marched with him three times around the peristyle, as the Pope is carried in St. Peter's, and then around in circles through the crowd outside it, the people falling in behind, shouting, waving flags, blowing conch-shells." Thus ended the ceremony.



Illustrations from "The Magic Island" (Harcourt, Brace and Company)

THE CROWN KING WIRKUS WORE

But as he never would be photographed in it, we are obliged to show it, instead, on the head of a native. It is of "modified tribal African design."

To the dusky natives of La Gonave, an island off the coast of Haiti, F. E. Wirkus of the United States Marine Corps, who was born in Pittston, Pennsylvania, is, as this demonstration in his honor shows, truly a king. Perhaps, they reason, he is one of their old kings returned to them, as King Arthur of the Round Table was expected by his knights to come back. To his comrades of the Marine Corps stationed in Haiti, Wirkus is Chief of Police of the island of La Gonave, a remarkable fellow, doing a hard job admirably. But the fact that the natives of the island regard him as a king amuses them. To Mr. Seabrook, who visited the island during a Haitian sojourn, devoted chiefly to a study of the Voodoo rites, some of the results of which we shall see presently, Wirkus is one who has realized the almost universal dream to "hold undisputed sway on some remote tropical island set like a green jewel amid the coral reefs of summer seas." Queen Ti Meminne, great and black, who made the author think of some of the characters in "Alice in Wonderland," is a Queen in her own right and has ruled her people for many years. King Wirkus, in his character of Chief of Police, found her in power and confirmed her in it, subject to his authority. And in her turn, as we shall see, Queen Ti Meminne brought about the coronation of the Marine.

THE QUEEN WHO CROWNED A LEATHERNECK KING

Her Majesty, Ti Meminne, monarch of the island of La Gonave, who really believed, because of his baptismal name, that Top-Sergeant Wirkus was a historic Haitian King returned to earth.

Wirkus, who had risen to be a top-sergeant when he went to Haiti with the Marines occupying that island, undertook the police work of La Gonave at his own request, Mr. Seabrook relates. So his superiors commissioned him a lieutenant of gendarmerie and said, "We'll send a plane over every month to see how you're getting along." They said also, we read, "In six months, of course, we'll relieve you." Reading on of what "the white King of La Gonave" has done and of the element of the occult which Mr. Seabrook seems to believe influences the reverence of the natives for him:

This boy, Wirkus, who had never set foot on La Gonave, who had only seen it lying distant and mysterious out there across the sea, said, "If you won't let me stay there for at least three years, I don't want to go." It was a queer thing for him to say. They thought it was a queer thing for him to say, but they flew him over and left him. They sent the airplane monthly for his reports, and whenever he cared to, they let him fly back, to spend a monthly week-end in Port-au-Prince. Usually he didn't care to leave his island. Two or three months later a rumor spread around the capital that the ten thousand blacks of the island had convened and crowned Wirkus King of La Gonave. It was supposed to be a sort of harmless joke. Nobody on the mainland took it seriously. And Wirkus himself laughed about it in an embarrassed way when they saw him. He was a husky, efficient, dependable lieutenant of the gendarmerie, his reports were always in perfect order, and tax collections on La Gonave had already more than doubled under his administration. If the blacks out there childishly chose to call him a king instead of a lieutenant, what did his superior officers care about that? He was a good man, doing a good job.

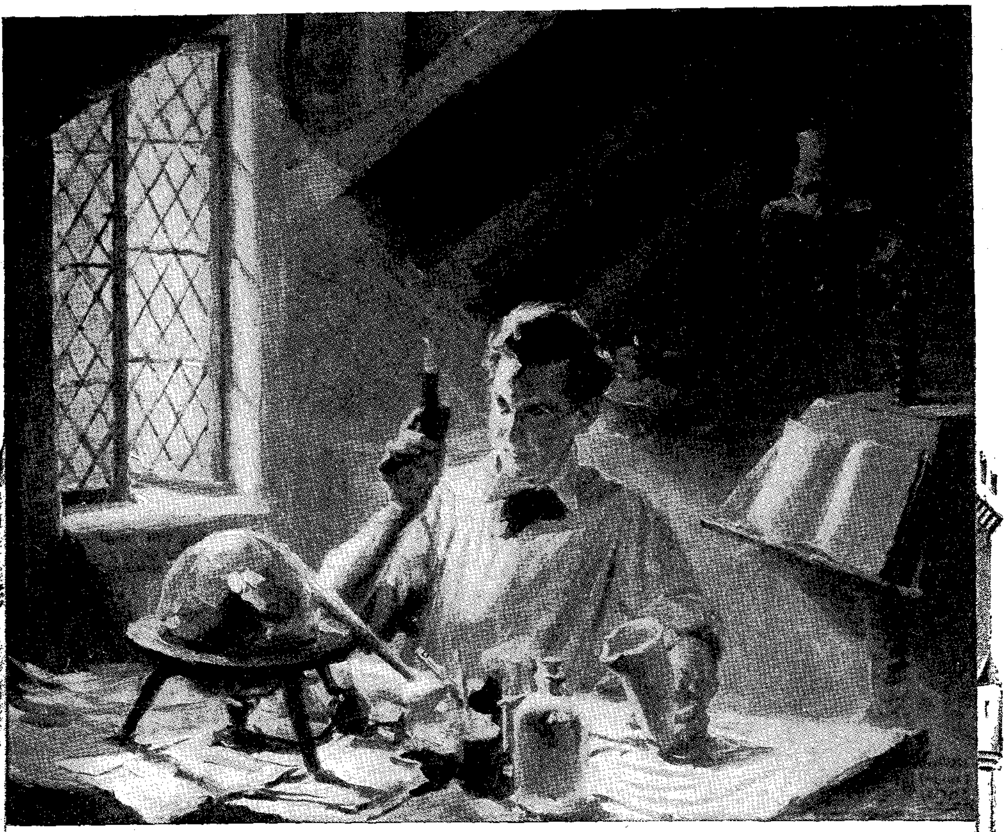
These are the simple understandable facts, as known to everybody in Haiti, of how Wirkus happens to be King of La Gonave. It chances, however, that I am in possession of some other facts, literal, yet so fantastic in their implication that I hesitate to relate them. Astrologers, numerologists, dabblers in the occult, orthodox fatalist Presbyterians, will be more interested in this phase of the story than will sensible readers. I feel, however, that it should be included, if only to show what mysterious tricks coincidence will sometimes play in the birth of incredible legends, in the creation by primitive peoples of kings and gods.

In the year 1848, after Haiti had been for thirty years a republic, a negro named Soulouque rose to power. He declared that the Holy Virgin had appeared to him in a vision, angel-winged, perched in the top of a royal palm, and had said:

"You are destined to become

BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.



The boy who found rainbows in coal-tar

One Easter vacation in 1856, 17-year-old William Henry Perkin, a student-assistant in the Royal College of Chemistry, was toiling in an improvised laboratory under the eaves of his English home.

"Throw the rubbish away!" croaked unimaginative Common Sense, when the boy poured in a red fluid and got a sticky, dark mass at the bottom of his test tube. "Examine it!" whispered Science. "It may be worth something!"

Science was right. Out of that ugly dark mud came a lovely violet-purple dye. This "Mauve" was the first aniline dye ever made from coal-tar, a by-product of gas-making, till then considered worthless!

He started a scientific revolution

But young Perkin did more than found an industry. His experiments, and the experiments of other men in these early years, showed the way to a new, *creative* chemistry. Scientists began to put chemical elements together to produce complex chemical substances. By this "building with atoms" men learned how to make many synthetic compounds, some of which have proved very valuable to Medical Science. The germs of certain diseases, for example, were not visible under the microscope until it was discovered how to "stain" them with these compounds, and this in turn led to investigations regarding disease, which would never have been possible otherwise.

A new group of modern medicines

Today hundreds of synthetic, "built-up" medicinal preparations are at the disposal of the physician, to allay pain, to prolong life, and restore normal health.

Parke-Davis research chemists often spend years in producing a single synthetic medicine. For example, in a recent search for a synthetic drug to accomplish a certain purpose, more than 200 compounds were patiently built up. Each in turn was put to the severest tests. Finally, *one* was obtained that met our exacting requirements.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

Spoonfuls of Summer Sun

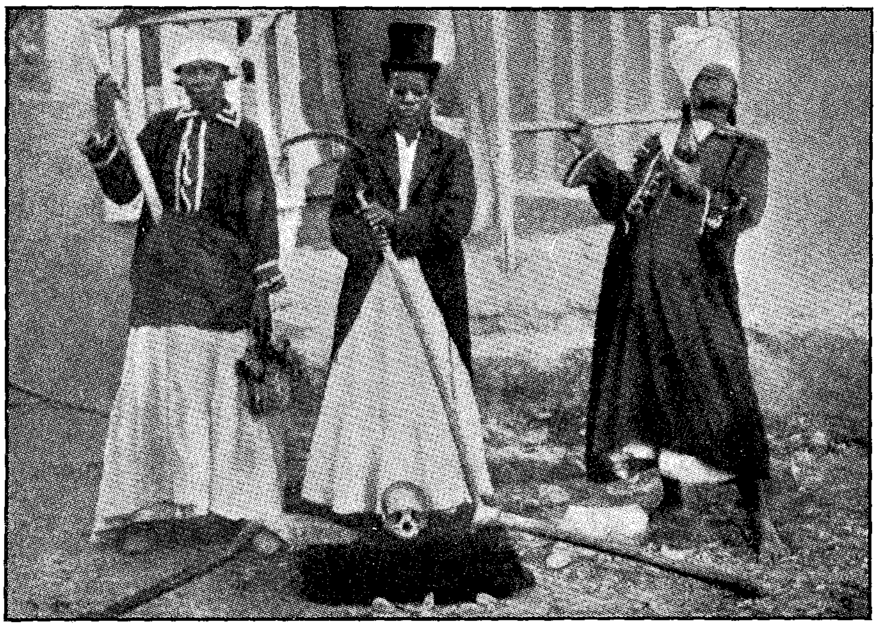
Physicians say that next to clear summer sunlight, vitamin-rich cod-liver oil best promotes strong healthy bones and sound teeth in growing children. Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil is so rich in vitamins that each teaspoonful contains as much Vitamin A as 1 pound of the best creamery butter, or 11 pints of whole milk, or 9 eggs; and as much Vitamin D as 7.5 eggs.

Parke-Davis Cod-liver Oil is light in color, practically odorless, and as nearly tasteless as a pure cod-liver oil can be. Children find it much easier to take. Ask your druggist for Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil.

a king, to rule over Haiti, Santo Domingo, and the surrounding islands of the sea."

Some months later, Soulouque, amid great pomp and ceremony, invested with scepter, crown, and royal robes, was proclaimed Emperor of Haiti, under the title of Faustin I. Why he chose the unusual name of Faustin, history does not explain. With his royal armies he sought to invade Santo Domingo. This was exactly eighty years ago. In Bois Noir, among the mountains of La Gonave, there is an old, blind soothsayer, believed by his neighbors to be more than a hundred years old. They say that long, long ago he lived on the mainland, and that he saw the Emperor Faustin ride off to war on a white horse, and that he always predicted Faustin would some day miraculously return. You can read about this Faustin I in the encyclopedias, and if you ever visit Port-au-Prince, you can see his jeweled crown and scepter in the vaults of the Banque Nationale. So much for the black Faustin I.

In 1894, in the town of Pittston, Pennsylvania, in the coal-mining and farm district near Wilkes-Barre, a baby was born. The father was a German-American, who had been a miner and also farmed. The mother, Anna Wirkus, was of Polish-French stock, and a Catholic. When the priest came to baptize this baby, he said to Mrs. Anna Wirkus, "What name have you chosen?" and she said, "We can not agree; we are going to let you choose the name."



FEE-FI-FO-FUM, EENIE-MEENIE-MINEY-MO, AND GOSH-ALL-HEMLOCK!

Just look at this terrible trinity of Voodoo sorcery—"Papa Nebo," with sickle and skull; all drest up from nightie to chimney-pot hat; on his right (the reader's left), "Gouedé Mazacca, the Midwife," and on the other side "Gouedé Oussou, the Drunken One."

He baptized the baby "Faustin."

Wirkus tells me that up until the time he was twenty, and even after he had run away to enlist in the Marine Corps, Haiti meant nothing to him except a vague name in the geographies which he had studied in public school. He had not the slightest intention or desire to go to Haiti. He just happened to be sent there. He might just as likely have been sent to China or the Philippines, or to have been stationed in Philadelphia.

Only one thing remains to be added to this digression before I bring this story of Wirkus and his island back to solid earth again:

The blacks of that island, when speaking of Wirkus, sometimes refer to him as *Li té pé vini* (he who was to come).

Mr. Seabrook flew from Port-au-Prince, the capital of Haiti, to visit Wirkus on La Gonave, piloted by Captain Pressley toward the "smoky blue mountains which turned vivid green" as they approached. Quoting further:

We soared down to land on a saline flat near the shore. As we taxied across it four or five cows loped out from the mangrove tangle, with negroes screaming, running, trying to head them, and Pressley had to swerve sharply, dangerously, to avoid a smash.

As we came safely to a stop and were climbing out, pushing up our goggles and loosening our helmets, disengaging ourselves from the parachutes strapped on our backs, Wirkus came striding across the saline toward us. It was seven-thirty in the morning, and he was bareheaded. This was the first time I had ever seen him. He was wearing grease-smeared khaki overalls, his hands were black with oil and grease, and there were streaks of it on his bare sunburnt arms. But his hair was so straw-blond, his eyes so clear gray-blue, his smooth-shaven face so healthy-ruddy-bronzed, that he looked clean. You could almost smell bath-soap as you looked at him. He was a shade under six feet tall, and built like a light-heavyweight in training. His jaw was as square as a piece of granite, and he was scowling. He didn't look at us as we came up. He was looking at the wing of the plane, which had tilted and dragged as we swerved, to see if it had been injured. Then he came and shook hands. Pressley had shut off the roaring engine.

Some thirty feet away from us stood four negro gendarmes in uniform, with a handsome mulatto sergeant. They were whispering together, and seemed to be pained about something. As Wirkus strode over toward them they snapt smartly to salute, then hung their heads sheepishly.

"Listen," said Pressley, "this is going to be good. They have had strict orders to allow no cows within a mile of this landing-field. We've had trouble before."

Wirkus addrest himself slowly, grimly, in level tones, to the sergeant alone:

"*Ou même responsab' zaffai' là*" (You are to blame for that business).

"*Oui, mon lieutenant,*" moaned the sergeant, like a child found at fault, not daring to deny it, and Wirkus, who spoke creole with an appalling colloquial fluency, continued in his same level tones:

"*Ou fait goddam macacq, ou vi goddam macacq, ou mourri goddam macacq; ou p'r aller joiend' rade macacq cinq jou'*" (literally: You made [were born] goddamned monkey, you live goddamned monkey, you will die goddamned monkey; so go join monkey-clothes [prisoner-stripes] five days).

"*Oui, mon lieutenant,*" moaned the sergeant, and marched sadly away to put himself under arrest, and take off his handsome uniform, and tote rock for five days barefooted in black-and-white striped monkey-clothes.

As he walked away, Wirkus called after him, still in creole:

"I'm not going to break you, Albert; tell Corporal Dejoie to take over your work for the five days."

"*Merci, empile, lieutenant.*" And that was that. Wirkus felt better. He had tempered justice with mercy.

He was comfortably installed. He had some furniture from the States, a plain Grand Rapids dining-room table and two iron cots in separate rooms, Haitian withe-bottom straight chairs and rockers, a cupboard and shelves piled with tinned goods, a rack of earthen water-jugs, a wardrobe closet in his bedroom with books piled on top of it, a washstand with enamel bowl and pitcher, clean white bath towels. On wall-racks in the main room were a shotgun, saddle-bags, tarpon rods, and tackle. A gasoline pressure-lamp hung from the ceiling. In the bedrooms there were candles. The floor was clean-swept concrete. It seemed a pleasant place. He had a servant, a boy named Mauvais, who kept things in order, and cooked in a detached kitchen. The shower was in the back yard, a big barrel mounted on poles, surrounded by a screen of woven branches. A ladder went up to the barrel.

From the beginning, Wirkus was hospitable. The feel of him was friendly. But he was self-contained. He didn't waste words. He was evidently not the sort of man who talked a great deal or gave confidences on first acquaintance. He was waiting, I suppose, to get the feel of what sort of animal I might essentially be inside.

He opened slowly. I think he was somewhat relieved that I was not a highbrow. When he found that I could speak creole, that I had been a good deal in the mountains on the mainland, that I liked to fish and wear old clothes, I could feel that he was beginning to feel it would probably be all right. These things sound like nothing at all, but when two men who have never seen each other are going to live together intimately marooned for weeks, such things take on an importance.

King Wirkus had been terrible in his wrath against the underling who allowed the cows on the landing-field. But he could be helpful, too, which seems to be the reason for the devotion of the natives. Mr. Seabrook learned an instance of this during a trip about La Gonave. We read:

Photographed by Henri Manuel

DR. CAUSSADE *is Laureate of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris; physician of the famous Hospital, "Hotel Dieu"; past-president of the Paris Therapeutical Society; Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.*

"For *run-down, ailing bodies* yeast *is of highest importance"*

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"Yeast plays an assimilative rôle and brings about the utilization of nutritious substances . . . It is of the highest importance for the 'run-down,' the undernourished and persons recovering from serious illness . . . Yeast has a real action, not only on intestinal disinfection and constipation, but also on nutrition generally."

G. Caussade

SIGNIFICANT words from a great French physician: "For 'run-down' persons—yeast!"

Dr. Georges Caussade has received high honors in France for his attainments in the field of medicine. As he points out, yeast assists in disinfecting and purifying the intestine and has a "real action" on constipation. Today most doctors agree that clogged intestines are the chief cause of "run-down" condition and depression, as well as of headaches, digestive disorders, too frequent colds, and sore throat.

Half the doctors reporting in a recent survey throughout the United States said they prescribed fresh yeast for constipation and its attendant ills.

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast, it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As these live yeast plants pass through your system daily they combat harmful bacteria, purify. Bright eyes, clear skin, better health and spirits follow.

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one cake before each meal or between meals, plain or in water, cold or hot (not scalding). Try it with a sprinkle of salt, or dissolved in milk or fruit juices. Many obtain its daily health benefits before or between meals on crackers or toast.

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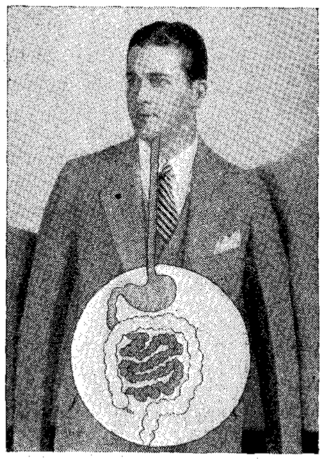

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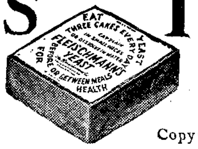

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A little higher up in the valley we came to the ruins of a primitive water-mill which had been destroyed by a freshet. In the clearing just up the hillside stood a new building, with cows grazing, poinsettias flaming at the fence-gate, other signs of prosperity. An old woman in white, with a white bandanna, barefoot, gold hoop earrings, and a red coral necklace, who had been sitting in the doorway, spied us. She leapt up. She must have been past seventy, but she was agile as a goat. She called out to us, came hurrying down to the path, seized Wirkus's hand, covered it with kisses, tried to drag him from his horse, and failing in this, began tugging at the reins.

Wirkus was embarrassed, particularly about the hand-kissing. "I guess we'll have to stop for five minutes," he said. So we dismounted and followed the old woman to the house. It was another home-made mill, primitive as the one below, except that it was driven by a shiny little gasoline engine of American make. The old woman gave us coffee and lamented that Jules Narcisse, apparently her son, had missed our visit. When we left, she tried to kiss Wirkus's hand again.

THE AUTHOR MAKES FRIENDS WITH VOODOO

Here we see Mr. Seabrook admitted, with proper ceremony and mumbo-jumbo, to the protection of the murderous machete and the mysterious flag.

"Are they all like that toward you?" I asked him.

"No, no," said Wirkus, annoyed. "I gave her son a little help once, and she can't seem to forget it. She's getting old."

It was from the son, Jules Narcisse, on a subsequent occasion and Wirkus not present, that I learned the story of the two mills.

Three times, in three successive rainy seasons, torrents had wrecked the mill below, and he was prepared to give up when Wirkus advised him to borrow money, bring an engine over from the mainland, and put his mill up on the hillside. Narcisse had a brother who believed himself to be a mason and who profest complete ability to "set" the engine. But he built the concrete base out of true, and the belt kept flying off. So they went in despair to Wirkus, wailing that the American engine was no good.

And Wirkus went up to take a look. "It was *terrifiant*, Monsieur," Narcisse told me, "it was *terrifiant* what the lieutenant said and did. My brother and I fled from his curses and observed him from the door. He seized a crowbar and we thought he would destroy the engine, but he smashed only its base, and then he went away, telling us nothing, heaping on our heads awful curses. But Monsieur, he returned! On that self-same day he returned. And he had taken off his uniform as when he works upon the boat. Behind him came men bearing new bags of cement on their heads. And in his hand there were tools, a trowel. And, Monsieur, with his own hands he set that engine true, as you behold it now."

During his visit on the little island, Mr. Seabrook went with King Wirkus to Bois Noir, Queen Ti Meminne's court, to pay her a visit. The night before they started, the Marine told the writer of how he had become King. Thus:

Coming to the island four years before, he had set about a thorough exploration of its interior. From peasants who came down to the coast, he had heard that in Bois Noir, in a forest on a mountain-top, in the almost exact geographical center of the island, there dwelt an old black woman who had ruled for more than thirty years. In her compound, they said, was a drum "taller than a man," so that the drummers had to stand on a raised platform to boom out the signals for the convocations of her Court. She had prime ministers, they told him, a Cabinet, and an army.

He hadn't quite believed it, he said, but he had gone up, alone, unarmed, and friendly, I gathered, to see what it was all about. The old woman had proudly welcomed him and set the drum booming. In an hour or two, processions of negroes, men and women, blowing conch-shells, beating work-drums, waving flags, armed with machetes, began arriving, until there were several hundred in her compound. She introduced him to an old man who was *ministre l'intérieur*, others who were *ministre l'agriculture*, *ministre la guerre*," etc. Wirkus remained there. He spent almost the entire first day in conference with them. They talked and talked and talked. Also they sent for the old blind soothsayer.

What they really had, he discovered, was a sort of agricultural guild, primitive yet highly organized. In planting times and harvest, in times for clearing new ground, they went about in little armies, fifty or a hundred to a group, and did the work communistically. They had been organized that way "forever" back in the mountains, one of the old men told him. And the queen with her council and Court preserved order among them, settled disputes, dispensed justice. It seemed to me as he told it that he was describing a sort of primitive monarchical communism. The present queen, Ti Meminne, had ruled for a generation. Before her there had been a queen called La Reine Tirhazard, who had reigned from time immemorial. The more Wirkus listened to this, he told me, the more he liked it. It "sounded good to him," he said. "Why bust it up? Let it ride a while and see how it worked out." So he made a speech to the assembly. He told them he had been sent over "with authority" from the mainland, and confirmed the queen Ti Meminne in power. As for his part, he would stay on the island to supervise everything and help them. When Ti Meminne needed advice, he told her, let her send a messenger down to Anse-à-Galets, and he would ride up for conference. He didn't know how it was going to work out, but he thought he'd give it a trial.

Well, a week later they had sent for him, and when he arrived they waved flags over his head—it seems the old soothsayer had been meanwhile consulted—strewed flowers and palm branches in his path, put a big yellow silk bandanna over his shoulders, set him in a chair, and carried him round and round in a circle, singing, and knelt before him, and laid machetes upon his shoulders, "a lot of stuff like that," he said, and crowned him King of La Gonave.

He had seen a certain humorous element in it naturally—he grinned as he told me the details—but they took it, he said, "damned seriously."

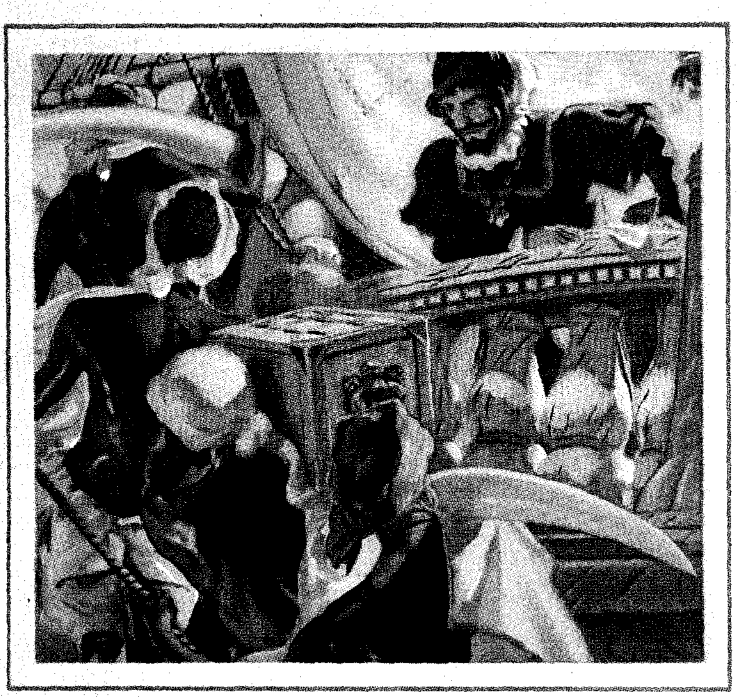
We arrived at Queen Ti Meminne's habitation earlier than she had expected us. She was busily engaged in supervising the royal baking for the festivities that would be held in our honor that night. She was a huge, squat negress, past fifty, solid bulk rather than fat, with a big, heavy head, and heavy but not gross features. In physiognomy, except for her blackness and sex, she resembled a certain type of American demagog politician. She looked capable, but not lovable. When we rode into the compound, she was seated on a low stool under a palm canopy, imperiously shouting orders in a hoarse, deep voice, and munching a stalk of sugar-cane.

She was clothed in a checkered Mother Hubbard and a blue bandanna. She wore bracelets and earrings. She was barefooted. She heaved herself up and waddled to greet us as we dismounted. She was very respectful and friendly to Wirkus. But there was no ceremony about it, either on his part or hers. The ceremonies, titles, formalities, and obeisances, I gathered, were confined entirely to the formal convocations and assemblies. She shouted commands about the care of our horses, water, and food for them and us. There must have been a dozen people there to serve her, hired servants and relatives, I judged, ranging in age from naked brats to crones. She was a widow and boss of her own household as well as a queen. After seeing that we were comfortable and food spread before us, she returned to her stool under the canopy and resumed direction of the baking.

There was something Alice-in-Wonderland about her bulk and her baking, her scowling, imperious face; with gingerbread cookies and casava cakes, more than a bushel of them already piled on a blanket before her, and others coming on trays from

(*Continued on page 47*)

PACKARD



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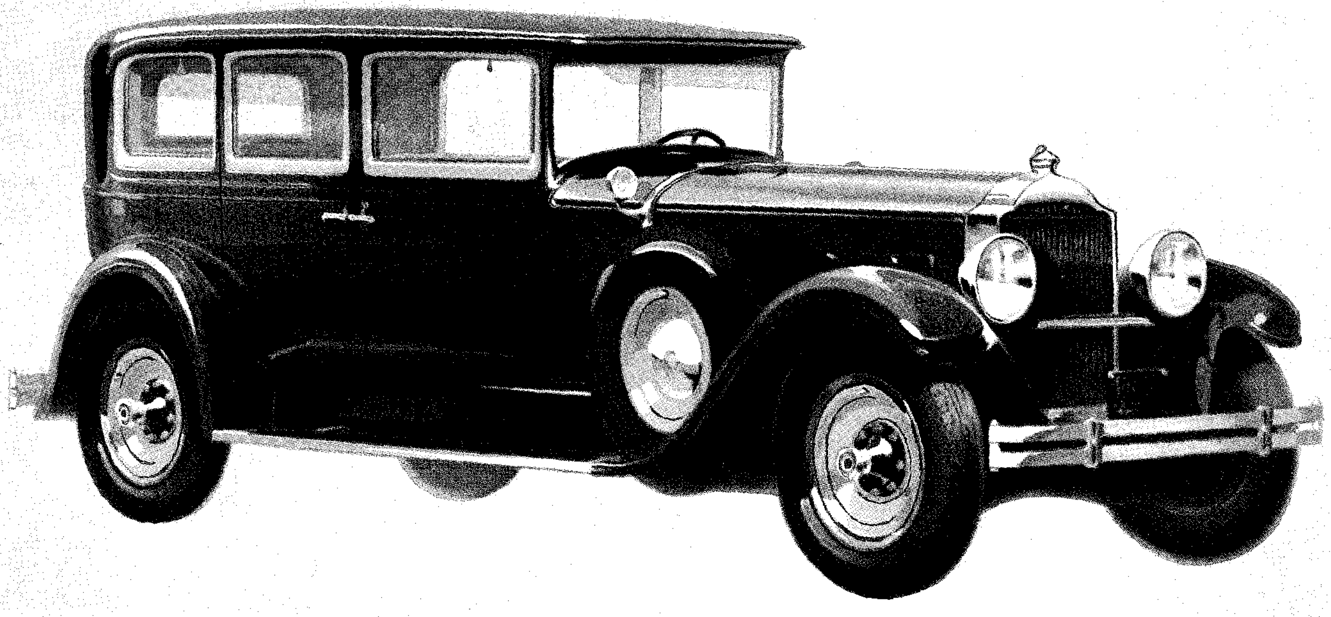

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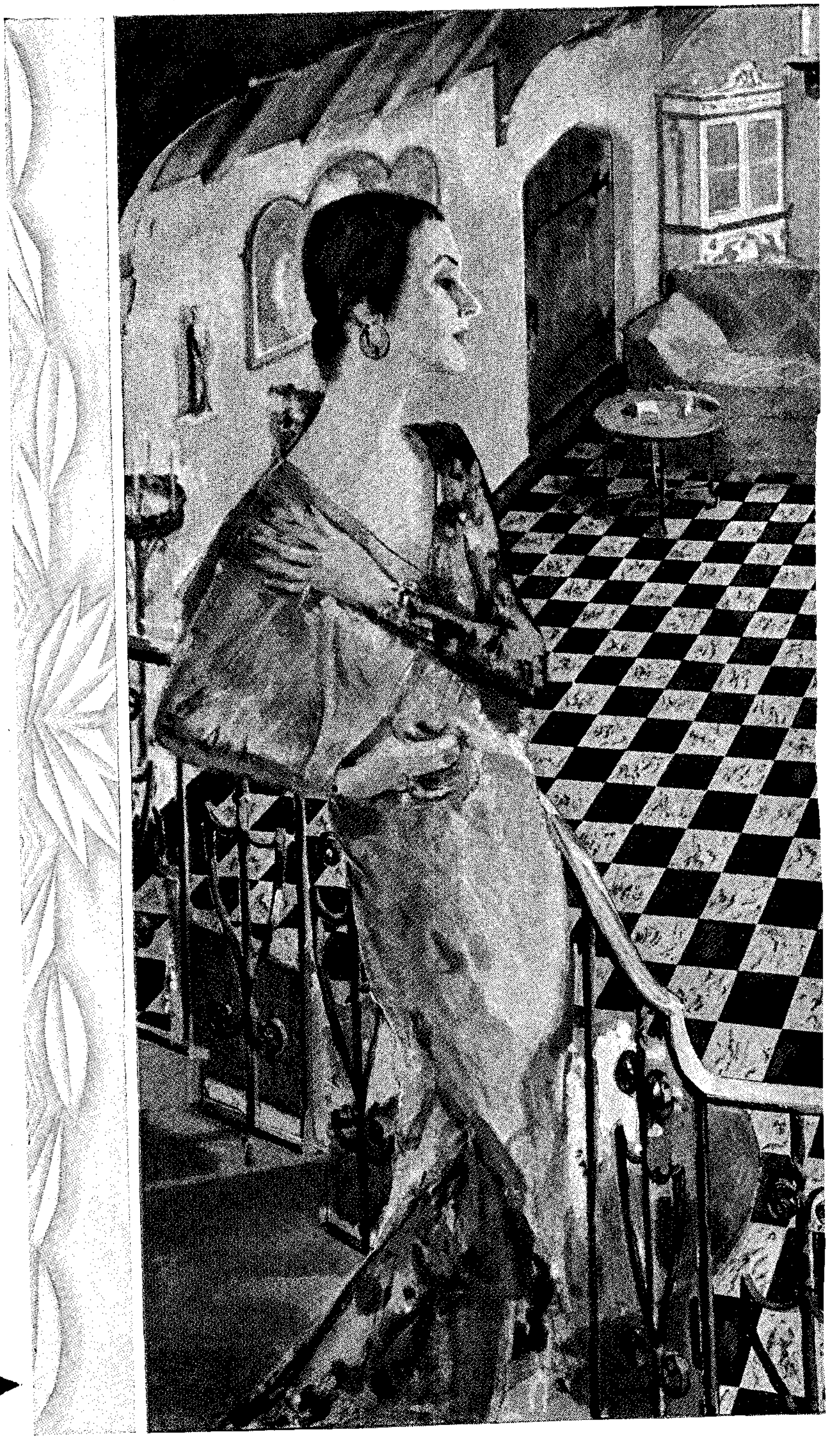

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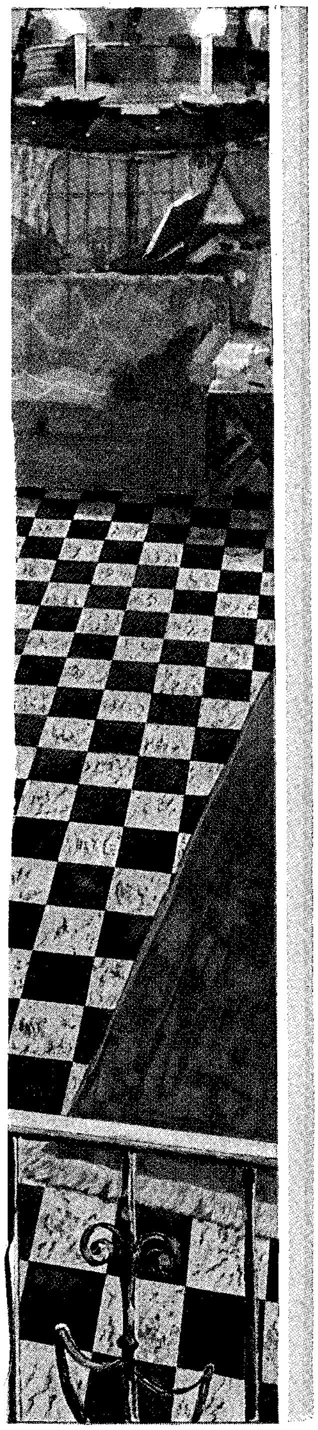

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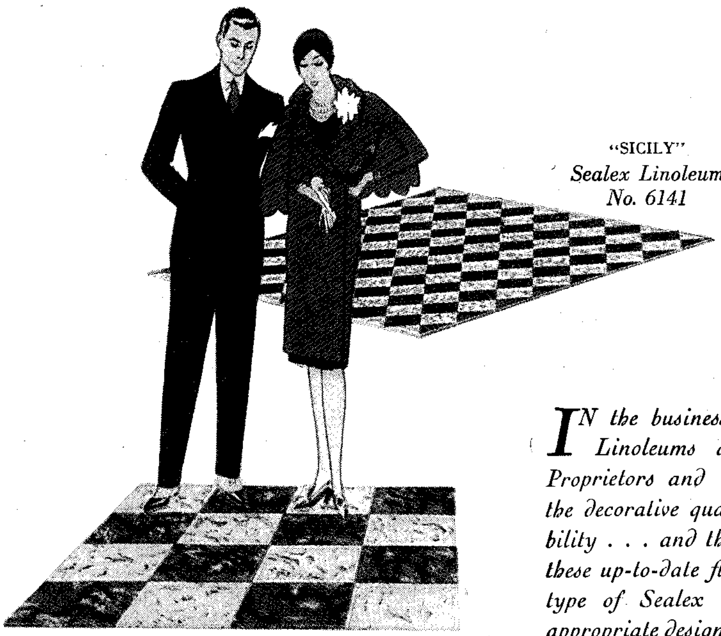

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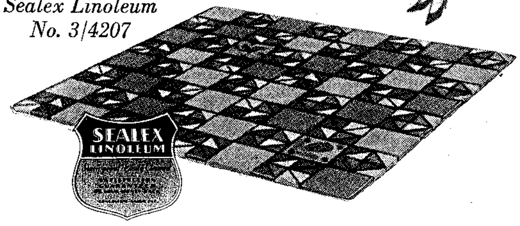

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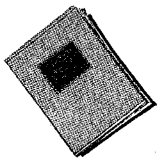

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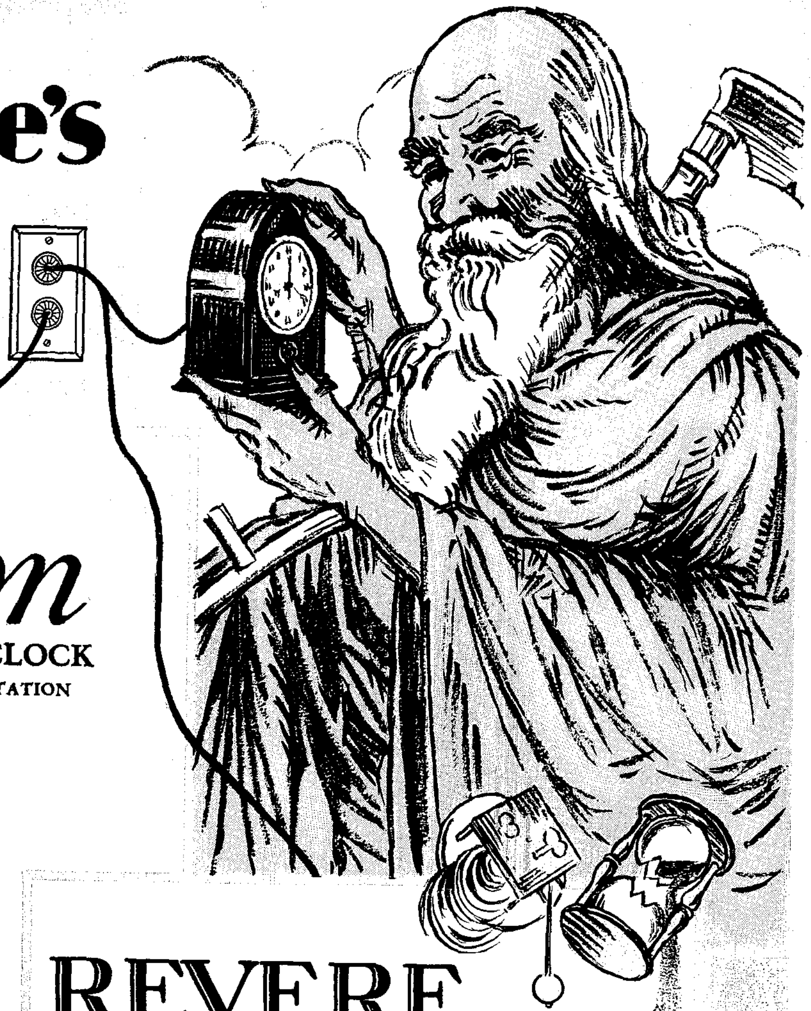

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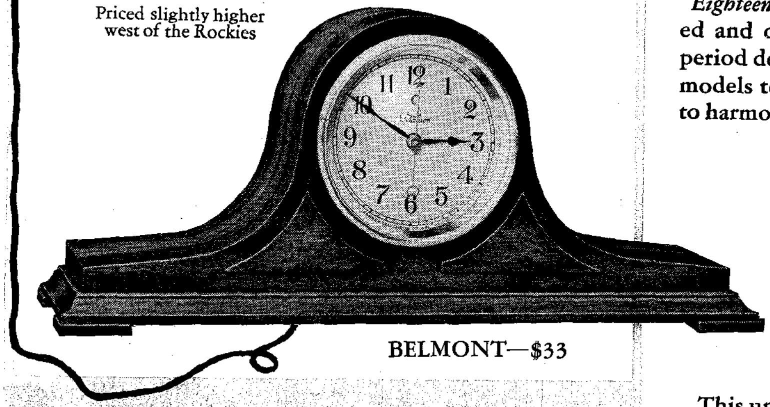

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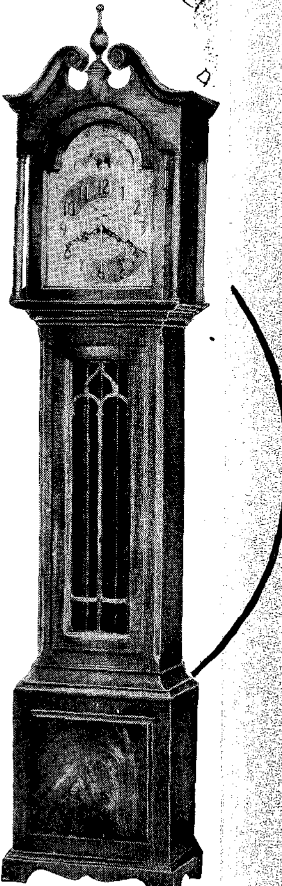

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(*Continued from page 42*)

the oven. There was something decidedly Alice-in-Wonderland about the stalk of sugar-cane she was chewing; it was golden in the sunlight and you could half shut your eyes and imagine that the queen was angrily munching her scepter.

I hadn't felt drawn toward Queen Ti Meminne. I didn't find her sympathetic. When Wirkus asked her to let me photograph her while there was still plenty of sunlight, I became slightly annoyed with her. She insisted on dressing first, and I wanted her the way she was. She went into one of the houses, yelled for maid-servants, and presently emerged with a white muslin "store" dress, stockings, and black patent-leather shoes. She had taken off her bandanna and smeared her black cheeks with powder. It took Wirkus five minutes, at my request, to persuade her to wind another turban around her head. When we posed her in a chair, on a mat, with Wirkus in another chair by her side, she yelled to one of the girls to run into the house for the wooden baton which was her scepter. I was beginning to respect her, if I didn't like her. She was a person, and a strong-charactered person. As I was about to press the camera shutter, she felt something still lacking to her dignity and emitted another hoarse yell, this time for the *drapeau*. A young girl came, bubbling with interest, but a little afraid of the camera, and knelt with the flag before her. Ti Meminne, who had had some previous experience of being photographed since the advent of Wirkus, considered the matter, and noted that the girl and the flag would obscure the glory of her patent-leather shoes. With a well-directed kick in the *bunda*, she toppled the girl over and ordered her to kneel at the left. Then she patted her on the head to show that she wasn't angry, and finally I got the picture. I decided that Queens are the way they are. They are not like Presidents. They don't have to put on cowboy hats and shake hands and smile sourly and say they owed it all to their mothers. I mentally apologized to her for not liking her. I didn't say anything to Wirkus about it at all. I was wrong anyway. If she had proved to be something like a black tribal queen in an African tom-tom movie, I suppose I should have been enchanted with the theatricality. When, instead of that, she had turned out to be a real and somewhat surly strong-headed person, it had annoyed me.

VOODOO BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES!

This snap-shot actually shows us Maman Célie, the Voodoo Priestess, seated in state, with the ritual drums in front of her.

While the author and his host were at the Black Queen's Court, a grand entertainment was given in their honor. Of it we are told:

King Wirkus and Queen Ti Meminne sat on a raised platform behind the drums. On his head was a high crown of yellow feathers with little pieces of mirror sewn in, as they are frequently sewn on Hindu tapestries, glittering in the torchlight like rhinestones or diamonds. Wirkus would never let me photograph him with this crown on his head. He felt that if it were published, it might make him seem ridiculous back home. As a matter of fact, it was not ridiculous in that setting, as he sat there, blond, square-jawed, and soberly competent. It wasn't a joke he was lending himself to. These natives took themselves and him seriously.

With some of the groups that arrived were the presidents and *ministres* of various allied Kongo societies, the *Belle Etoile, Fleur de Jeunesse, Reservée La Famille, Sainte Trinité*. The presidents were old men chiefly. There were also minor queens. Each society had one. Their names were shouted out as they arrived, and some of them were nice names; I remember a venerable old man called Augustin Tranquil, and a woman who was La Reine Masélie. As these special personages arrived, they were escorted into the peristyle with their groups, flag girls holding the flags of their societies crossed over their heads. These flags were of various colors, some cotton and some silk; the flag of the *Société Belle Etoile* was of blue silk with white rosettes sewn on it and streamers of orange; the flag of another society was red with three inverted V's in black.

As a queen or president was marched into the peristyle, the drums would beat out the special rhythm of that society as they marched circling three times around, then stopt before the drums. If the personage was a man, he stood to salute, swinging off his hat and holding it straight out at arm's length before him; if a woman, she dropt to one knee, in a sort of kneeling courtesy.

When various of these had arrived and made obeisance, Queen Ti Meminne's own master of ceremonies, armed with a long baton, took charge, assembling before the drums the flag women and officials of Ti Meminne's own court. This is what he shouted, as they assembled:

"*Attention!*
"*Le Roi! Le Roi! Le Roi!*"

("*Helloi! Helloi! Helloi!*" was shouted by the crowd, with a short rat-a-tat salvo on the drums.)

"*Attention!*
"*La Reine! La Reine! La Reine!*"
"*Helloi! Helloi! Helloi!*" (Another drum salvo.)
"*Général La Place!*
"*Adjutant La Place!*
"*Président en chef!*
"*Ministre la guerre!*
"*Ministre l'intérieur!*
"*Ministre agriculture!*"
"*Helloi! Helloi! Helloi!*" (Salvo.)
"*La Reine chanteuse!*
"*La Reine Victoria!*
"*La Reine Drapeau!*
"*Confiance la Reine!*"
"*Helloi! Helloi! Helloi!*" (Final salvo.)

Mr. Seabrook's main business in Haiti, however, was the study of voodoo. With the aid of natives, especially Maman Célie, herself a priestess, with whom he became friendly, he was successful in gaining access to these closely guarded ceremonies, and gives us this vivid picture of one of them:

We ranged ourselves family with family, but serried in close rows, as people sit in church, except that there were no benches. We assembled seated on the ground before the *tunnelle* ["a great awning-like roof-canopy, rectangular, of straw thatching, erected

NO, THIS IS NOT THE ANNUAL OUTING OF THE VISITING NURSES' GUILD

Far from it, 'tis the white-robed chorus of—whisper!—the Voodoo Blood Rite! In the rear are carried the magical banners, machete, and gourd-rattles wound with snake-vertebræ.

CHRYSLER "75" — CHRYSLER IMPERIAL — CHRYSLER "65"
DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR — DODGE BROTHERS SIX
DE SOTO SIX — PLYMOUTH
DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS, MOTOR COACHES *and* BUSES — FARGO TRUCKS *and* COMMERCIAL CARS

The Significance of
CHRYSLER MOTORS

All branches on the same tree; all growing out of the Chrysler root principle of standardized quality

CHRYSLER Motors actually accomplishes the introduction of a new economic force into the motor car industry.

In the accustomed and ordinary sense of the word, it is not the usual grouping together of separate companies, each under its own separate management, with which American business has been familiar for a quarter of a century.

Chrysler Motors is the natural result of a vision and a plan of long standing, which recognized the wisdom of applying unified management, under personal direction, to a great group of properties.

Chrysler Motors, in other words, is a unique utilization of mutual advantages brought about for the benefit of the buyer and for the purpose of rendering a real and genuine public service.

There have been associated motor car units before.

But there has never been an association like Chrysler Motors, in which all of the units—each designed for its own particular market—issue from the same immense set of plants and share alike the advantages which accrue from combined engineering, purchasing, manufacturing and financing, all under one personal head.

Economies from consolidation have all too often in the past been theoretical.

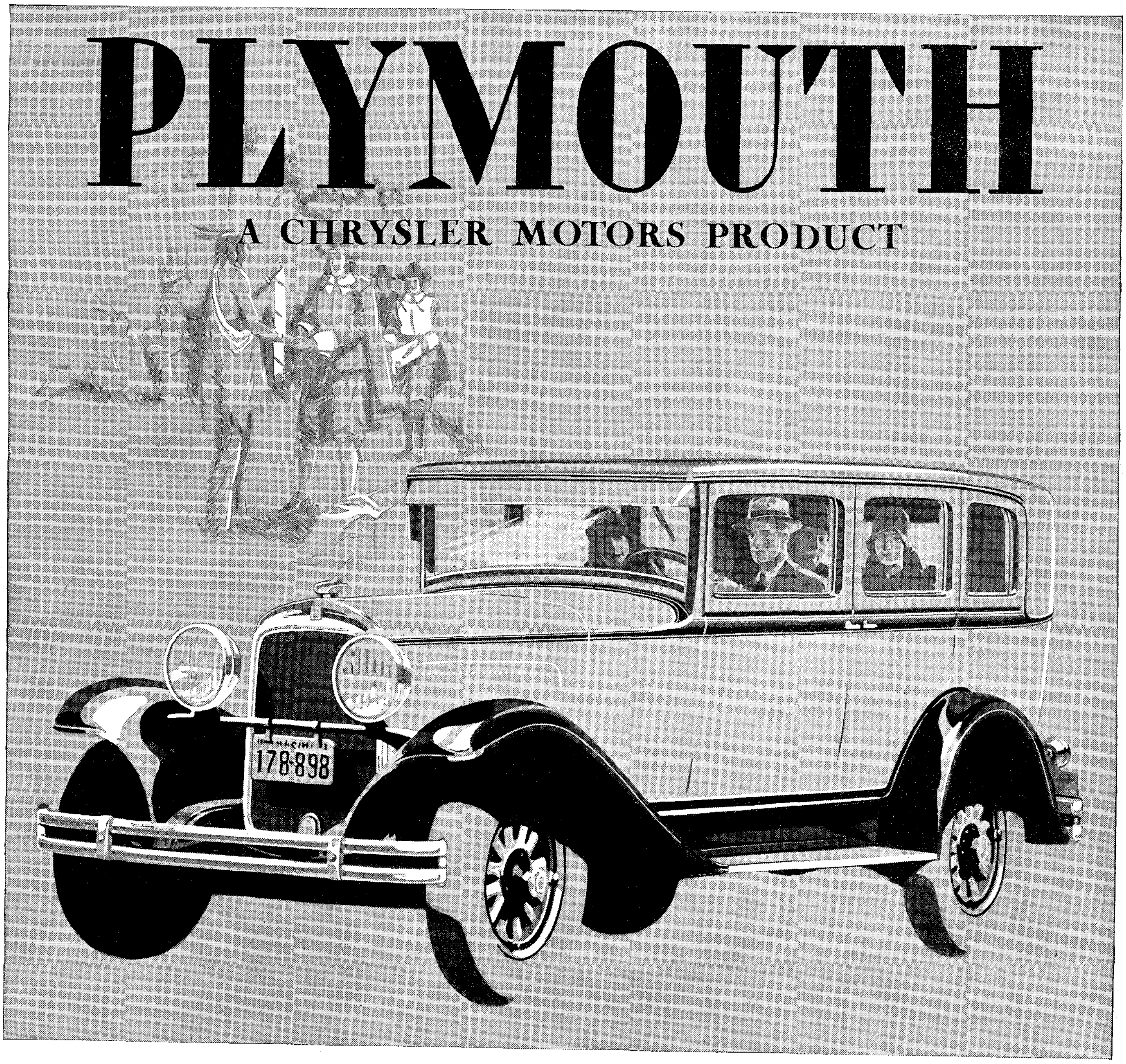
In Chrysler Motors they are actual, because they begin with these basic things—and carry on through the testing and the selection of metals and materials and precision machinery, establishing and maintaining a uniform high standard of quality manufacturing for all cars alike.

Thus, Chrysler Motors' magnificent new engineering plant with its vast modern research laboratories—the very last word in equipment for advanced scientific development—is as much the source and center of creation for Dodge Brothers as for Chrysler—for De Soto, for Plymouth, for Dodge Brothers and Fargo commercial cars, motor coaches and buses—for every individual product which issues from the plants of Chrysler Motors.

In the precise form in which it is operated, Chrysler Motors is already accomplishing mutual efficiency and savings which are giving new benefits to the buyer of individual and commercial transportation in quality, in service and in economy. That is its sole purpose and its sole justification.

PLYMOUTH

A CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT



AT NEW LOWER PRICES

Plymouth presents even greater Contrasts with other cars in its price range

$655

AND UPWARDS

Coupe, $655; Roadster *(with rumble seat)*, $675; 2-Door Sedan, $675; Touring, $695; DeLuxe Coupe *(with rumble seat)*, $695; 4-Door Sedan *(illustrated)*, $695; *f. o. b. factory.*

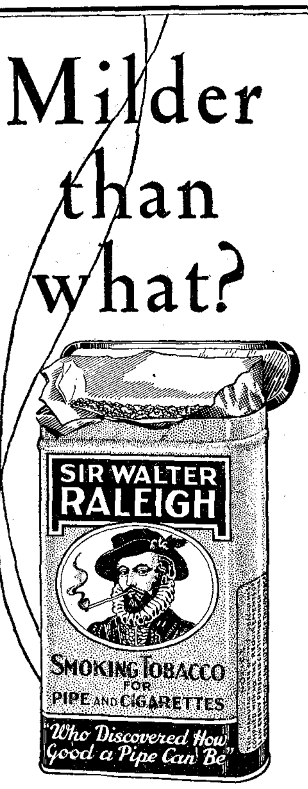
Now Plymouth—the great Chrysler Motors' car in the lowest-priced field—comes to you at substantially lower prices—*quality unchanged* and with all the beauty, full-size and economy which have been responsible for Plymouth's sweeping public acceptance in the lowest-priced field.

Sharply as Plymouth stood out before in comparison with other cars in its field, it presents even more vivid contrasts in value at today's lower prices.

No other car in its class gives Plymouth's inherent economy—translated both in terms of lower gas and oil consumption, and lower upkeep expense due to Plymouth's simple, sturdy engine and rugged chassis construction.

No other car at anywhere near its price offers Plymouth's full-size, its marked safety of control due to weatherproof hydraulic four-wheel brakes, and its characteristic Chrysler power, speed and pick-up.

To see the new Plymouth is to pronounce it beautiful beyond any car with which it may be compared. To ride in it is to recognize quickly why Plymouth is everywhere conceded today's greatest value in the lowest-priced field.


SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTES
"Who Discovered How Good a Pipe Can Be"

Milder than what?

WELL, milder than what you've been smoking. Milder, and mellower, and for two perfectly good reasons: it's choice leaf and it's aged more carefully in the warehouse. Result, Sir Walter's favorite smoking mixture has so much genuine distinction of flavor and fragrance that sophisticated pipe smokers are prompt to recognize it and grow enthusiastic.

LIMITED OFFER
(for the United States only)
If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send *you* without charge a full-size tin of this *milder* pipe mixture.
Dept. 27, Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky

B.W. PRODUCT

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
Who discovered how good a pipe can be
It's milder

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

on poles"]; I sat between Maman Célie and Rafael in a foremost row, all of us facing the *tunnelle* and the drums.

The celebrants approached, processionally, singing, from the mystery-house. At the head came the *papaloi*, an old man, blue-overalled, barefooted, but with a surplice over his shoulders and a red turban on his head, waving before him the *acon*, a gourd-rattle wound round with snake-vertebræ. At his right and left, keeping pace with him, two young women held aloft, crossed above his head, two flags on which were serpentine and cabalistic symbols, sewn on with metallic, glittering beads. Behind him marched a young man bearing aloft, horizontally on his upstretched palms, a sword, and next the *mamaloi*, a woman in a scarlet robe and feathered head-dress, who revolved as she progressed in a sort of dervish dance; next came marching, two and two, a chorus of twenty or more women robed in white with white cloths wound bandanna-wise on their heads, and as they slowly marched they chanted:

Damballa Oueddo,
Nous p' vini.

It would be best translated, I think, "Oh, Serpent God, we come."

The *papaloi* stands beneath the *tunnelle*, facing us, the chorus of women sits in a semicircle at his right, a chorus of men forms on his left, the *mamaloi* whirls dancing before the drums, which cease as she falls prostrate.

Amid absolute silence, the *papaloi* says solemnly: "*Solei' levé nan l'est; li couché lan Guinea*" (The sun rises in the east and sets in Guinea).

This is the pronouncement of one of the voodoo nature-mysteries. They have no conception of the earth as a revolving globe. They know that Guinea—their only name for Africa—lies eastward, and that the sun sinks in the opposite direction, in the west. Yet each morning it arises again out of Guinea, and therefore must, in some mysterious way, have returned there. And the secret route it travels symbolizes for them the path by which their own souls go out of their living bodies, in the trance state, and are carried away by the *lois*—a sort of Holy-Ghost-like emanation from their divinities—to other worlds. "*Li dans Guinea*" (He is in Guinea), they say always of a person stricken into that ecstatic trance.

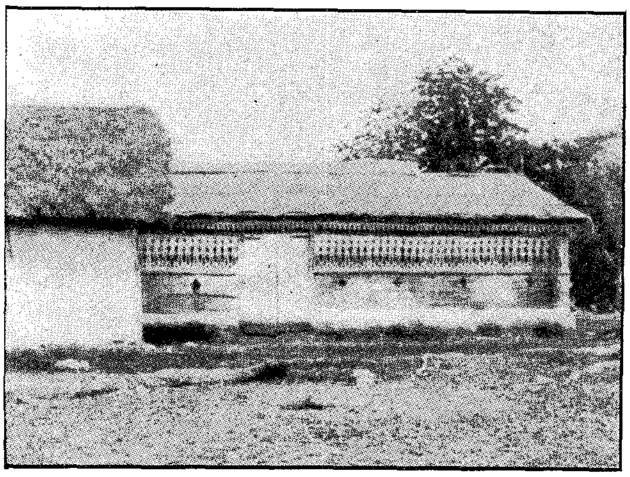
In response to the priest all sing, including the swaying crowd:

Coté solei' levé?
Li levé dans l'est.

Coté solei' couché?
Li couché dans Guinea!

(Whence does the sun rise?
It rises in the east.

Where does the sun set?
It sets in Guinea!)



HIST! 'TIS THE HOME OF VOODOO HORRORS

Altho innocent enough on the outside, this is a *Houmfort*—mystery-house, or temple—of the darksome African magical cult.

Now from the mystery-house was led processionally a small black bull, adorned for the sacrifice. And with what a catching of the breath I saw that there were lighted candles on its horns as Louis had foretold, that it was robed and garlanded and glittering!

The bull now stood dazed on a low platform which had been dragged meanwhile beneath the *tunnelle*, and we all knelt before it, while the women clothed in white chanted a wailing, symphonic choral, repeating endlessly the words, "*Mander ou pardon*" (O Lord, forgive our sins).

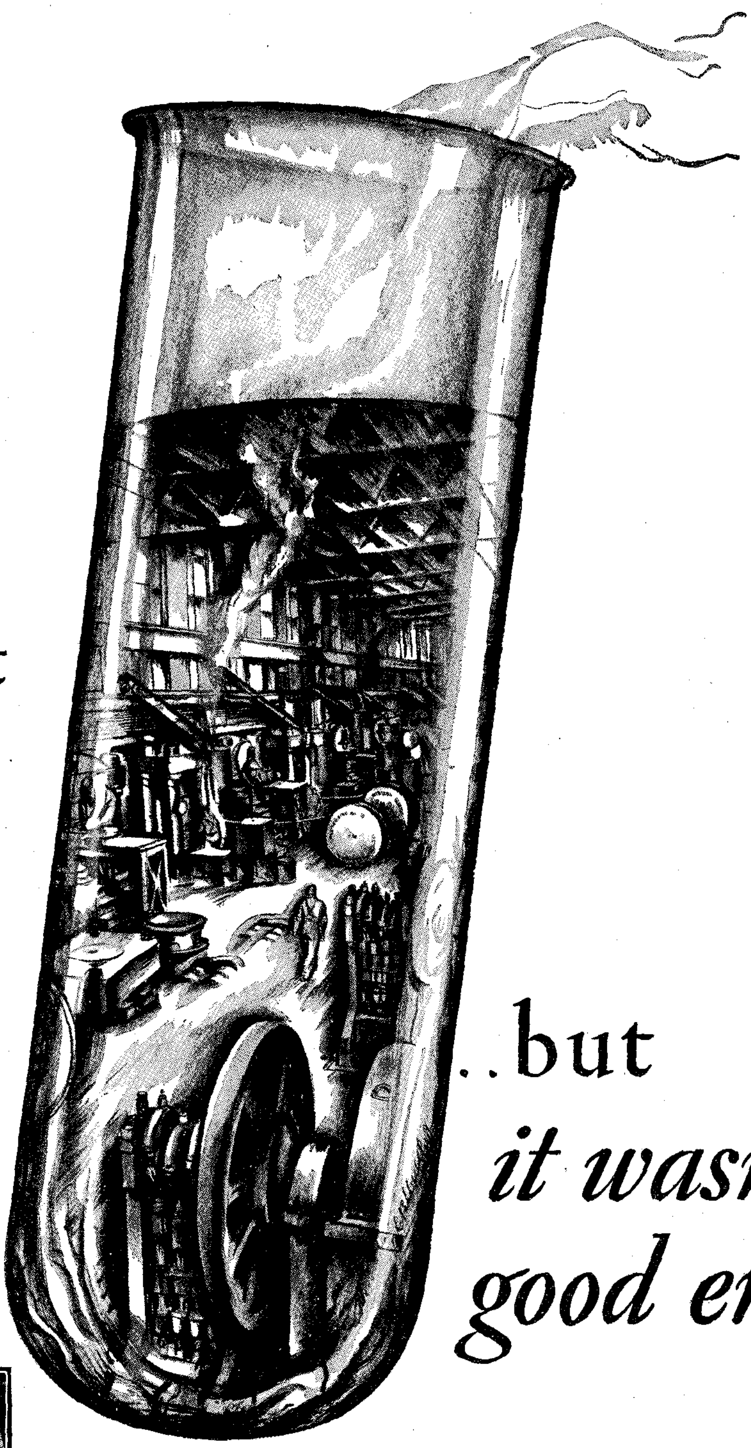
The bull had become a god or the symbol of a god.

The wailing chant, the throbbing drums, the miraculous aliveness of their own belief in wonders to be manifested; the unearthly quality of the great, pale, moon-flooded mountain slopes that towered to the stars, the ghostly ravines and gorges that dropt down to blackness; the red-flickering torches close at hand—all this I remember now as a sort of dream, still more vivid, after a year has passed, than most waking memories. Yet if I should chance to live for twenty years longer, that general memory-picture may fade gradually. But there is one small thing tangled in with this, acid-etched so deeply that it will leave some lines, I think, when my brain lies rotting. It was simple; yet I find it almost impossible to tell. It was the sound of the terrorized, shrill bleating of the white he-goats, tethered out there in the shadows, as it pierced through yet was always dominated, sometimes drowned, by the symphonic female howling choral of the women. It caused something that was elemental male in me, something deeper than anything that the word sex usually defines, to shiver in the grip of an answering, icy terror.

Preparation for the sacrifices, meanwhile, went rapidly forward. A long wooden trough, carved from a tree-trunk, was borne in, coffin-wise, by four men and deposited on the low platform in front of the glittering and bedizened bull. Big wooden bowls, and heavy, common china cups were also brought, and a machete.

Neither in these preparations nor in any part of the all-night ceremonial did Maman Célie take active official part, tho I knew that she was the chief *mamaloi* of those mountains. Throughout it all, she remained close beside me. I was destined to see her red-robed finally, but not upon this night.

The best cable shop in the country . . .

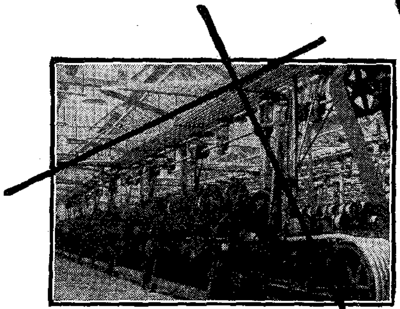


. . but *it wasn't good enough*

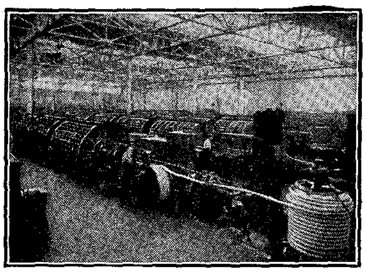
IN equipment and methods the Western Electric telephone cable plant of 1927 set the pace. But that didn't satisfy the company's manufacturing engineers. They put the plant in the test tube of critical judgment—and they came out with something even better.

It meant revising processes, redesigning machines, rebuilding a factory which occupied sixteen huge structures. But it was worth it!

Whether making cable or any of the 10,000 items of telephone apparatus, Western Electric seeks till it finds the better and more efficient and more economical way. As manufacturer for the Bell System this is its share in good telephone service.



The old way. This machine for stranding cable was the best in the country, but—



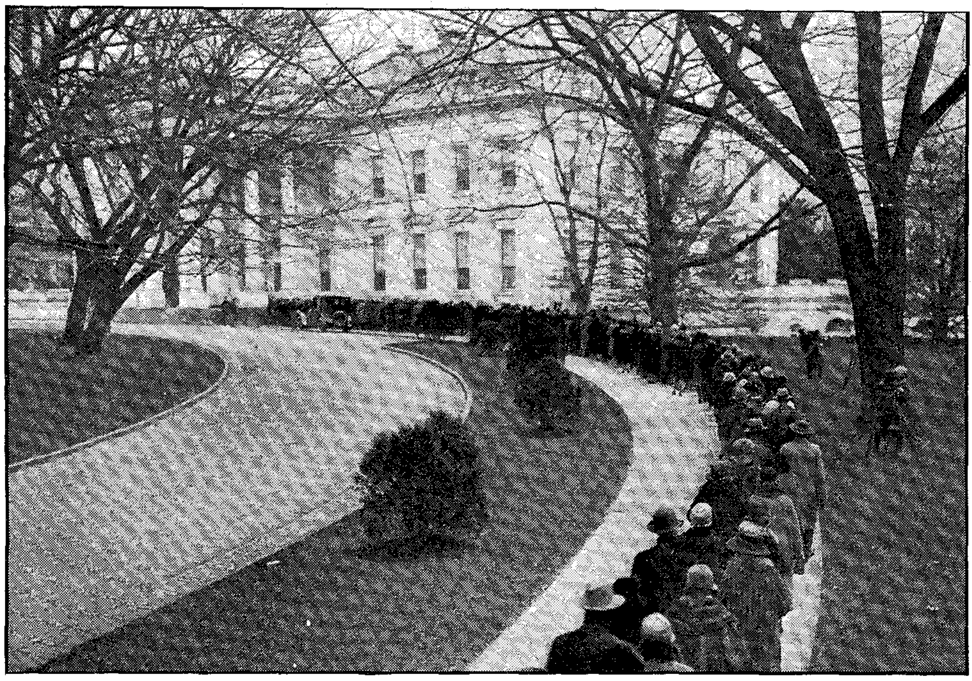
Western Electric engineers worked out a new way, stranding cable more quickly, more safely, more economically.

Western Electric

MAKERS OF YOUR TELEPHONE

PRESIDENTS COME HIGH, BUT WE MUST HAVE 'EM

PRESIDENTS ARE OF SMALL CONCERN to one man in Washington. It is their wives that matter; and his business in life is saying it to them with flowers. He has been saying it thus since the first administration of President Cleveland, and will now florally address Mrs. Hoover. For Mr. Henlock, we learn from William Hard in *The World's Work*, operates twelve greenhouses in Washington, each more than 100 feet long, for the floral provisioning of the White House. This is one of the curious items, we learn from Mr. Hard's article—an analysis of the expenses of the Presidency—in the half-million or so a year that the nation pays to maintain its Chief Executive.



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AFTER ALL, REASONS THE PUBLIC, IT'S THE PEOPLE'S HOUSE, ISN'T IT?

And here we see the sovereign people flocking in their hundreds to a Presidential New Year's Reception.

Also, it develops, the President has the use of property worth millions of dollars. Proceeding, Mr. Hard tells us that we do not spend this money primarily to expedite business. Indeed:

> We could expedite business perhaps superficially better by making him walk every morning from a hotel to the Budget Bureau. We do it for a purpose that transcends business and that reflects upon business a light from a higher level. We do it in order to surround the Presidential office with an atmosphere in which the President will escape as much as possible from being only Mr. Coolidge or Mr. Hoover, and will as much as possible be in every act and in every thought the President of the United States."

Proceeding to anecdotes which show how complicated is the management of the White House, Mr. Hard remarks that there are only three funtionaries in Washington who understand the problem. One of these is Mr. Henlock, whom we have already met. As for the others:

> One is Mr. Hoover. He is called the Chief Usher of the White House. He pervades the whole of the Executive Mansion. He has been with us since the times of President Harrison. He has perseveringly survived Presidents of many names, till the wheel of chance has naturally rounded up to him a President-elect of his own name.
>
> The third is Mr. Forster. He sits in the White House Executive wing. He is executive clerk. He has been with us since the times of President McKinley.
>
> These three men together know exactly how everything should and must be done. Without them a President and his family might wander off into all sorts of innovations and vagaries, personal, excessive. Mr. Henlock and Mr. Hoover and Mr. Forster contribute mightily to saving us from that fate.

But let us return to Mr. Henlock and his greenhouses:

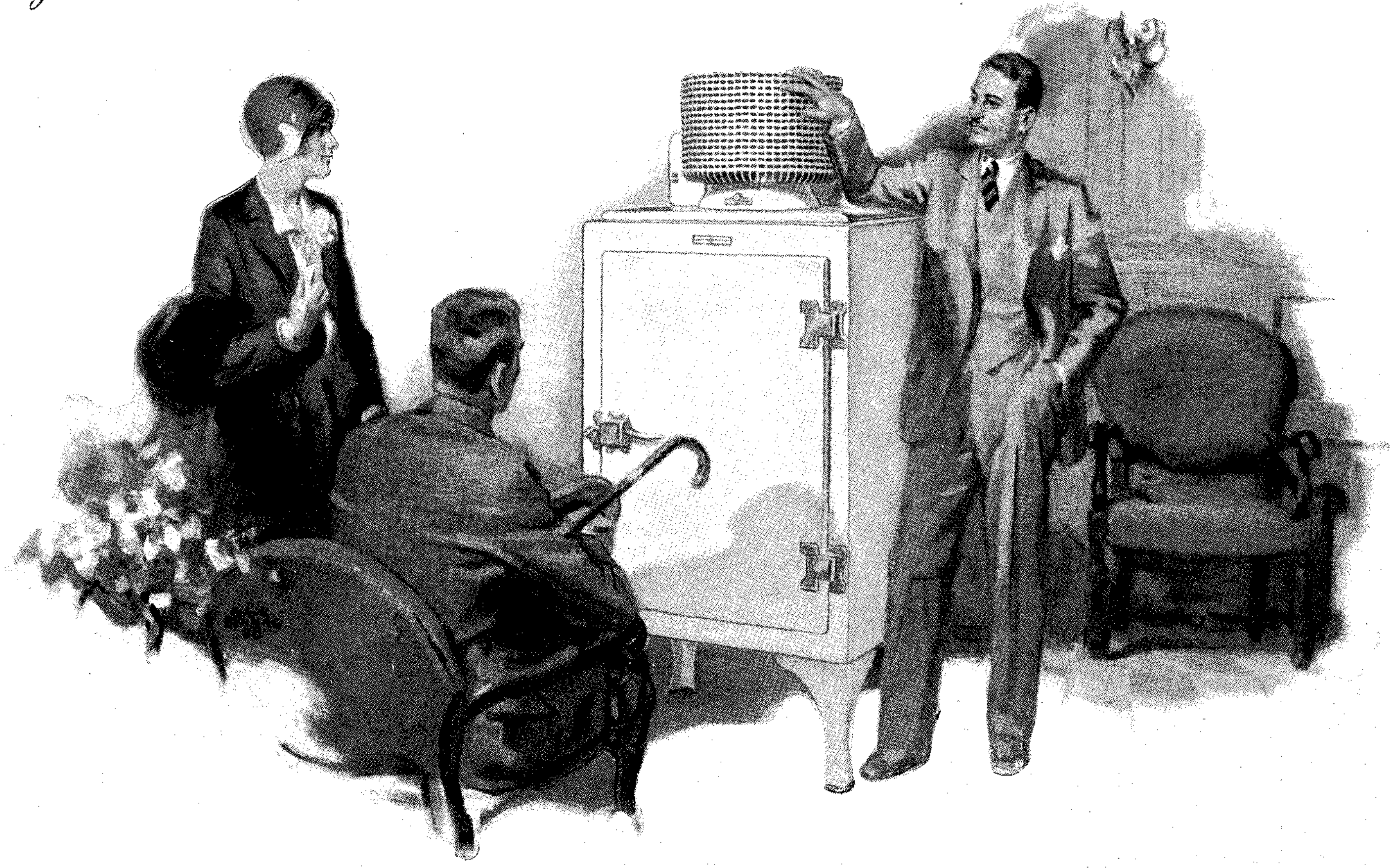
> The basic principles of the Presidential court are firmly fixt. Presidents' wives, for instance, must have flowers. They must have them in profusion. They must have them for their own use as First Ladies of the Land, whom we honor ourselves by honoring. They must have them to send to friends upon whom they wish to confer a mark of distinction or a mark of sympathy. Above all, they must have them in lavish and limitless quantities at official entertainments.
>
> Mr. Henlock, accordingly, operates the greenhouses at some distance from the White House, on the other side of the Washington Monument, near the banks of the Tidal Basin. There he thrives agelessly. There, with the help of a dozen or more assistants, he produces vast arrays of roses, carnations, and ferns. Thence, with the coming of each day, he sends his tribute of clustered petals to the First Lady.
>
> His opinion of the wives of Presidents seems to be high. He is of England, from Yorkshire. He seems entirely satisfied with American royalty. Its ladies for forty-two years have seemed to him to be what they ought to be. It is all the more notable, then, that upon his weathered sensibilities, as upon those of almost all other old-timers among us, a slightly exceptional good impression seems to have been made by the Lady who will leave on next March fourth.

It may be assumed that should there come to Washington a First Lady who does not like flowers, the daily bouquets would arrive on schedule, nevertheless. But regarding the tragedy such a situation would bring into the life of Mr. Henlock, we can only speculate. Reading on, we learn that to-day there are no "private servants" at the Executive Mansion. Says the writer further:

> In days gone by a President and his wife would bring some private servants with them to supplement the services provided by Congress. To-day those publicly supported services are sufficient. To-day every White House employee—on whatever pay-roll and on whatever duty, ceremonious or domestic, from the receiving of ambassadors to the washing of dishes—is a public employee publicly paid.
>
> This situation might seem to be of immense advantage to the Presidential private purse, and it is. No President to-day, unless he carries with him to the White House the social entertaining propensities of a town-house, country-house, stock-and-bond-house, madhouse millionaire, need draw upon a cent of his previous private savings during his term of office. The Presidency no longer involves the slightest necessary drain upon a statesman's private fortune.
>
> On the contrary, it may enhance that fortune; or, if a President enters the White House without a fortune, it may give him, before he leaves it, the foundation of a competency.
>
> The President's salary of $75,000 a year, on top of the public allowances made for his Executive Mansion housekeeping services, suffices now for all his necessary living expenses annually, and leaves a margin. That margin may amount to a considerable number of thousands of dollars a year.
>
> The result is socially and politically a highly desirable one. Our Presidents are usually men of small financial resources. They usually have arrived at the Presidency after a long course of unremunerative public service. When they depart from the Presidency, their political careers are normally at an end, and they are debarred by every consideration of public propriety from offering themselves for sale in the commercial market. The national dignity would accordingly dictate a system of Presidential pensions. The national consciousness, however, has not yet arrived at the formal enactment of that conclusion. In the meantime it is wholly fitting that the public financial arrangements regarding a President should enable him in some degree to accumulate during his term of office the means of supporting

All the machinery is on top

–you never see it . . never oil it . . barely hear it!



ALL the machinery is on top . . . do you realize the importance of this simple statement? Do you know that this radically different design was chosen only after fifteen years of painstaking research in the laboratories of General Electric to determine the simplest, the most efficient, the most worry-proof arrangement? The General Electric Refrigerator is one of the most outstanding engineering achievements of recent years.

All its mechanism is contained in an hermetically sealed steel casing, mounted on top of the refrigerator. There it is safe from dust and difficulties. It never needs oiling. And it operates so quietly that you can scarcely hear it. Installation is a matter of minutes—without any soldering, plumbing or wiring. You simply attach the cord—just as you would with an electric iron—to any outlet, and turn on the switch.

Automatically, economically, this machinery which you never see gives you the perfect refrigeration that safeguards health. It keeps your food always within the safety zone—well below the fifty degree danger point. It makes plenty of ice cubes for you . . . and uses surprisingly little current. If you would like to have complete specifications of the many models, just drop us a card asking for our descriptive Booklet D-2.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Refrigerator

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT · OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY · HANNA BUILDING · CLEVELAND, OHIO

Capt. George Fried,

"Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet."

"AN S. O. S. from the 'Florida'! We change our course. We on the 'America' strain to arrive in time to rescue the men on their sinking ship, 350 miles away. Through the icy, freezing storm and high seas we plunge on—all speed ahead! Then the night-time rescue, the search lights, the whirling waves, the manoeuvering to get near the 'Florida.' Finally, the 'Florida's' crew coming off one at a time, pulling themselves through the water on the line our men had thrown them. These 32 men, dazed, many half clothed, needed reviving after their long exposure. Hot coffee, food and Lucky Strikes—these gave new life to many of them and we on board the 'America,' crew and passengers alike, found after the strain and struggle that there was nothing quite so comforting and relaxing as the inviting, toasted flavor of Lucky Strikes. Playing this game with 'Davy' is ever fascinating, ever thrilling. And we who follow the sea must be ever ready for adventure. Ours is an active life, demanding nerve control and physical fitness. In my health program I have found that Luckies are most important not only because they provide a respite for frazzled nerves and an exhausted body but because whenever I crave anything which is over-fattening, I say to myself, 'Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.' In the toasted flavor of Luckies, I get complete satisfaction. And I find that toasting, by removing the irritants, protects my throat."

Geo. Fried

George Fried
Commander of "S. S. *America*"

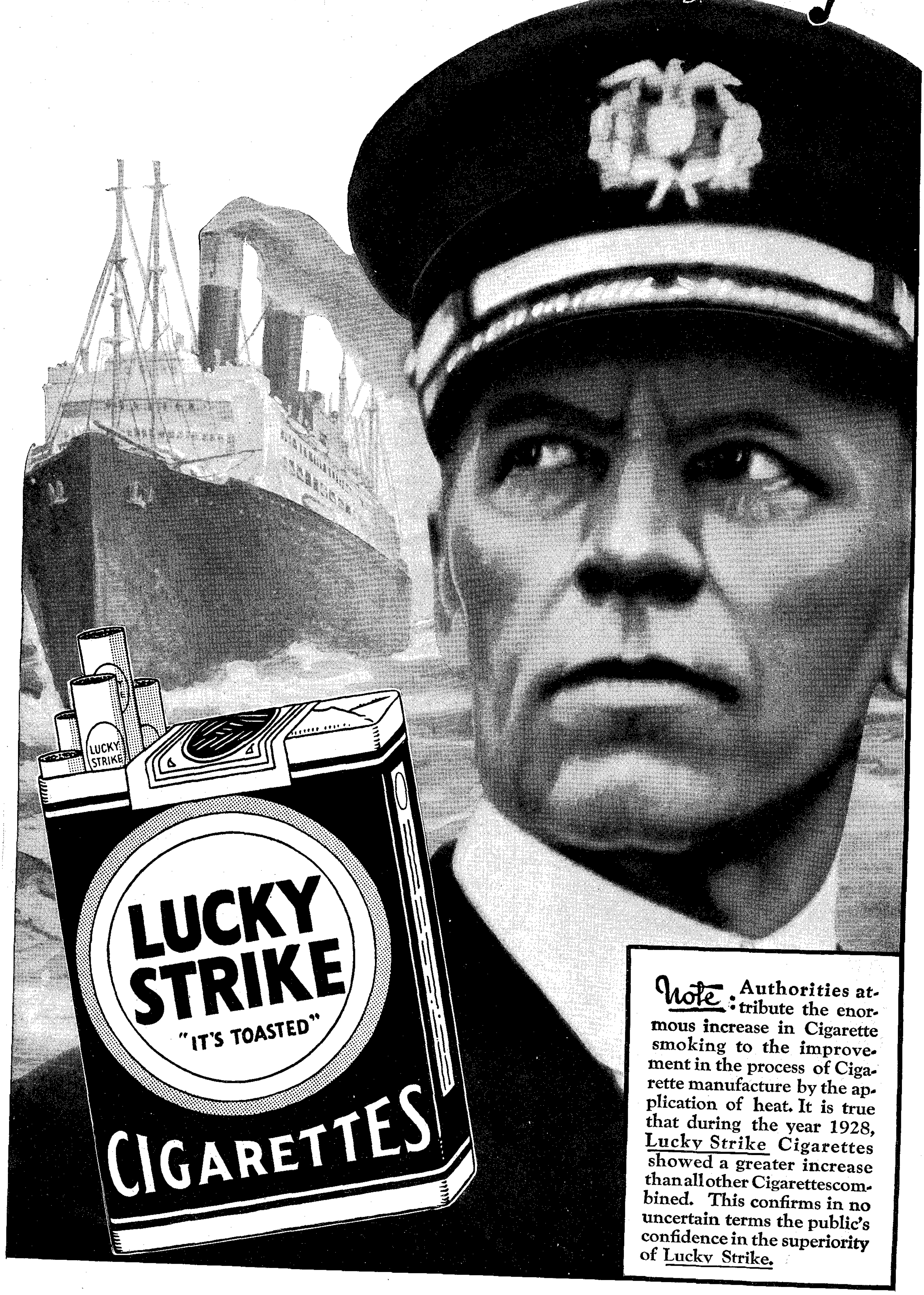
"REACH FOR A LUCKY INSTEAD OF A SWEET."

© 1929. The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation-No Cough.

heroic rescuer, says:


LUCKY STRIKE
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES

Note: Authorities attribute the enormous increase in Cigarette smoking to the improvement in the process of Cigarette manufacture by the application of heat. It is true that during the year 1928, Lucky Strike Cigarettes showed a greater increase than all other Cigarettes combined. This confirms in no uncertain terms the public's confidence in the superiority of Lucky Strike.

Does every nickel perform 5¢ worth?

Pencil buyers can make sure of it now ··*for the first time*

Obviously no pencil is worth five cents unless it does five cents' worth of work. *It can't do that unless it's the right type for the use you put it to.* Choosing pencils that exactly meet the needs of every user is easy . . . now. The new Eberhard Faber pencil-use guide ends complaints... saves time, temper, and money . . . puts pencil buying for the first time on a business efficiency basis.

Sponsored by the makers of the famous MONGOL *Pencil*

This practical guide is sponsored by Eberhard Faber, America's oldest pencil maker. Millions of *Mongol* pencils are in use. The *Van Dyke* leads among 10¢ pencils. These and other Eberhard Faber pencils cover the entire field of pencil uses.

A request on your business letterhead will bring you a free copy of "The Right Pencil for the Right Use." Address Eberhard Faber, Dept. L-20, 37 Greenpoint Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

THE RIGHT PENCIL for the RIGHT USE

EBERHARD FABER

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

> his ex-Presidential station without recourse to commercial activities.
>
> Our present policy in this matter is evasive and yet, in its way, efficacious. We grant no Presidential pensions; but we make it possible for Presidents to earn pensions by thrift during their Presidencies.
>
> That point, for its further amplification and illustration, now requires us to press into the compartment of the Presidential official pocketbook entitled "Traveling Expenses."
>
> Till 1923 the title thus given to it was wholly accurate. It contained moneys usable for traveling only. In 1923, however, in the "Executive Office" appropriation bill, three new highly valuable words were added to the text following the title. Ever since then the bill each year has said: "Traveling Expenses: For traveling and official entertainment expenses of the President, $25,000."
>
> There are numerous entertainments that a President could not refrain from offering to political and social Washington without creating a scandal that would reverberate down the corridors of all future history in the memoirs of our times. These entertainments, brought down to their narrowest conceivable number, are as follows:
>
> A diplomatic reception.
> A judicial reception.
> A Congressional reception.
> An Army and Navy reception.
>
> We now approach, however, the really solemn, the really exclusive, and the really financially burdensome, officially gay moments of a President's life. These are found in the four dinners he must—must—give.
>
> They are the dinner to the Cabinet, including the Vice-President; the dinner to the Diplomatic Corps, including the Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate and the Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives; the dinner to the Supreme Court, including the Chairmen of the Judiciary Committees of the Senate and House; and the dinner to the Speaker of the House, including both the Majority Leader of the House and the Majority Leader of the Senate.

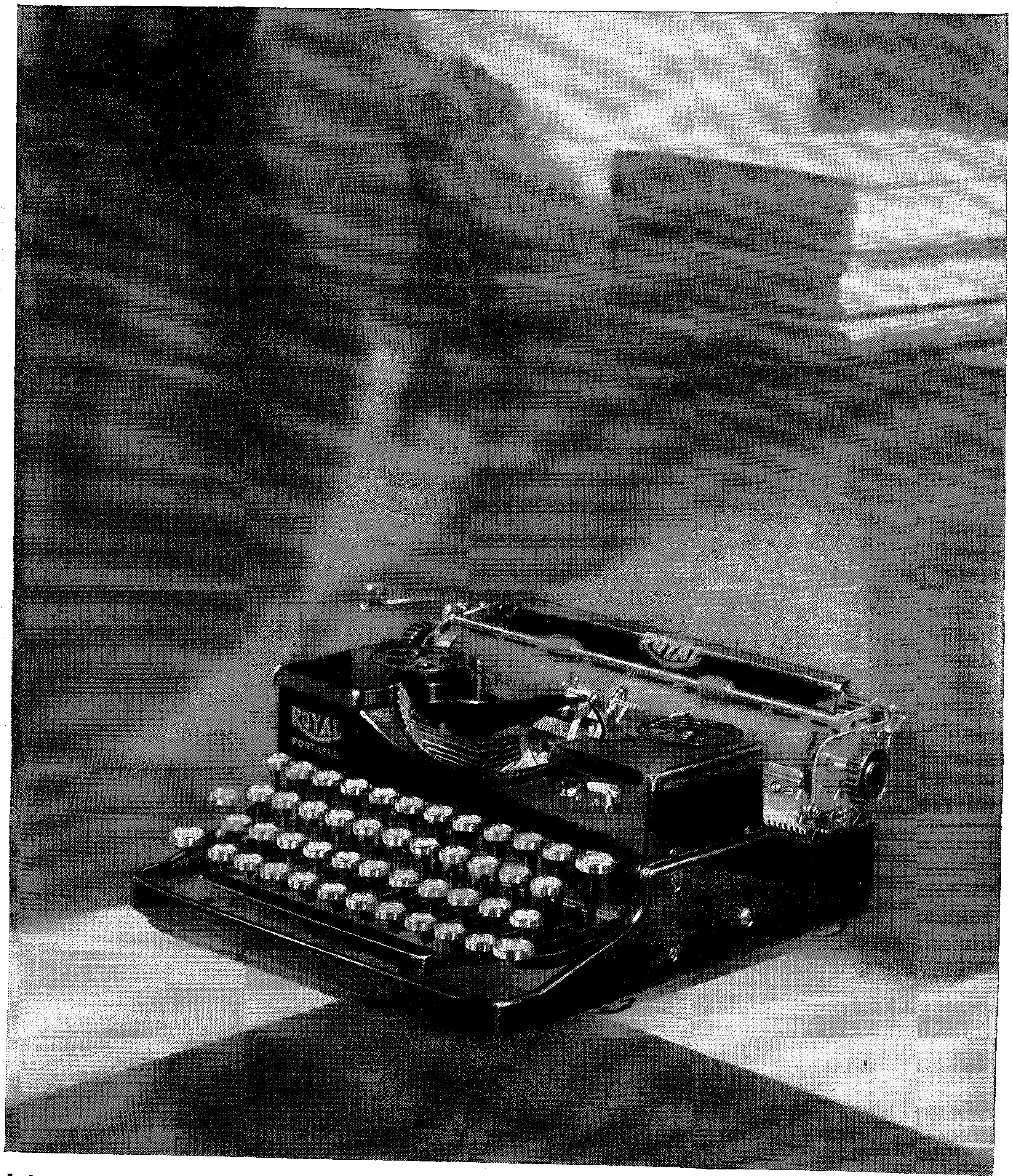
It would seem that there are two sorts of eating—official and unofficial—at the White House. Mr. Hard explains them:

> If food is bought by the President's wife simply for family supper for herself and her husband, the cost of it is no concern of the United States of America, and must be met by the President in his capacity as head of a private household. The President out of his own resources feeds himself and his family, and some twenty servants, at all their private meals.
>
> If, however, the food is bought for an official entertainment, such as one of the four inescapable annual dinners, the cost is met through a voucher conveyed to the disbursing officer of the public moneys appropriated for "Traveling Expenses."
>
> The President and the President's wife must, therefore, make a continuous bookkeeping distinction between the food that they consume in their personal capacities, and the food that they require in their official entertaining capacities.
>
> The latter class of food may be expanded by the appetites of foreign dignitaries. Sovereigns who choose to pass through the District of Columbia must be fed at the White House. This is not international law; it is much more binding. No sophistry in a note by a Secretary of State can repeal or evade it. Hence, for instance, there had to be a White House dinner for President Borno of Haiti. His color might have been to his disadvantage at the threshold of the home of Senator Heflin; but his status as the titular sovereign of an optically sovereign State made a White House dinner for him absolutely internationally obligatory.
>
> Also, there are still other White House meals that bear an officially entertaining aspect. Let us suppose that some piece of Presidentially favored legislation needs an enlarged understanding of its wisdom on Capitol Hill. Let us suppose that then and therefore the President invites ten Senators to breakfast with him, including Democrats. It is impossible to imagine that he does this for personal pleasure. The motive must be one of State, and the occasion becomes "official" altogether.
>
> The sausages and cakes consumed become accordingly a legitimate claim upon the United States Treasury—under the clause headed "Traveling Expenses"; and if near-by servants should note some surviving official sausages and cakes and should eat them up, they presumably do it in an official moment and as official characters.
>
> At the end of each year we get the total of all the money that the President—for his tours and for his entertainments—has charged against his $25,000 "Traveling Expenses" fund. In the past three years of completed record this total was as follows:
>
> In 1925: $23,427.10.
> In 1926: $23,364.45.
> In 1927: $14,840.24.
>
> Note the progress of Calvin Coolidge in the Coolidge economy school.

Till quite recently the White House property was guarded by policemen detailed from the local District of Columbia police force. But, we are told:

> Under President Harding this arrangement was discontinued, and a special White House police force was brought into being. Mrs. Harding took a great personal interest in the change. She had an innocent and jocular delight in our new "palace guards." She habitually referred to them as "my police force."
>
> They are uniformed, and by statute they possess and perform "such privileges, powers, and duties as the President may prescribe."
>
> Again the legal opportunity presented to the President seems unlimited. He might command these janizaries to do anything. In practise he commands them to sit on chairs in the Executive Wing, and to stroll about the White House grounds in general, gazing for marauders and pillagers, and repelling them.
>
> The two front gates of the White House grounds are opened daily. Citizens have the habit—and the prescriptive right—of driving their motor-cars in at one gate and up by the pillars of the Presidential portico and out by the other gate. They also have the prescriptive right (and they exercise it) to make this same trip on foot. Additionally, the clerks who emerge from adjacent government office buildings promptly at 4.31 P. M. are entitled to enter the White House grounds at a third gate, hard by the Executive Wing, and to pursue their way windingly across the grounds and out through one of the front gates on Pennsylvania Avenue. These public "easements"

Completes the family circle



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a new way of eating bran

— a delicious hot whole-wheat cereal that contains but conceals the bran

ARE you tired, pepless, headachy? Discouraged because you think "it's just nerves and I ought to get over it." Sometimes "just nerves" means faulty elimination. Your whole system crying out for relief. You take laxatives. Or try in vain to like harsh, tasteless roughage.

Here's a simple and delicious remedy that will tempt your appetite instead of punishing it. It's Pettijohn's. An enticingly good-to-eat cereal that conceals whole bran in tender flakes of whole wheat.

In this savory hot cereal you'll find bran you really enjoy eating. Bran softened by cooking so that it's kind to nervous digestions. Bran combined, too, with the vital part of the wheat, which makes it doubly effective.

Pettijohn's gives you the whole wheat just as nature intended you to have it. This means a richer protein, more abundant iron, lime and phosphorus. It means, too, the vitamins A, B, and E, which occur together only in whole grain cereals.

Pettijohn's is a refreshingly different change from the usual hot cereals. Try it served steaming hot with half-and-half. Quick Pettijohn's cooks in "toast and coffee time." Try it.

Pettijohn's

For those who believe in "whole grain nutrition"

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

over the President's yard—thus flippantly stated—are seriously maintained.

Coming to a more statistical part of Mr. Hard's narrative, we are reminded of the President's basic salary, $75,000 a year, of which we read:

> It is carried in the regular annual appropriation for the Executive Office. That appropriation nowadays also includes some $350,000 annually for the Presidential secretariat, the Presidential office supplies, the Presidential travels, the Presidential official entertainments, the Presidential house servants, the Presidential gardeners, the Presidential policemen, and other official recognized expenses.
>
> The exact total of the "Executive Office" appropriation for the fiscal year was $437,180. From that total, however, we must carefully deduct the item that is carried in it for the Vice-President. That is, we must deduct $15,000.
>
> There are numerous services that are rendered to the President, without charge, by executive departments and establishments lying wholly outside of the Executive Office. The Treasury Department, for instance, protects the President's person and the persons of the members of his family—through operatives from its Secret Service Division—at the cost of the Treasury Department itself.
>
> Other instances of such services, charged not to the Executive Office but to the departments or establishments rendering them, will be mentioned later. It will suffice here to say that the total cost of such services can not conceivably be less than $80,000 a year. In fact, a vigilant accountant from the Controller-General's office might pile them up into a mound greatly overtopping that sum.
>
> Supposing them, however, to be worth only $80,000 a year, and adding that $80,000 to $422,180, we arrive at the fully justified conclusion that the operating cost of an American President is $500,000 a year at least.

But the value of the White House and its site must not be forgotten. The tax assessor of the District of Columbia, we read, has estimated that the site is worth $19,685,975, and the house itself $2,250,000. Quoting further:

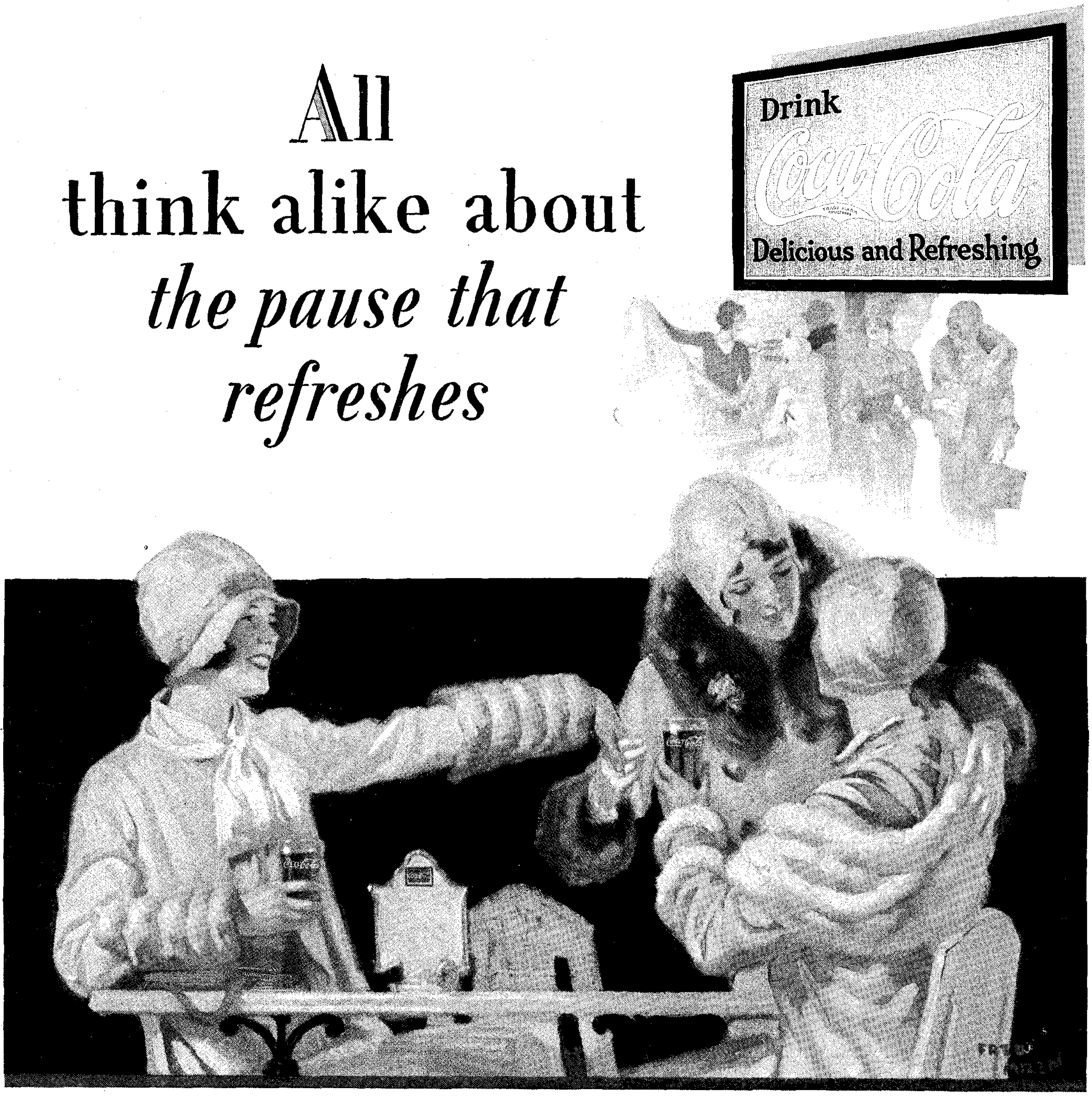
> The United States Government has put immensely more than $2,250,000 into the White House for construction and for "extraordinary" and "permanent" repairs and alterations.
>
> In the fiscal years 1927 and 1928, for instance, the appropriations merely for reconstructing the roof, attic, and ceilings of the second story of the Executive Mansion amounted to $350,000, quite outside the regular appropriations of some $20,000 for repairs and alterations called "ordinary."
>
> An inventory of all the furnishings of the White House is by statute commanded to be kept by the Director of the Office of Public Buildings and Public Parks of the National Capital. That office is a sort of specialized centralized operating agency for the care and maintenance of all buildings occupied and of all grounds owned by the executive, as distinguished from the legislative, branch of the Government. Since the President is part of the executive branch, his house is technically within the jurisdictional domain of the office in question, the director of which is now Lieut.-Col. U. S. Grant, 3d.
>
> Colonel Grant is in effect the President's official landlord, and he carefully sets down a description of each item of public property—beds, chairs, rugs, tables, spoons, curtains, lamps, sheets, pictures, inkstands, and so on—within the White House; and if any President, upon his departure from office, should attempt to take any item off with him to the train, it would be Colonel Grant's apparent duty to rush to the Union Station and get it back.
>
> Colonel Grant, then, is more familiar with the furnishings of the White House, in an itemized way, than anybody else is; but he is just as much at a loss as anybody else could be in the matter of their value. They are not insured. The practise of the Federal Government is against the insuring of governmental property. The value of the governmental property within the White House remains accordingly entirely speculative.

THE AFRICAN CURE FOR VOCABULARIES

DAMBO, rondavel, munt, soft Alec, tick. It is wonderful what going to another country will do for the vocabulary. The terms above may mean nothing to the average American, but in Rhodesia, Africa, they are every-day words, as Lucy Harvie Pope learned when she went to that distant land as secretary to the manager of a copper mine. Her own vocabulary, she writes in *The Outlook and Independent*, has taken a new lease on life. Soft Alec and tick, she explains in an article on the words she has learned in her new home, are slang expressions, "Soft Alec meaning that you're an easy mark, or a sap; and tick meaning that you're something in the nature of a total loss." Reading on:

> Bush simply means woods, veldt is a sort of prairie, and dambos are natural clearings in the bush, caused by too much of something in the soil, or too little of it in the atmosphere, I forget for the moment which. Kimberley bricks are bricks made out of anthills, lorries of course are trucks, petrol is gasoline, and buck are antelope of various sorts, such as the hartebeeste, koodoo, springbok, reitbok, duiker, and impala.
>
> Rondavels are round, one-room houses, usually constructed of Kimberley brick and having thatched roofs, in which unmarried men live. I don't know that there is any reason why you can't live in one after marriage, but there must be something about it, because apparently the first move people make after taking the fatal step is from the round to the square or oblong type of residence. The rondavels in camp are therefore known as the Single Quarters, the other shaped houses as the Married Quarters.
>
> Shorts are long trousers that never had a chance. Made of khaki, as a general rule, and cut off well above the knee, they are the world's most comfortable article of clothing; and after you have, over a period of several months, looked at various styles of humanity arrayed in them, including men, women, and children, they cease to strike you as particularly funny, and you accept them as one of the facts of life, like shrimp, or German measles. When a man arrives in these parts clad in knickers, he attracts about as large an open-mouthed,

All think alike about *the pause that refreshes*



The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

SHOPPERS, especially, like to meet at soda fountains — to pause, join friends, and be refreshed. Nowhere else is so bright and cheerful, so inviting and convenient. Such meetings have much of the sociability of an afternoon tea. And many of these groups meet by appointment, calling their gatherings "Coca-Cola Clubs." ➤ ➤ The charm of Coca-Cola is proclaimed at all fountains — because everybody thinks alike about this pure drink of natural flavors, served ice-cold, with that tingling, delicious taste and its cool after-sense of refreshment. The little red sign — around the corner from anywhere — is a standing invitation to pause and refresh yourself.

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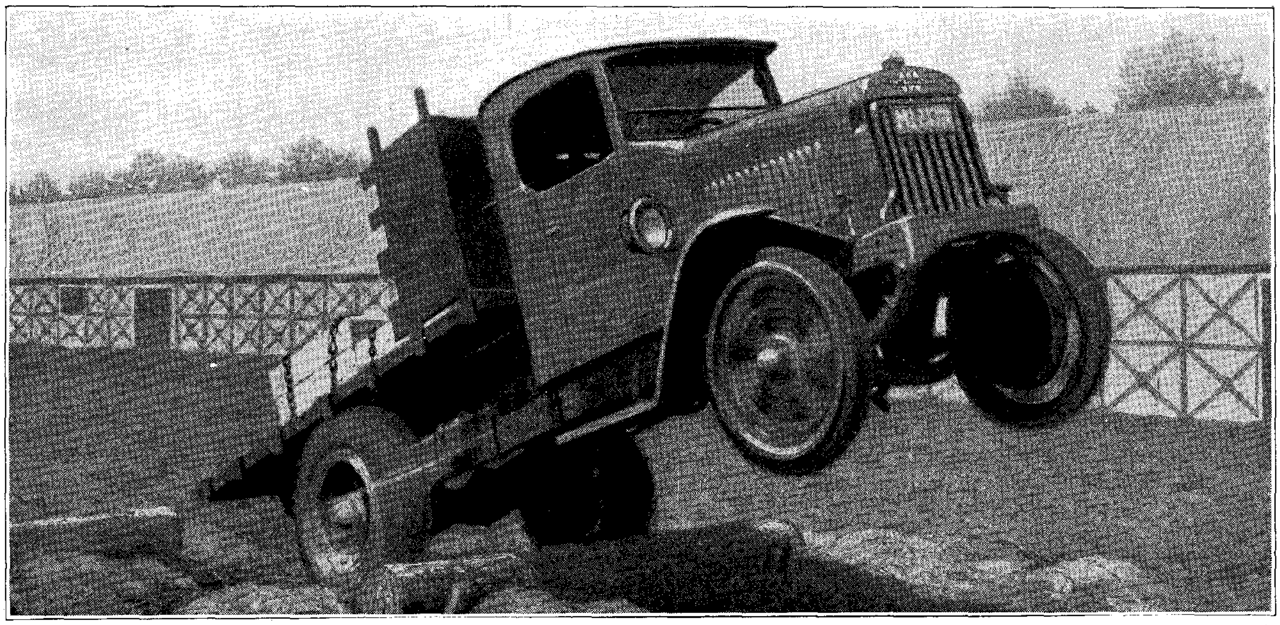
Served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and ice-cold carbonated water. The final touches are to add a little finely chipped ice and stir with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim.

OVER
8
MILLION
A DAY

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS



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The findings of this endless program of test and trial go back into the engineering laboratories and the shop, and so new and sturdier Internationals are born. Every owner of an International Truck owns greater transportation value because of the high standards set for *performance* at the International plants.

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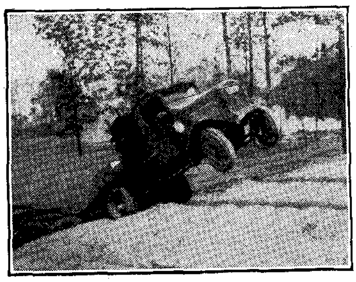
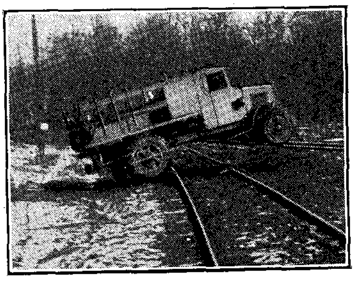
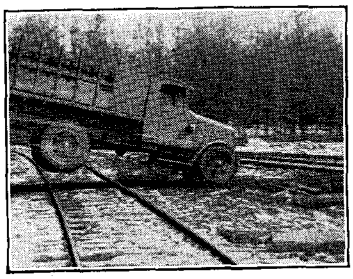
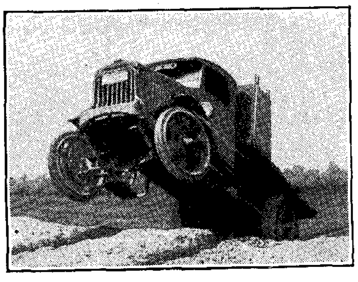








> pop-eyed crowd as would any one bold enough to wear shorts on Fifth Avenue.
>
> The Rains is a term used to cover the period from the first part of December until about the end of March. The rest of the year is the Dry Season. There is no autumn, winter, spring nor summer; it's simply the Rains and the Dry Season. We have had what I would call quite a strong touch of the Rains already, tho people tell us that we don't know anything yet. No doubt we'll learn. A good many of the houses, including our own, are equipped with tin roofs, and when a lot of rain comes down in a practically solid sheet on a tin roof, to attempt to carry on a conversation, polite or otherwise, beneath it is simply a waste of time. It's one of those things that with the best intentions and the most powerful lungs in the world can't be done. The only noise I've ever heard that could even begin to rival it is a motor-cycle going at full speed with the cut-out open through a nice narrow valley with good hard sides to magnify the sound.
>
> That is the Rains. The Dry Season is as dry as the Rains are wet, and dust predominates. There are, however, two distinct advantages attaching to this division of the seasons; having only two to remember saves a strain on the mind in the first place. In the second, during the Dry Season you can plan picnics, outdoor dances, garden parties, and so on, with absolute knowledge that rain is not coming up to spoil things. On the other hand, during the Rains, you can plan picnics, outdoor dances, and garden parties with the absolute knowledge that rain is coming up, and that, if not spoiled, things will at least be fairly damp.
>
> Another class of new vocabulary concerns the game of tennis. I have become very proficient along this line. I have learned when a ball is out to say "away," when it is in to say "right." I never ask any one any more to play tennis; the proper thing is to say, "Will you have a hit?" A dub player is known as a rabbit, and the correct form of commendation of a good shot is "played!" "well up!" or "pretty to watch!" Sometimes you simply exclaim, "Nicely!" Whenever you find yourself with the score forty-love against you, you turn to your partner and remark: "This is a good game to win," unless your partner gets it in first, in which case the proper reply is "Carry on!"

"Carry on," incidentally, is a very useful remark, the writer assures us, remarking that it applies in every walk of life. Thus:

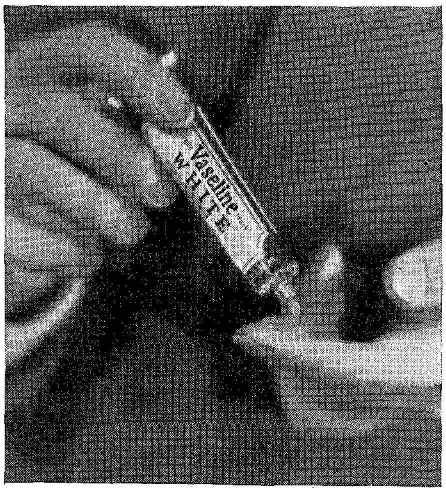
> Unless you wish an instant and violent stop put to whatever is going on, you have simply to say, "Carry on," and all of your conversational obligations are immediately fulfilled. You have exprest pleasure, enthusiasm, approval, encouragement, cordiality—in fact all of the more social emotions, and have done your bit toward making the occasion a success, be it one in which playing tennis, following suit, hunting, eating, or simply sleeping is involved.
>
> The direct converse of "carry on" is the native word "Ikona," which, when addrest to one of the native boys in domestic service, and loosely translated, usually means "Hell, no!" Since the chances are about ten to one that whatever the lad is doing is wrong, it is an extremely apt remark a large part of the time. The "I" at the beginning is long, and the less you mean maybe when you speak, the harder you bear down on the I. Try it out yourself. You'd be surprized at the extremely forceful emphasis you can acquire in your more positive moments with this handy word.
>
> The word "chit" in my previous experience was a term applied to a more or less fresh young person of the weaker sex; a sort of Old English flapper. Here it means note. As there are no telephones to speak of—or into—all communication is carried on by means of chits. One of the most characteristic features of the place is the swarm of black boys darting hither and yon, bearing chits from house to house—tho perhaps darting is too strong a term to use; creeping would really be a far more accurate description of their mode of progress. If you want to ask some one to dinner, borrow some butter, say good-morning or do a little bickering, you send out a boy with a chit. As the chits always arrive at the height of some domestic crisis, such as when you are in the midst of a bath, and as they invariably require an answer of some sort, considerable dripping and swearing is usually done before you have located the ink and a piece of paper, and succeeded in expressing yourself appropriately. Still, it's no more bothersome than the telephone can be and is really quite as efficient, since almost any one you want to communicate with lives within easy leg distance. It may not be quite so rapid as the telephone, the speed of the boys being what it is, but at least there's no chance for misunderstanding when you send a written message and receive a written reply.

HOW LINCOLN REARED A SON

GOATS in the White House! The beautiful and historic East Room was full of distinguished guests paying their respects to the President of the United States when these sacred precincts of dignity were invaded. In clattered a little boy, noisily driving his pet goats, hitched tandem to a kitchen chair. There were gasps. Eyebrows were raised and there were whispered comments on such "goings on." But Abraham Lincoln was not disturbed. His boy, Tad, and he were pals, we learn from Pauline R. Mackie in *Children, the Parents' Magazine.* In fact, we read on:

> Of his four sons, Tad was the only one who was much with him at the White House. Robert, the eldest, was at Harvard, and the two other children had died. Tad, nine years old at the time, was mischievous, warm-hearted, with rosy cheeks, gray eyes, and dark hair. He had a slight impediment in his speech, and it was for this reason he was not sent to school, but had a private tutor, a scholarly Scotchman who enjoyed the lad's brilliant and inquisitive mind. Lincoln, who was a product of the library rather than of the school, early imparted his love of books to Tad by reading aloud to him, opening and browsing over new books with the little fellow attentive at his side, and often bursting out into lines from the poets when they were walking together. He tried to overcome the impediment in Tad's speech by imparting such a fulness of knowledge, that the boy, feeling he had something genuine to say, might almost spontaneously overcome the inhibition. Of himself Lincoln said, "I believe I shall never be old enough to speak without embarrassment when I have nothing to talk about." There were times when Tad did not wish to study, and his father, realizing he had a high-strung child

Lubricate nasal passage to avoid colds



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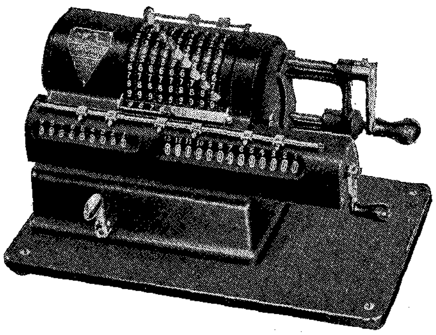

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

to deal with, would remark, "He might as well run for a while. There will be time enough in the future for him to sober up and be sedate." Lincoln was infinitely patient. He knew that Tad must understand, else all the instruction in the world availed little. Lincoln was always the oracle, the story-teller, the born wit. "I must laugh or I will die," he said to John Hay.

Hay, then twenty-two years old, was one of his secretaries, and he writes that he never met such good-fellowship, such bonhomie as he found in the President. Often at night, Lincoln, in his long calico dressing-gown and leather slippers, would come impulsively to his young secretary's room and waken him, that they might share together the delight of a poem he had just discovered. Suddenly there would come the signal that went straight to the father's heart—three sharp raps, two long thumps on the door. Lincoln would rise and open it, and little Tad in his white nightshirt would come running in. The great Emancipator, the young poet destined to become Secretary of State as well as a great diplomat, both men supreme orators—and the little boy with the impediment in his speech, to complete the trio—gathered around the lamp and enjoyed some simple verses or humorous doggerel. Was not this the very essence of education for the child? And when the reading was over and Lincoln returned to his room, it was with his small boy on his shoulder.

When it came to a matter of discipline between Lincoln and Tad, that discipline exprest only understanding and mild appeal. The admonitions were never more than: "Tad, you are making trouble for Father." Or, "Come, Tad, Mother will be worrying." And again there was commendation: "Tad tells me I am doing right. Tad's advice is usually pretty good."

Heart spoke to heart between these two. Lincoln was never known to utter an impatient or unkind word to the little fellow. There is cited an incident of Tad's naughtiness in the old days in Illinois. Lincoln was having a game of chess one Sunday with his friend Judge Treat. Dinner was ready, and Mrs. Lincoln sent Tad to the office to ask his father to come. The chess-players delayed. Tad was dispatched several times from the house on the errand; he knew the atmosphere at home was intense, and still he was unable to draw his father's attention from the game. Suddenly Tad lifted his foot and kicked the board, sending board and chessmen flying into the air. Judge Treat expected to see the boy promptly and soundly thrashed but, instead, Lincoln rose, took Tad's hand and departed, first saying good-naturedly, "We'll have our game another time, Judge." The episode is significant of Lincoln's sympathetic comprehension. He realized that Tad was aroused to a frenzy of fear for him, who, he was sure, would be scolded for delaying dinner. The manner of the protest was unimportant; he was but a child, and Lincoln, always just, knew himself to be the one at fault, knew that Tad had been made the channel of the mother's annoyance. This quality of perfect naturalness in Lincoln made it impossible for him ever to play the part of parent with pomposity. He never offended his child nor humiliated him by rebuking him in the presence of strangers. A member of Congress at that time said: "I think no father ever loved his children more tenderly than Mr. Lincoln." He was his children's friend, their playfellow. He sharpened pencils for Tad and helped him to pick up his toys. When kittens and puppies were born the same day in the White House, he was as excited as his boys over the double event.

Tad and his father went for walks together, Tad bringing Lincoln his hat and his gray plaid shawl. Tad was mischievous and full of startling pranks. When caught he always bolted to his father's arms, or twined himself around the President's long legs. He was known to ring all the bells simultaneously in the White House, summoning at once every servant and secretary; again he locked up some rooms for his own theatrical enterprises.

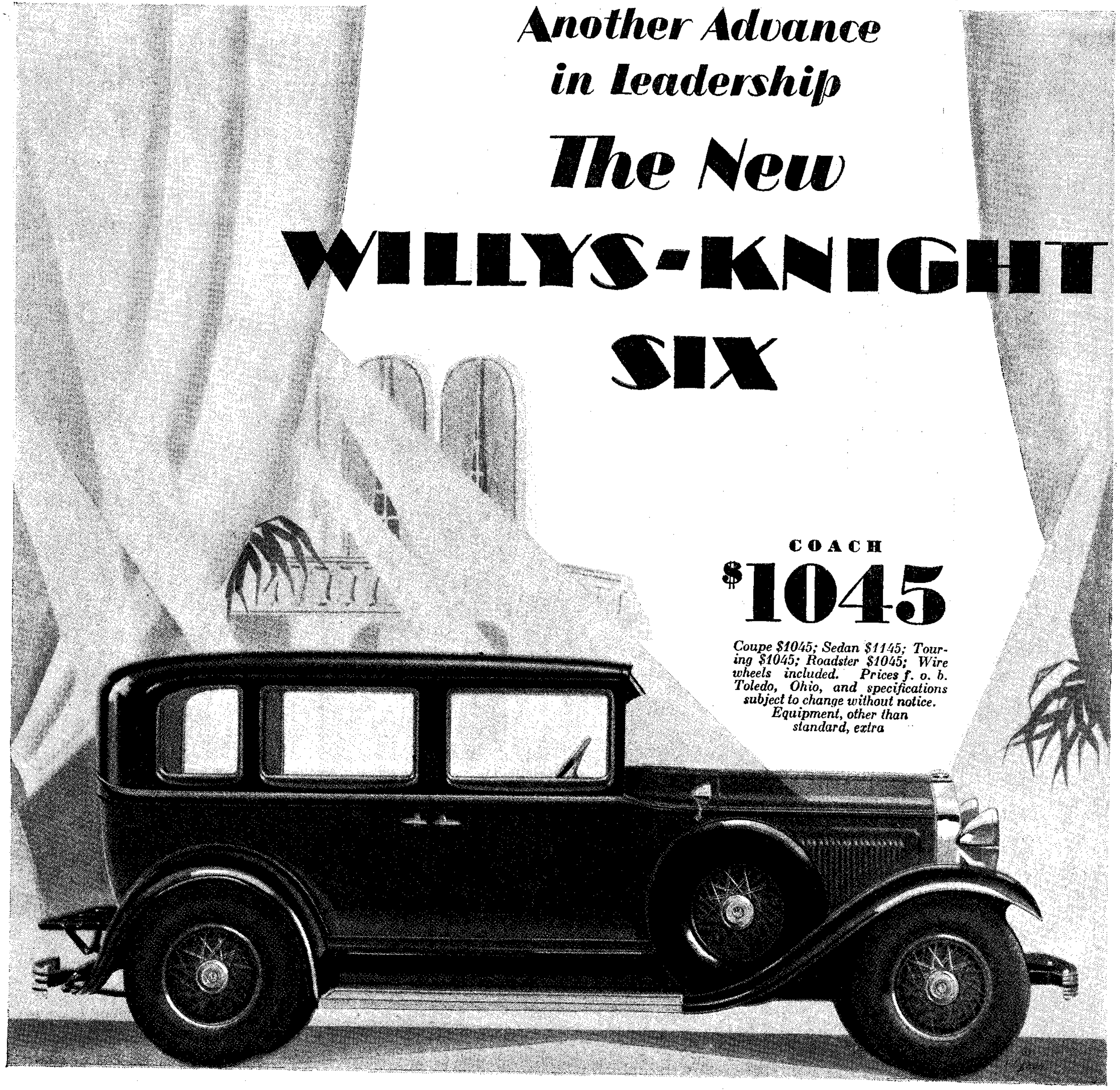
Tad won the heart of Edward M. Stanton, then Secretary of War, who made him a real soldier, a First Lieutenant of the United States Volunteers, ordering the War Department to provide a uniform and sword of his rank. The commission was properly presented to the Secretary for his signature, we read, and was then sent over to the White House to Thomas Lincoln, aged nine years. Quoting further:

With the commission went twenty-five guns to be placed in the basement. Tad at once formed his own company, recruiting it from the servants and gardeners of the White House, drilling his men, marching them proudly up-stairs and down and all about the lawn, and finally going to the extreme of ordering the regular sentries from their posts and replacing them with his men.

When Lincoln went to the Grand Review of the Army of the Republic, he took Tad with him. The boy had his own small horse and a young trooper as orderly. Amid the brilliant and dashing uniforms, two most eagerly sought by the soldiers were the great gaunt figure of Lincoln, in his black civilian dress, his home-made blue woolen stockings showing above his boots, his stove-pipe hat which he ever raised to the soldiers with a kind of patient awkwardness, and beside him, reminding the homesick men of their families, was the rosy little lieutenent, smartly drest in his uniform and with his cape fluttering like a little flag behind him as he rode.

Lincoln avoided all negation in his treatment of his boy. He knew that little children are naturally good, that their native desires are innocent, that they need self-expression. When Tad became interested in the theater, he was given the attic for his "shows." The President attended when he could. He loved the theater, himself, and never missed a performance of Shakespeare, if he could help it.

Tad, with the energy and comradery which he imbibed from his father, made the acquaintance of the son of a theatrical manager and so had the run of the green-room. One night when the theater was filled, the army blue predominating over the gay dresses of the women, the President appeared in his box with Tad. Bowing to the audience, he took his seat. Soon the restless child with him disappeared. In a wardrobe back of the stage, Tad found an army coat and a cap. The coat was large but the cap was a pretty good fit. He put them on and joined the chorus on the stage. The company was amused, but no one on the other side of the footlights noticed him, until John McDonough, the singer of the evening, came forward, bearing the flag. His glance rested on Tad at



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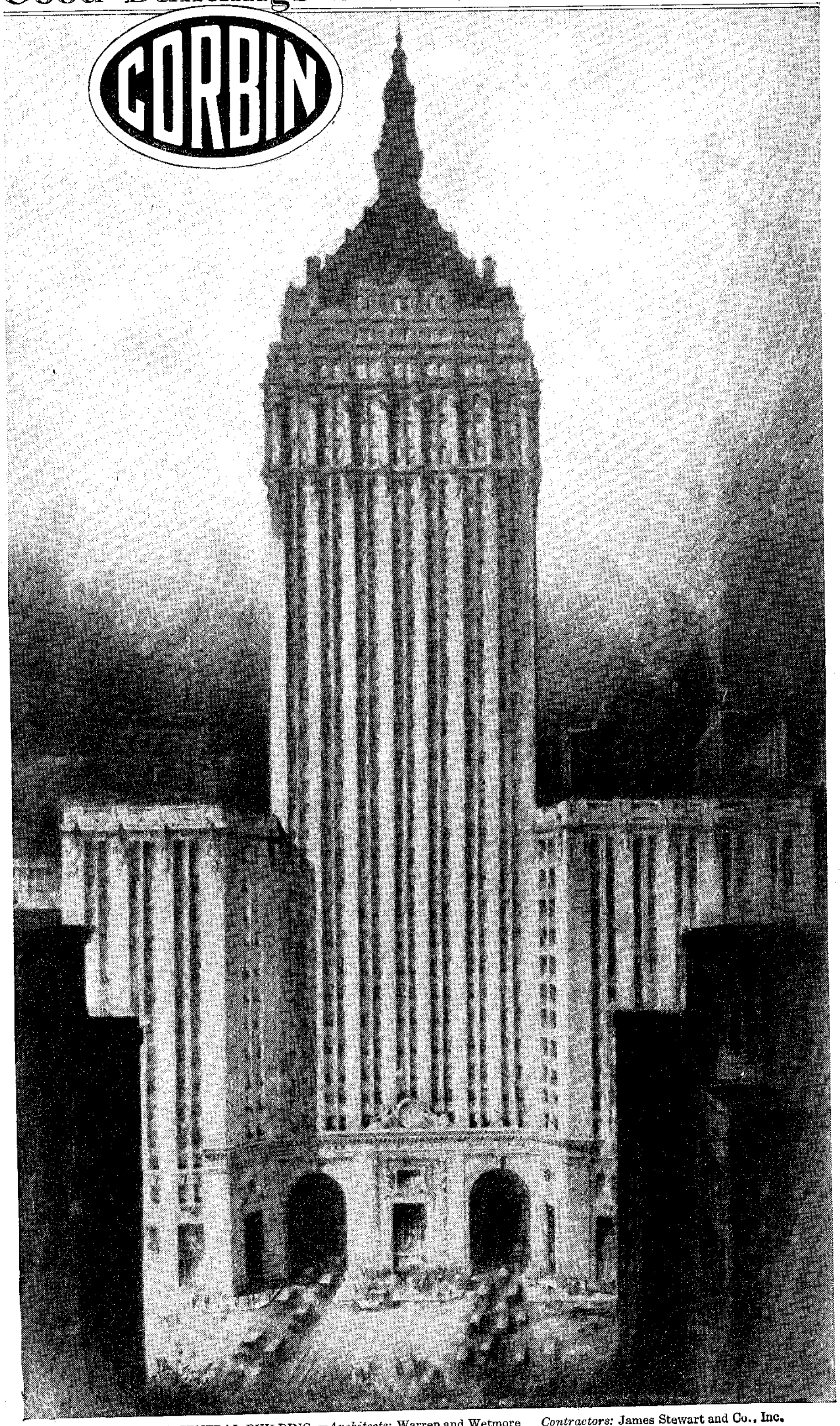

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From a drawing by Hugh Ferriss *Courtesy of James Stewart and Company, Inc.*

At the Gateway to a Continent

UNDER its arches the motor traffic of a metropolis flows. Below this stream great trains each day carry thousands through the Gateway to a Continent.

And above it all towers a huge office building, housing as many workers as a small city.

Here, then, is a center of busyness, of business—a landmark of the new New York.

Everything possible has been done to prevent interruptions to speed, to the speed of a modern New York business day. And it has all been done with an eye to beauty.

Good Hardware—Corbin—in statuary bronze; Corbin Unit locks, master-keyed; Corbin door checks—guard and adorn the New York Central Building, and by dependable service, prevent exasperating service interruptions.

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The American Hardware Corporation, Successor
New York Chicago Philadelphia

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

the end of the chorus, and he stept down and placed the flag in the little fellow's hands, then drew him forward.

McDonough sang; beside him the small boy waved the flag. First one person and then another recognized Tad. There were whispers and laughter, and then cheers and applause swept the house.

Pride and joy lighted Lincoln's face. He rocked back and forth in his chair, clapping his hands on his knees. As he saw the little fellow singing so heartily, waving the flag with such enthusiasm, Lincoln must have recalled the early mountain days when the Hankses, his mother's people, were noted at the camp-meetings as being the finest "shouters and singers" in the country round. Just so, Nancy Hanks, Tad's grandmother, had once stood forth and shouted and waved a banner and poured forth her fresh mountain spirit in a perfect torrent of mountain song. Good for little Tad! He was every inch a Hanks as he stood up there that night, shouting and singing the "Battle Cry of Freedom."

As a parent Lincoln's joy in his child was twofold. He gave and he received. A mystic as Blake was, he understood the prescience of children. He who freed the slaves never imposed personal tyranny on his own son. He was humble in the presence of little children. Once, called upon to make an address to the friendless, homeless children at Five Points, he told them that he too had been a poor, cold, and hungry child, but he had discovered one rule, and it was this, "to do the very best you can always, and somehow you will get along."

The day came, one of the most moving in history, we are reminded, when Lincoln went to Richmond to see the slaves he had freed, and of this occasion we read on:

He took Tad with him. Those who passed through the first Armistice Day here, remembering how joy and peace "flowed as a river," can imagine something of the spirit of that day when the slaves, now free, crowded around their great emancipator. Seeing Tad with him, a proof of Lincoln's father-love, they cried and wept and laughed with joy, as they shouted, "Massa Linkum and his little boy!"

Two days later a thankful people surrounded the White House, cheering their President. As they waited for his appearance, looking up at the platform outside of the second-story window where he was to speak, suddenly there was laughter. Tad, in his lieutenant's uniform, leaned out of the window, frantically waving a captured Confederate flag. He was seen to struggle with the protesting servants and finally fly to the refuge of his father's arms. The President then stept forward on the small platform to bring the people his message.

Well Suspended.—MRS. DECOLLETE—"Have you noticed that my new party gown is longer than the others?"

HUSBAND (giving her the o. o.)—"Longer? You must refer to the shoulder-straps."—*Boston Transcript.*

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THERE'S no mystery about oil heat, but it is always advisable to investigate carefully before purchasing. Don't buy just any oil burner and don't buy on a salesman's story alone. Get the real truth—ask the owners. *They know.*

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Williams Oil-O-Matic has been on the market 10 years. More than 80,000 owners give it their wholehearted approval. Architects and heating engineers endorse it thoroughly. Williams Oil-O-Matic has to be good to make good with more than 80,000 owners—with heating experts—during 10 years of service.

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Our word is good—but go beyond it. Ask Oil-O-Matic owners! Then you'll know the final answer. Mail the coupon today.

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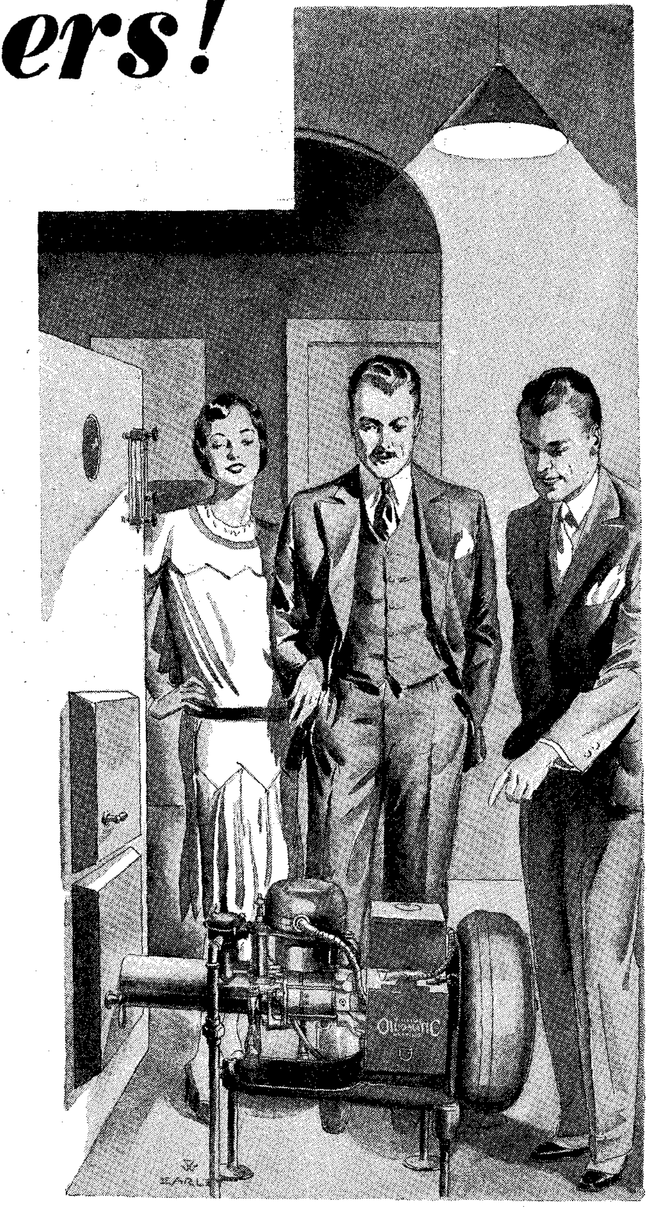
Williams Dist-O-Matic provides genuine Williams Oil Heat comfort for small homes and modest incomes. A true "running mate" for Oil-O-Matic, Williams Dist-O-Matic is also entirely automatic, thrifty, unusually quiet, and as dependable as the sun. You can buy Dist-O-Matic—as well as all other Williams products—on easy time payment budget plans.



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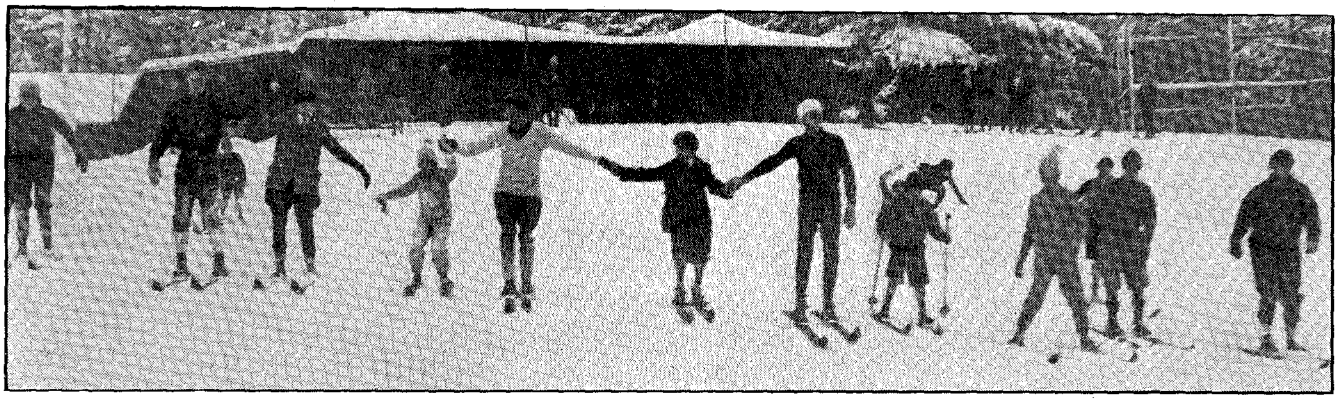
SPORTS AND ATHLETICS



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

ALL SET FOR A FREE-FOR-ALL SKI FROLIC AT LAKE PLACID, A BUSY CENTER OF WINTER SPORTS

WINTER FLYING WITH SKIS FOR WINGS

WHEEZING FROM BREATH-TAKING exertions, the "flyer" climbs the side of a preposterous mountain, which seems to shoot up to the heavens. Then, as if that were not enough, he mounts the steps to the top of a seventy-foot tower. There he fastens "wings" to his feet, but such wings as Mercury, the wing-footed messenger of the old gods of Olympus never imagined. They are long and flat, with up-curved fronts, and made of wood. The clear notes of a bugle sound from the judge's stand, and the "flyer" unhesitatingly steps into the snowy runway and goes speeding down the precipitous slope, Donald Fair Morgan tells us in a copyrighted NEA Syndicate article. He crouches slightly, so that there will be less wind resistance and more speed. In a flash he sees the end of the runway, the take-off, and the empty air ahead. With a sudden snap he is upright again, body rigid, arms out, head proudly erect, soaring into the thin, cold air.

W-h-r-r-r-r! Skis parallel, with a birdlike, wandlike motion of his arms to hurl him forward the faster, and keep his balance, he hits the snow on the mountain slope and speeds like a bullet down to the level space at the end of the jumping area. The snow blurs. The skier makes a lightning-quick Telemark turn, and faces the judges again. A deep silence hangs over the spectators, awaiting the announcement of the distance. One hundred and seventy feet!

For this flyer cleaves the air with skis for wings, at Lake Placid, in this country, perhaps, or at St. Moritz in Switzerland, or at some other center of winter sports at home or abroad. Skiing, only recently an infant American sport, Mr. Morgan continues, has reached its majority. With the award of the 1932 Olympic Games to the United States, the international scene is shifting in winter sports. Quoting further:

P. & A. photograph

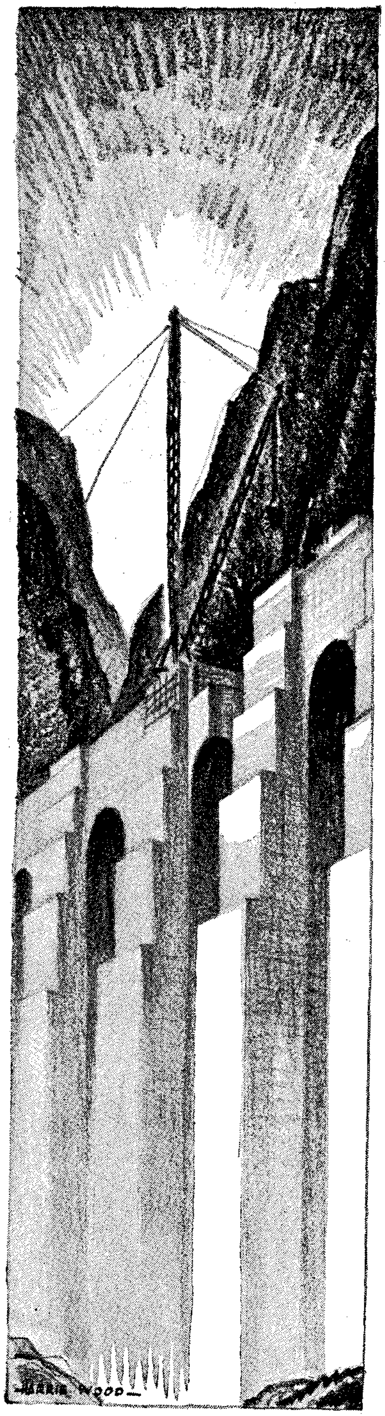
YOU MIGHT THINK HE'D NEED A PARACHUTE

But Rolf Monsen manages to land safely after leaps like this.

> The Olympic ski-jump in 1932 at Lake Placid, one of the winter sports capitals of America, will mark the culmination of a period of American development that has been going on only about thirty years.
>
> A sound basis having been laid for skiing and skating as competitive sports, it only remains for the stimulus derived from the coming Olympic meet to secure recognition for America in international circles.
>
> The Scandinavians early established their supremacy in the winter sports world. With them skiing is the national pastime, and has in their land been utilized for centuries as a means of travel.
>
> In past Olympic competitions Americans have been eminently successful against the Continentals in the skating events, and even in the minor events like bob-sledding. But we have not entered a single American-born ski runner or jumper who was capable of competing with the Scandinavians.
>
> It was only with the selection of Charles Proctor of Dartmouth College as a member of the 1928 Olympic team at St. Moritz that American ascendency in skiing began to take definite shape.
>
> For thirty years Norwegian immigrants to the United States have brought with them their skis and love of winter sports. In skiing they easily assumed the supremacy. The list of past American champions includes few names which are not Scandinavian. There was a time when Norwegian was the official language at our championship meets. And even to-day the supremacy of Lars Haugen and Rolf

Your home and the engineer's bridge BOTH need steel reinforcing

This lovely home at Mt. Lebanon, Pa., P. Howard Sterling, Pittsburgh, Pa., architect, was recently an editorial feature of Arts and Decoration. Its exquisite plaster walls and ceilings are protected by STEELTEX.



WHEN you build your home, why not safeguard the walls and ceilings the way an engineer puts long life into a concrete bridge? No matter how strong the concrete, it isn't strong enough, alone. It has a network of steel embedded under the surface to keep it from going to pieces.

Give plaster and stucco the same protection—steel reinforcing. They need it even more. Use the modern new material, STEELTEX, and you embed under the surface a network of steel—to strengthen, to give permanence, to add years of repair-free life.

STEELTEX reinforces—and insulates

STEELTEX is used in place of lath. No lath is like it. It is rigid. It won't stretch. In other words, it is *real reinforcing.* When you build with STEELTEX, you embed a welded steel fabric in the plaster or stucco, or behind the brick exterior. Each strand of this fabric will resist strain at the rate of 78,000 pounds to the square inch of steel!

And it's rust-proofed steel! Once in place, it's there to stay, completely embedded. Never fear rust when you use STEELTEX.

If STEELTEX did nothing but reinforce alone, the first repair job saved by its use would more than justify the slight added cost. But STEELTEX does more. Attached to the steel is a tough, fibrous backing.

This feature adds a layer of insulation and sound-deadening—helps keep out winter cold and summer heat—helps build quiet, restful rooms. No wonder this product has already been proved by use in over a quarter million homes and buildings!

Building? You will want this information

Everyone who plans to build will want to know all about this modern reinforcing material. The coupon or a letter brings you full details promptly.

STEELTEX

FOUR TYPES—SAME PRINCIPLE
SAME PROTECTION

for plaster . . . for stucco . . . for floors and roofs (concrete and gypsum) . . . for stone or brick facing

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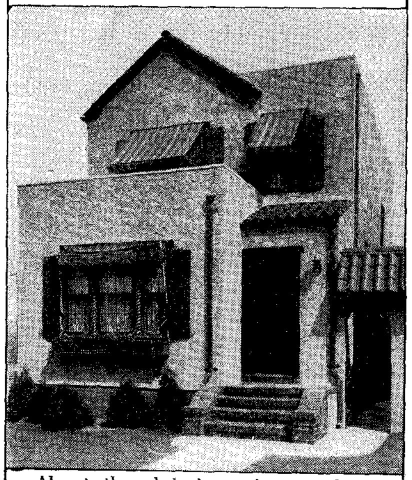
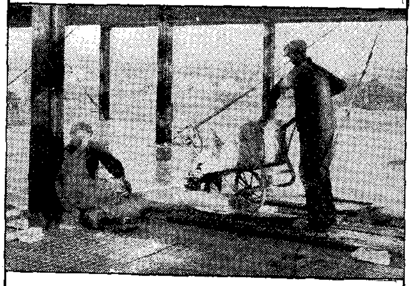
Pittsburgh Steel Co.



Almost the whole impression your home makes from the outside may depend upon stucco. Guard its appearance and keep out dangerous dampness with STEELTEX for Stucco, as is being done by the builders of famous Laurelton Homes, Inc., at Laurelton, L. I., Arthur E. Allen, Architect. And to make a new home out of an old one, nail STEELTEX over the exterior, cover with stucco, and the home is transformed, as if by magic!



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National Steel Fabric Company, 202 Union Trust Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. Without obligation send me information about material I have checked below:

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Business________________
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Smoker and Wife Now Agreed On One Big Point

Smoking indoors now O. K. since the little blue tin arrived

Remember the character in "My Lady Nicotine" who had to creep to the window every time he wanted a pull on his pipe? No such cloud hung over the happy Boisvert household—yet every time Mr. Boisvert started smoking, his wife would open all the doors and windows. Then he switched to Edgeworth and now he can smoke to his heart's content—anywhere, and at any time he likes.

Read Mr. Boisvert's letter:

Brooklyn, N. Y.,
August 4, 1928

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

Dear Sir:

Going to take the pleasure and drop you a few lines to say that my favorite tobacco is your Edgeworth. I have been a user of it for the last eight years and find it's the only tobacco for a real good smoke.

For the last five or six months I have been trying several other kinds, but I find Edgeworth is the only tobacco for me.

If I am smoking any other brand, my wife will tell me, as she likes the smell of only Edgeworth. When I'm smoking others, she opens all windows and doors.

The reason for writing this letter is that I had a card party last night and most all of the party asked me what kind of tobacco I used. So I told them Edgeworth.

Very truly yours,
A smoker of Edgeworth
(signed) E. E. Boisvert

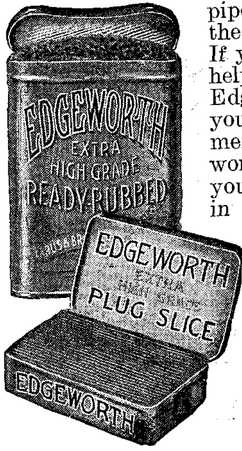
Every day letters wing their way from every quarter of the world telling of the peace Edgeworth is bringing into hundreds of men's lives. Everywhere a kind of fellowship seems to exist among Edgeworth smokers—an informal brotherhood that enjoys a mutual bond in what they themselves term the tobacco that's "always the same."

Personal: Let us send you free helpings of both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice so that you yourself may put it to the pipe test. Ready-Rubbed Edgeworth smoking tobacco is all ready to load in your pipe. Plug Slice Edgeworth is for pipe-smokers who enjoy "rubbing up" a pipe-load at a time in the palm of the hand. If you like these trial helpings, you'll like Edgeworth whenever you buy it, for as any member of the Edgeworth Club will tell you, it *never* changes in quality—tin in, tin out!

Simply write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 2 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all smokers. Both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice are packed in small, pocket-size packages in handsome humidor tins holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave Length 270 meters. Frequency 1110 Kilocycles.—Special Feature: The "Edgeworth Club" Hour every Wednesday evening at nine o'clock, Eastern Standard Time.



SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

Monsen in the skiing world is unquestioned.

It is true that the greatest percentage of Scandinavian champions have become naturalized Americans. But the fact remains that their superior technique was due to early training in their homeland.

Therefore it is a good indication of progress to note the increasing number of American-born winners who have emerged from the development which has taken place in the schools and colleges and outing clubs of America.

The carnival idea popularized the sport, and placed it on a social plane. The outing clubs developed technique and skill. Individuals contributed valuable trophies, leading to improvement in competition. The winter-sports governing bodies exercised a benevolent dictatorship as in tennis, golf, and baseball.

Many who went at first as onlookers found themselves succumbing happily to the lure of the game. Their number grew annually. That is the secret of winter sports. It is the spirit of general participation.

There are cross-country ski runs, hare and hound races on skis, skating races and ski skate gymkanas, hockey, curling, skijoring, tobogganing, and sleigh-riding. These are only part of the fun. And for one who lives in a northern climate there is a choice of sports which makes for sparkling eyes, ruddy cheeks, and very good dispositions.

The winter sport carnival originated at Dartmouth College with the Outing Club. Since then it has spread to other Eastern colleges favored by winter-sport conditions, like Williams, Amherst, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Vassar.

From the colleges the idea spread to communities like Berlin and Norwich, New Hampshire; Brattleboro and Bellows Falls, Vermont. Outing clubs appeared in every center where winter sports are held. And with fully half of the United States in the snow and ice belt, we have become a country where participation is general.

What is the explanation of this mushroom growth in winter sports? It is the thrill of the thing, which takes possession of the spectator and participant alike. It is a heritage, perhaps, from the Norse and Viking.

Ski jumping is the king of winter sports. It is the most thrilling and daring of all the modern sports. There is a glamour and hero quality which attaches itself to these knights of the air who jump. Surely there is the hardy blood of the Vikings in these youths who smilingly hurl themselves down the sides of mountains with the speed and grace of an arrow's flight. Certainly it is no sport for the novice!

For the jumpers the thrill is that of mastery of the air. It is a sort of defiance to the existing laws of nature. It is the supreme challenge of sportsmanship.

To the spectator the sight is no less thrilling. Instinctively he projects himself into the rôle of these riders of the air.

After a description of a ski jump, such as we have already witnessed, the writer continues:

Of such stuff are the kings of the most hazardous of sports made. These are the knights of the northland, the stern riders of the air. And in their ranks appear the super-knights, the champions among champions.

At St. Moritz in 1928 Rolf Monsen, U. S. A., placed only sixth in the Olympic jump, but was far and away the hero of the meet. Suffering from injuries that would have kept less stout hearts out of the competition, he took the jumps in splendid form despite the pain, and on all sides was acclaimed the star.

There is the veteran Lars Haugen, seven times national jumping champion, whose courage is that of his Viking ancestors. His form has sometimes been questioned, but his nerve never. There is Strand Mikkelson of the Norge Ski Club, Chicago, who holds the record for the intervales jump at Lake Placid Club. And there are Anders Haugen and Charles Proctor, teammates of Rolf Monsen on the U. S. Olympic team.

Among the hero-youngsters the name of Ernest Pederson takes first place. For two years on the intervales jump at Lake Placid he has won the Marshal Foch trophy, symbolic of the intercollegiate championship, the first time in his freshman year.

There is fifteen-year-old Wayne Stevens of Auburn, Maine, a junior jumper of extraordinary ability and courage. And there is Donald Cruikshank, freshman at Dartmouth College, and thirteen-year-old Bobby Johannesen of Lake Placid Club. Bobby Doyle, twelve-year-old member of the same club, is notable for his jumping form.

In the ski-running events the brothers Satre reign supreme. The trio from the Salisbury Outing Club have asserted a supremacy which has of late almost become a monopoly. Magnus Satre is present national champion, having wrested the laurel from his brother Johan. But it was Olav Satre, the third of the triumvirate, who the same season took the 25-mile race at Lake Placid Club. The Satre combination is a hard one to beat.

Mary Lee, in the New York *Times* Magazine, agrees with Mr. Morgan on the popularity acquired by skiing in this country, and adds that "there are experts now up north who rival ski jumpers from Switzerland and Norway." Says this writer further:

Due to the activity of the United States Eastern Amateur Ski Association the ski jumps of the winter resorts are fast becoming famous. There are Shelburne Mountain, at Greenfield, Massachusetts; Herrick Hill, at Newport, Vermont; Ski Jump Hill, at Springfield, Vermont; Intervales Hill, at Lake Placid; the jumps at Littleton and Claremont and Berlin, New Hampshire; at Salisbury, Connecticut, and at Bear Mountain, in the Palisades Park, which are rapidly becoming as well known as the Côte des Neiges at Montreal.

Besides the experts, there are duffer skiers by the thousand. They take it seriously. You see them in trains, before hotel fireplaces, studying from books the intricacies of the kick turn, the herringbone, the Telemark and Christiania swings. But books will not teach them. It is a matter of muscle, nerve and balance, of getting movements in reflex actions; the kind of thing you have to learn while you are still young. On the steep places the children shout and tumble and come up laughing; but the old ones—well, if they have never been on skis before they had better stick to snowshoes!

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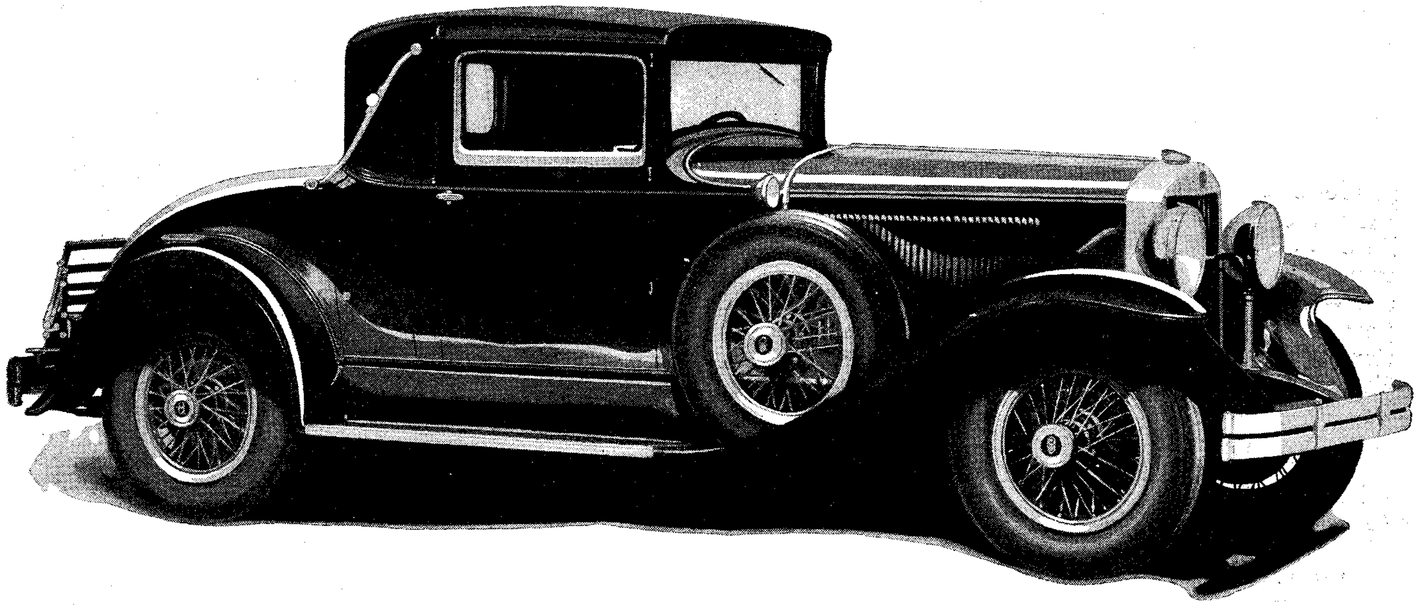

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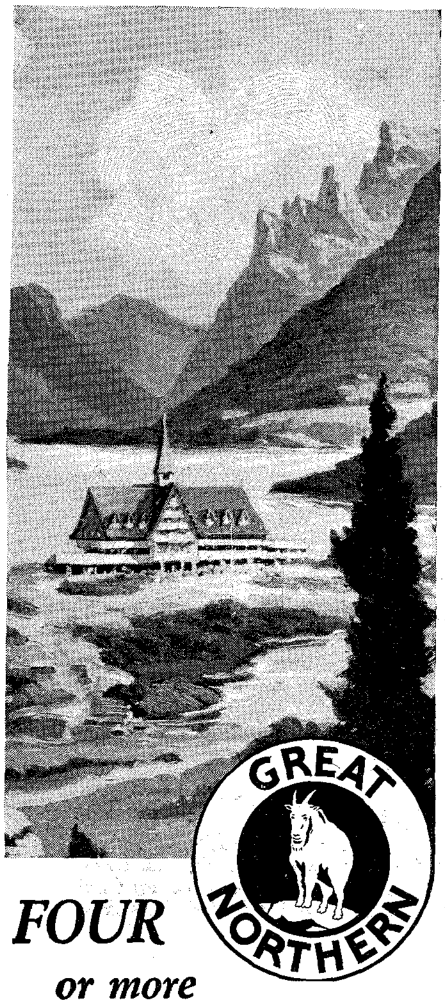

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

THE ART OF LOSING GRACEFULLY

FIFTEEN thousand fans crowded about the seventeenth green, watching the two players in the final round for an amateur golf championship. But the movements of the traveling gallery distracted one of the players as he was about to putt, and this fact was not lost upon his opponent. The latter walked over, grinning, and picked up the ball. "I'll concede that one to you," he said. On the next green the tables were turned. The conceder on the seventeenth green was rattled by the crowd as his opponent had been; and then that opponent came rushing over and knocked the ball aside. So it was that Bobby Jones and George von Elm halved that hole, Glenna Collett, one of our championship women golfers, tells us in an article copyrighted by the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. This generous conceding on the part of each player, Miss Collett believes, is sportsmanship. Such incidents have no part in the score, she remarks, but, reading on, we learn:

> In the minds of tournament players they linger long after championships are forgotten. Bobby Jones may have thrown away his two-year crown on the seventeenth green, and George von Elm, on the eighteenth, seriously endangered the title he was to win that day. Yet the high appraisal of the sportsmanship of both golfers was worth more than the winning of the coveted national title.
>
> The attitude of these two golfers exemplified an ideal toward which I have always struggled—something beyond physical prowess, beyond coordinated nerves and muscles, beyond the dominant will to win. Rather it is a mental quality that is part grace of spirit, part philosophy and part good manners reduced to the essence of sportsmanship—trying to be a good loser.
>
> In recent years the "poor loser" has been glorified as a very human sort of person in the eyes of a number of columnists. They have depicted him as a natural, sympathetic creature, honest, unafraid and somehow admirable. The business of pretending to smile and shake hands with a man who defeated you by luck, when you'd like to murder him. That seems to be the argument among the modern and realistic journalists.
>
> "The best sportsman," comments George Jean Nathan, able critic of the American scene, "is the man who plays an honorable game and plays it to the limit. He is out to demonstrate his superior skill and lick his opponent. Any other view is sheer sentimental buncombe."
>
> Very true, indeed. But there is more to sportsmanship than that. Even if I incur the stigma of being hopelessly old-fashioned and sentimental, I must add that there is an ideal which is beyond the goal of mere winning, a high appraisal of oneself. Even in sport there are people who put a valuation on themselves that they are not willing to mark down, no matter what happens. Some of them, in arriving at this valuation, stress manners and dress. Others stress playing the game. Others try to be good losers, and when their valuation is challenged they lose national titles without a gesture.
>
> Take Bobby Jones. Many of us, with warm understanding, recall the fiery Atlantan of several years ago who muttered savagely when putts violated the laws of physics. We grinned with unholy delight when Bobby's temper got the better of him and stubborn mashies caressed convenient trees bordering the fairway.
>
> Golfers, still floundering in the human weakness of losing control when, as happened to Bobby, some one yelled "Fore!" at the top of a swing, thus spoiling the shot and losing the hole, will always like to be reminded of the reckless young Atlantan who had the habit of decorating trees with recalcitrant clubs.
>
> Bobby, in those days, permitted such things as bees alighting on his ball at the instant he touched it with his club, thus missing his putt, to make him unbearably miserable and an unreliable and tempestuous golfer. Once a long mid-iron shot came to rest in an old shoe lying in a wheelbarrow. Bobby played it, shoe and all. The ball filtered out and rolled weakly toward the green.
>
> Fully aware that a decided change of temperament was necessary before he reached the heights, Bobby set about the task of conquering his weakness. The youthful fire that touched our imagination in a young and debonair golfer has died down. He is a quiet, mannerly sportsman now, admired and beloved in the world of golf.

In one of the recent championship matches, Miss Collett watched a girl, famous for her work on the greens, approach the hole, with the title at stake. She had a putt of three feet. She missed. Then, we are told:

> Again she tried, and again her ball refused to drop. It went straight for the cup, trembled, and lay on the outer rim. A fraction of an additional turn and it would have dropt. But the extra impulse was lacking. Trying to smother her irritation, the girl strode up to the ball, thrust at it with her putter—and missed it completely. She lost not only the match but her self-control as well. Yet we can all sympathize with her.
>
> Golf is the most intricate, freakish, and nerve-shattering of all games. No other sport tantalizes our patience and temper so much. Envied indeed is the golfer who has mastered the art of self-control in the heat of competition. As golfers the world over know, there are times when trying to be a good loser is the most difficult of achievements.
>
> Philip Guadella has written satirically of the Englishman as an incurable amateur in whatever he undertakes—in business or politics or art quite as much as in sport. Mr. Guadella points out that no matter how important an occupation may be to the Englishman, he adopts toward it the attitude of the polite cricketer—he tries to "play" it. But he always indulges within the limits of a code and never with such abandon that he forgets his main purpose in life, that of being an English gentleman.
>
> "In the English idea of sport for sport's sake," again comments George Jean Nathan, "I take little stock. If I play a game, I play to win. A man may be a good sportsman if he does not mind losing all the time, but, by the same mark, he is worthless to the sport, and if he had any sense, would abandon it."
>
> I heartily disagree with him. Has he

The dream that *must* come true

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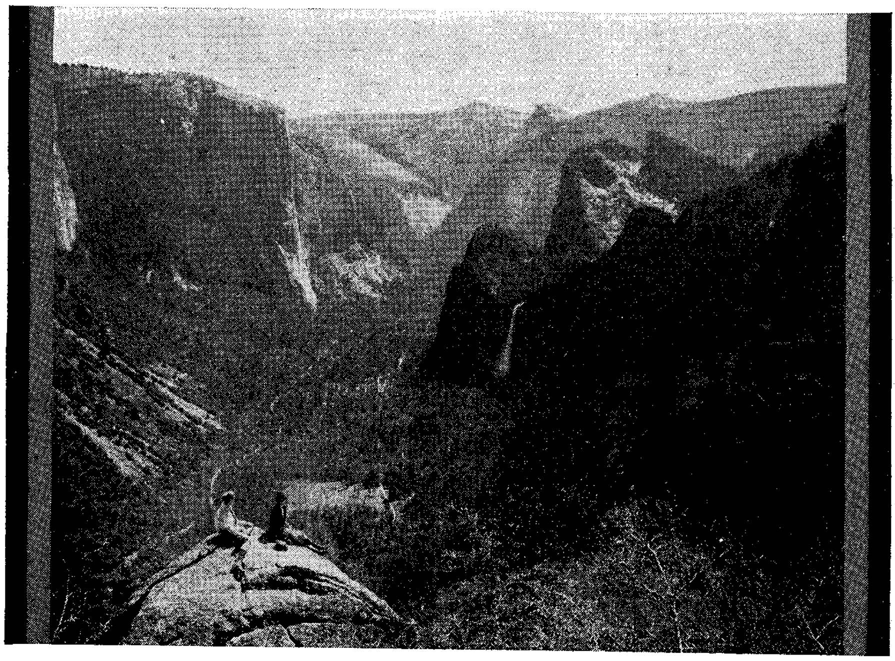

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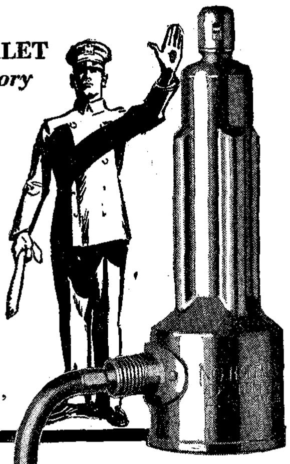

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

ever considered the fact that all our admirable qualities are contrary to natural instincts? A good education, to my mind, is the improvement of such natural unregenerate impulses by the introduction of a loftier code of conduct.

We learn by degrees to love the game for its own sake. It was seven years before Bobby Jones won an amateur title, and yet he seemed to have a rattling good time even when he lost!

Bobby Cruikshank, playing in the Texas open championship a few years back, was bending over his ball, putter in hand. The hole was so near that upon an ordinary occasion it would be classed as an easy shot.

But this was no ordinary occasion. If Cruikshank had dropt the putt he would have tied Macdonald Smith for the major part of a big purse. Among the gallery watching the play was a well-known Chicago professional, perched in a point of vantage on a tree.

Cruikshank prepared to tap the ball. Just as his putter blade touched it, the man up the tree shouted. Perhaps his remark was irrelevant to putting. At all events, Cruikshank missed the shot and lost the match.

The loser did not take the "shout" in a calm, detached manner. He signaled out the "loud-speaker" and firmly told him that his sportsmanship was not highly regarded. Under such a strain few of us can be good losers. When our ball spins tantalizingly near the cup and then rolls on away from it, when some one strikes a match or sneezes behind us as we swing, we are quite aware of our shortcomings in the flood of irritation that surges over us. The cool, debonair manner of Bobby Jones is a quality that most of us consider beyond the rainbow.

There are many moments of anguish and heart-throb over putts that simply won't go into the cup, the writer tells us, continuing:

In one of my recent matches with Miss van Wie, at Pinehurst, North Carolina, we had been playing nip and tuck for eighteen holes, and then she forged ahead to a deserved victory at the twenty-second green.

On the last green my ball rested several feet away from the cup. Miss van Wie's ball was at a greater distance. Without a tremor she made the shot, and the ball dropt into the cup.

Now, we had played twenty-one holes of golf with neither player showing to advantage. In such a match the element of luck is magnified. All afternoon I had been dropping in putts in the same distance that now separated my ball from the cup. Yet as I gript my club and studied the lay of the land, I was suddenly nervous. Taking more time than usual, I tapped the ball. It went to the left of the cup—and I lost the match. I tried to put up a brave front, and it was all I could do to bear up under unexpected defeat.

When Bill Tilden, crippled as he was, lost the world's championship a few years ago and gamely ran off the courts without limping or offering his wrenched knee as an excuse, he was confronted by a famous New York columnist, who greeted him warmly. "Bill," he said, "let me thank

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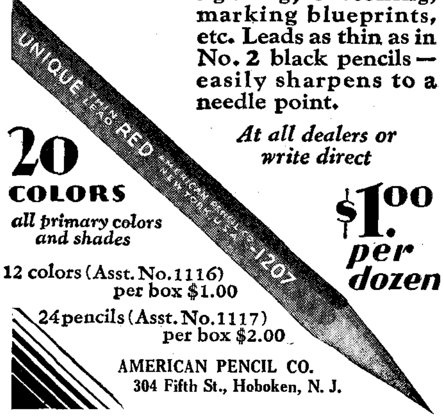

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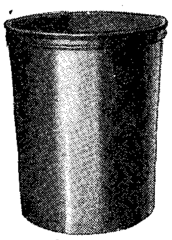

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And who wouldn't be proud of such sportsmanship? A friend of Tilden's told me that the tennis star had an injured knee which proved to be a severe handicap in the match.

How easy for Tilden to show his injury and get a round of applause! But how magnificent of him to conceal it! He lost without such a gesture because he rated himself so high that he could do nothing else; he was a good loser. And somehow I must confess a strong admiration for all of his kind in sport.

A FOOTBALL GAME THAT ANY ONE CAN COACH

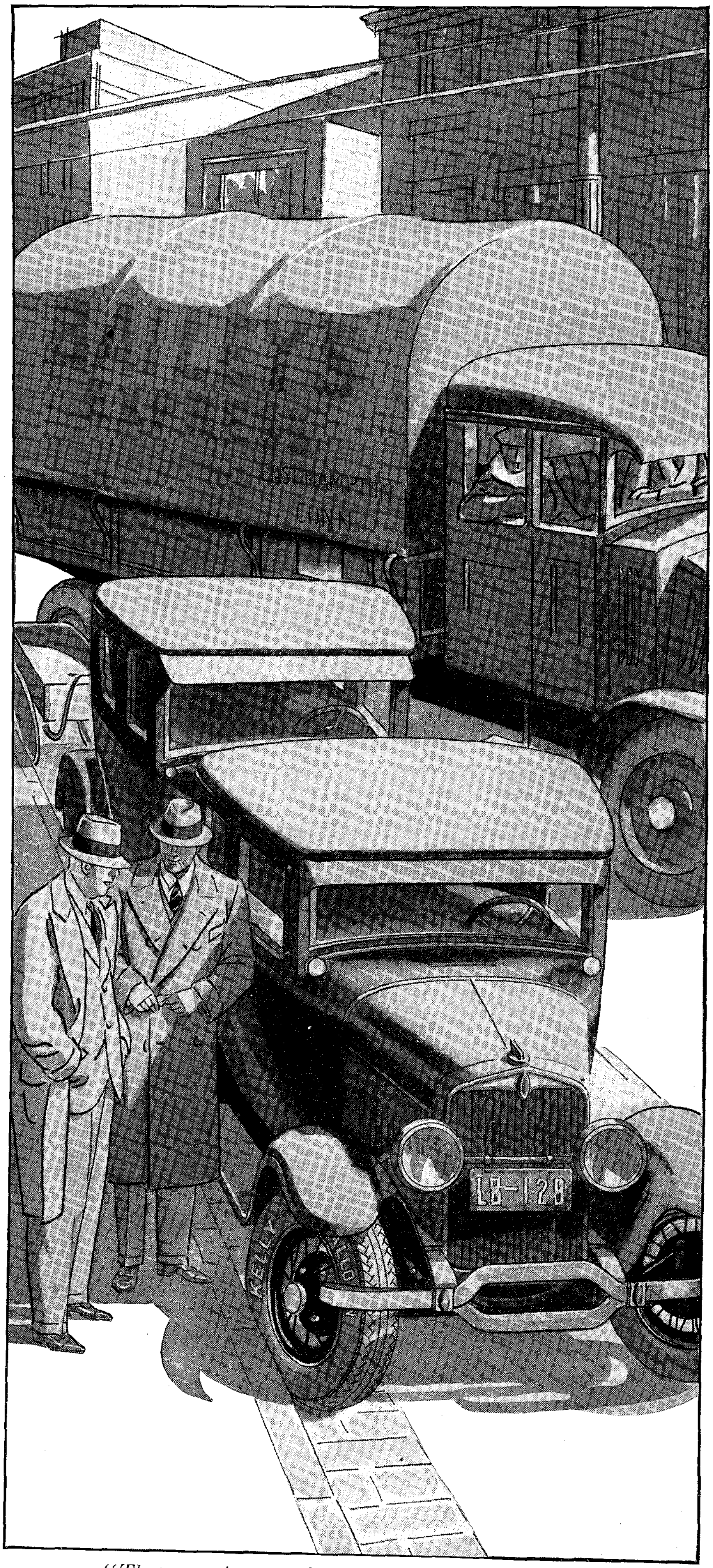
An inviting gap between right guard and tackle, and into the space plunges Full-back Ted Coy, Yale's great gridiron warrior, his knees thrashing. But the opening proves a mirage. Even as Coy thrusts his shoulders through the patch of daylight an arm shoots out from somewhere, grips Coy in a vise, and brings him to earth. That arm can belong to only one man in football, according to George Trevor, writing in the New York *Sun*. Ned Glass has held the bridge in his own unorthodox way. It is one of the big moments in a football game that has never been played, and never can be played. Mr. Trevor, remarking that Professor Einstein has abolished time, has allowed his imagination to play. Here are the great Yale stars of the mass-play period and those of the present forward-pass era, all at the height of their powers. And Mr. Trevor reports for us the resulting game. It is something that the alumni of any college or university might do with great players of his own alma mater. Here are the opposing teams as picked by the *Sun* sports writer.

Yale Ancients			*vs.*	*Yale Moderns*		
Name	*Class*	*Wt.*	*Pos.*	*Name*	*Class*	*Wt.*
Hinkey	'95	(156)	Left end	Kilpatrick	'11	(190)
Winter	'93	(174)	Left tackle	Dickens	'21	(203)
Heffelfinger	'91	(200)	Left guard	Goebel	'10	(210)
Sanford	'95	(188)	Center	Lovejoy	'25	(187)
Glass	'04	(210)	Right guard	Sturhahn	'26	(198)
Hogan	'05	(190)	Right tackle	Milstead	'24	(215)
Shevlin	'06	(188)	Right end	Bomeisler	'13	(182)
De Saulles	'96	(150)	Quarter-back	Jones	'08	(176)
McClung	'92	(155)	Half-back	Philbin	'10	(177)
Terry	'85	(166)	Half-back	Stevens	'24	(170)
Butterworth	'95	(162)	Full-back	Coy	'10	(195)

Average weight, ancient line, 186 pounds.
Average weight, modern line, 198 pounds.
Average weight, ancient backs, 158 pounds.
Average weight, modern backs, 179½ pounds.

Lee McClung leads the old-timers and Ted Coy the more recent gridders. As the two teams face each other on the field we see things which shatter some of our illusions about the good old days. We read:

> Now Referee Walter Okeson calls the rival captains to midfield. He explains that modern rules will govern the game. McClung, short, thickset, a small mustache giving a look of maturity to his handsome face, nods acquiescence.
>
> As the captains stand at midfield, Coy towers a full head above the blocky McClung. The inevitable white bandage, in lieu of a headguard, binds Ted's blond locks. "See that they keep at least seven men on the line on offense," Coy reminds



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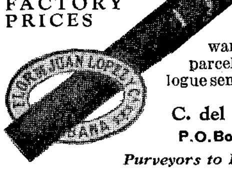

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

the referee. Ted's incongruously high-pitched, piping voice contrasts strikingly with McClung's booming bass.

Now the twenty-two contestants deploy for action, the old-timers vivid in snow-white jerseys, the moderns soberly clad in the traditional blue. A long-drawn "ooh" of surprize resounds from the concrete saucer. Quite evidently the onlookers are amazed at the disparity in size between the contending teams. Even the uninitiated can tell at a glance that the elevens don't appear well matched physically.

What's wrong with this picture? Can the program have transposed the numbers of the two teams? Do you mean to tell me that those pigmies out there are the fabled giants of yesterday, whose deeds are a part of football saga—whose names are legendary?

Spectators turn to their score-cards for corroboration. No, there is no mistake. Those relatively small-looking chaps are the flesh and blood heroes of antiquity, the so-called "giants of the mass play era." You can not believe your eyes, but the program doesn't lie. Another illusion has been shattered; a popular fallacy exposed. These canvas-jacketed "Titans" are human after all; they are large in deeds, but relatively small in size; trim-waisted thoroughbreds, slender-hipped greyhound types, barring Shevlin and Hogan; sleek, rakishly fashioned chaps, designed like the clipper ships of the seventies, for speed as well as endurance.

Giants? They are mostly on the side of the moderns, declares Mr. Trevor, continuing:

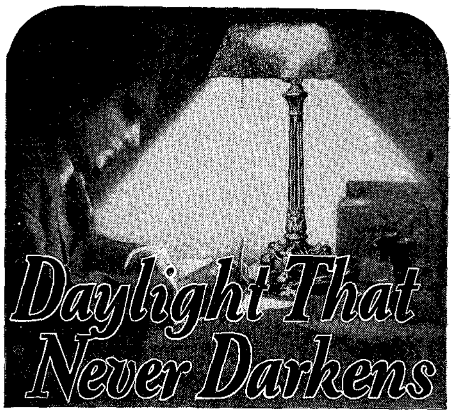
Big as Heffelfinger is, Goebel is even bigger. Colossus that Glass appears, Milstead bulks even larger. Evidently the perspective of time has grossly exaggerated these epic figures of the past. We expected to see Brobdingnagian fellows, men cast in supernatural mold; the reality is disillusioning. The years have magnified these idols of our boyhood, invested them with heroic proportions of Stone Mountain scale. Time has distorted truth, thrown the picture out of focus.

Coy kicks off, his heavily muscled thigh driving the ball to the three-yard line; Shevlin, one of the few chunky, cobby types in the ancient line-up, comes roaring back to the 30-yard mark before Dickens and Lovejoy pinion those piston-like legs.

As the lines square off for scrimmage contact, you see that they are more evenly matched physically than first impressions indicated. The moderns outweigh the ancients a dozen pounds to the man up front, but featherweight Frank Hinkey, "the disembodied spirit," is responsible for much of this disparity. Don't shed any tears for Hinkey. That scrawny, cadaverous looking, hollow-eyed little fellow is banded with muscles of steel. He can fold up, accordion fashion, and whipsaw a 200-pound rival across his narrow shoulders.

Ned Glass, lean and lithe as a timber wolf, towers above the pack, his six feet four inches making him the tallest man on the field. Glass had the hard, weather-beaten features of a frontiersman of America's pioneer period, an hour-glass waisted giant, as fast as he is strong.

It is in the backfield that the physical



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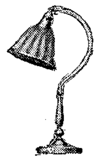

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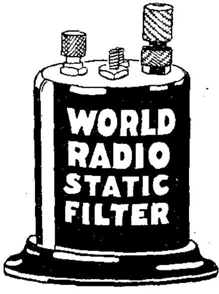

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superiority of the moderns is most apparent. Behind the line the ancients must concede no less than twenty-two pounds per man! It is a tremendous weight allowance for those white-jerseyed Liliputians—even Butterworth, the plunging full-back, tips the beam at only 162 pounds. He is dwarfed by the colossal Coy. Tad Jones, one of the heaviest quarter-backs in Yale history, looks even bigger than he is when compared to wispy, tight-lipped little De Saulles. If beef on the hoof is to prevail, the old-timers are already beaten.

On the first line-up De Saulles springs the 20-30 play, a cut-back outside tackle on which McClung, switching his stocky hips like a hula hula dancer, streaks between Bomeisler and Milstead for fifteen yards. Now Terry, shadowing the herculean-framed Heffelfinger, gets clear on one of his "stop-go" runs, to be nailed by Tad Jones, the sure-fingered safety man.

The beholder is struck by the blinding speed of the stone-age forwards. Here are no leaden-footed, lumbering behemoths who can't untrack themselves! Mass-play tactics required an agile nimbleness totally at variance with the conception commonly entertained by present-day critics. Speed rather than heft, is the hallmark of these ancients.

Driven back to their own 20-yard line, according to Mr. Trevor's fantasy, the moderns finally dig in their spikes and hold for downs. Now it is the new order's turn to attack, and they do. Thus:

Finding it impossible to turn the flanks where Shevlin and Hinkey crouch, Tad Jones switches to an inside-tackle campaign, varied by forward passes.

Coy, his knees high flung, bulls his way past Winter and Hogan for short but sure gains. Stevens, the human scissors, claws, spins and buck-jumps his way to midfield, where De Saulles's vicious tackle clips him cold. Switching suddenly through the air, Jones catapults a long pass to Johnny Kilpatrick, who spears it over his head as he gallops to the enemy's 18-yard line.

Now the moderns are thundering at the gate. Strategy is forgotten. "To hell with signals—give Coy the ball!" Three times he hurls his massive frame into the press, those bone-crushing knees grinding friend and foe into the sod.

Third down, two to go! Snarling and cursing, Frank Hinkey ranges behind his line, his bloodshot eyes glowing like live coals. Not a pretty picture, this Hinkey, but what a fighter! Barrel-chested Hogan is tearing his tousled hair, while the bovine Shevlin, jaw truculently outthrust, dares Coy to try his wing.

Jones is convinced that those two yards might as well be two miles. On last down he calls for a drop kick, Coy boots the ball between the uprights.

Now the tide of battle ebbs and flows as defense mastres offense. Neither eleven can make any appreciable headway against its adversary's impregnable line. Butterworth's fifty-yard punts are matched by Coy's soaring spirals. It is a Mexican standoff.

Late in the second half De Saulles fumbles near midfield. Out of the melee Steve Philbin emerges, side-steps Butterworth and breaks into the clear. In his ears echoes the drumfire of thrumming cleats. To catch him seems humanly impossible. Philbin, a fast runner, has a ten-yard start.

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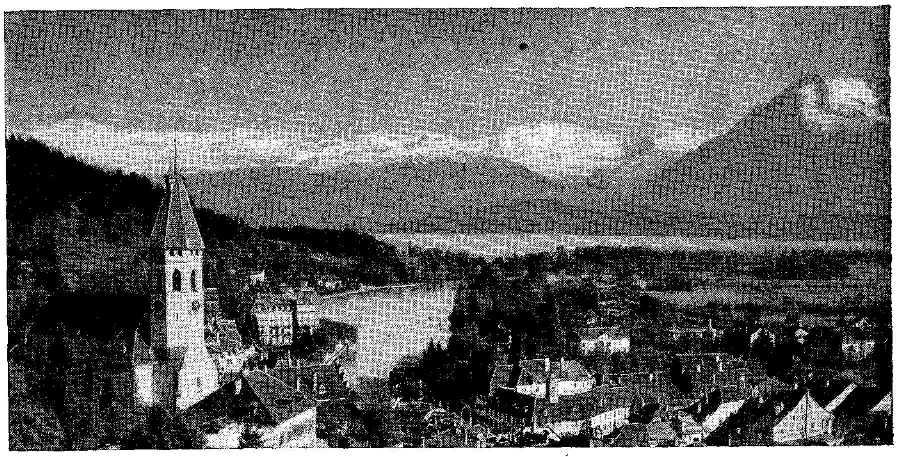

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

Continued

a Viking sea-raider, detaches itself from the knot of pursuers. With seven-league strides this unknown giant cuts down the distance between him and his quarry. Now the clods from Philbin's churning heels sting his face; now he dives, smothering the carrier's legs against his own body. George Foster Sanford has nailed his man.

Once more the neolithic line refuses to yield; once more Coy drops back and kicks a field goal. Moderns 6, Ancients 0, five minutes to play. The "Canvasbacks" elect to receive. Hardbitten little De Saulles, a sardonic sneer on his thin lips, catches the ball, ducks under Kilpatrick's tackle, side-steps Bomeisler's lunge, darts for the sideline. At midfield Lovejoy collars him viciously.

Now De Saulles plays his trump card, the famous "squeeze buck" on which Chadwick once split Princeton's line. Ned Glass and Jim Hogan contrive to make the narrow slit of daylight through which Terry edges. It is a fantom, eerie opening, unseen by the crowd. As a pea spurts out of a pinched pod, so does Terry burst magically into open country.

Now Glass, all legs and arms, is at Terry's side, cutting down interferers. Heffelfinger wipes out two would-be tacklers. Terry is alone, running like a man possest of devils instead of a pigskin. Cutting across the field, a blond juggernaut sledgehammers Terry to earth three yards this side of paradise. Coy is just in time.

Half a minute to play! Butterworth, body erect, hits the line savagely with his hips. His upright posture makes a target for Milstead's lungs. The ball blobs out of the fullback's hands. A mad scramble; the pile is untwisted and there lies Hinkey, just across the double stripe, the pigskin hugged close in those nutcracker arms! Hinkey and the ball—those "two inseparables"—are united in the crisis.

"Touch-down," semaphores the referee. Butterworth, measuring the crossbar, adds the decisive point with a kick that cleaves the uprights. "Ancients 7, Moderns 6," says the scoreboard. It never happened—it couldn't happen—but don't you wish it could?

Tit for Tat.—My colleague Low (the English cartoonist) tells me that "these international autograph fiends are getting to be too much of a good thing," and, to judge from the specimen he sends me, he is right.

This particular fiend, a lumber merchant in New Jersey, asks for an autographed sketch "on one of the enclosed slips," but omits even to enclose the return postage. Low's reply, which strikes me as being unanswerable (at any rate, I feel pretty sure that it will not be answered), runs as follows:—

"DEAR SIR: It is my desire to obtain samples of lumber from prominent lumber companies in all parts of the world.

"True, so far I have not got many, but I have every hope that my collection will ultimately be a very successful and interesting one. I would appreciate your kindness if you would send me, at your own expense, a couple of your best logs. You can autograph them or not, just as you please."—*London Evening Standard.*

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

SUPERUNIVERSES

OUR own universe of stars is about fifteen hundred million million miles across; but there are still larger things scattered around through space. These are the "superuniverses," or galaxies, according to Dr. Harlow Shapley, director of the Harvard College Observatory, who discust them in a recent address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Says Science Service's *Daily News Bulletin* (Washington):

> Outside our own galaxy, there are thousands of independent ones. Some of these appear as spiral nebulæ, with a definite pinwheel structure. Others, like the two Magellanic clouds, visible to the unaided eye from southern countries, are more irregular. Dr. Shapley himself has demonstrated that the two Magellanic clouds are at vast distances, so far that they are definitely outside our own universe. At the Mt. Wilson Observatory Dr. Edwin Hubble has made measurements of the distance of two of the closest of the spiral nebulæ. He has proven that they also are outside our galaxy, and are made up, like our own, of a vast number of stars.
>
> "The measures of dimensions show that our own galaxy appears to be from ten to twenty times the diameter of any of the others with which we are acquainted," said Professor Shapley, "with the exception of the Andromeda nebula, which may be a fifth as large as our system. In the oceans of space, our galaxy appears to be a continent, whereas the hundreds of thousands of extra galactic nebulæ may be called 'island universes,' as Herschel and others termed them a hundred years ago."
>
> But these "islands" are not isolated, Dr. Shapley has discovered.
>
> "They are organized into higher systems—into galaxies of galaxies," he said. "These greater organizations are enormously larger than our own galaxy."
>
> Professor Shapley told of the studies that he and one of his associates, Miss Adelaide Ames, have been making for the last four years of one of these supergalaxies, the one in the constellations of Coma and Virgo. They studied an area in these constellations of about a hundred square degrees. This is approximately the area contained in a square equal to the apparent distance in the sky between Betelgeuse, the northernmost star in Orion, to the middle of the three stars that form the warrior's belt. "An analysis of this region has shown that the Coma-Virgo group itself is composed of between two hundred and three hundred galaxies. Lying in the same general direction, tho much more remote, are at least three other clouds of galaxies, indicating a scattering of such systems through space as far as we can fathom.
>
> "In analyzing the Coma-Virgo region we hit upon the major discovery of all our work—the apparent proof that inter-galactic space is effectively transparent.
>
> "This will permit us to say with more confidence that we have heretofore admitted that the remotest galaxies we study are more than a hundred million light-years distant; that the great Coma-Virgo galaxy of galaxies is ten million light-years away and extends throughout two million light-years of space."

That Night of All Nights!

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DOWN with a cold the day before—sneezing — stuffiness — irritated throat and tightness across the chest. More serious trouble, perhaps, if she didn't act quickly. Over night BAUME BENGUÉ brought her prompt relief —and she was able to appear...radiant—beautiful —without a trace of a cold!

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First she squeezed a little BAUME BENGUÉ into a bowl of steaming water and inhaled the vapors. This cleared her head. Then she applied a hot towel to her neck, throat and chest. This opened up the pores. Drying thoroughly, she rubbed in BAUME BENGUÉ freely.

(It cannot burn or blister). She then spread a thin layer over the entire area and covered it with absorbent cotton.

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She slept comfortably and the next morning all signs of the cold were gone.

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Rub the affected part well with BAUME BENGUÉ. Then spread a thin layer over the entire area of pain and cover with absorbent cotton, held in place by a piece of cloth or flannel. The powerful ingredients of BAUME BENGUÉ will start to work at once to bring you soothing comfort. Circulation will be stimulated and congestion relieved.

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Rub BAUME BENGUÉ well into the forehead, temples and back of the neck. This brings soothing comfort and reduces congestion.

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Rub BAUME BENGUÉ over the entire surface of the feet. Swelling and inflammation will be relieved and you will get cooling comfort.

TOOTHACHE:

For immediate relief, rub BAUME BENGUÉ on the cheek around the entire area of pain. Dry the gums near the tooth with cotton and apply a small amount of Baume, rubbing it in well.

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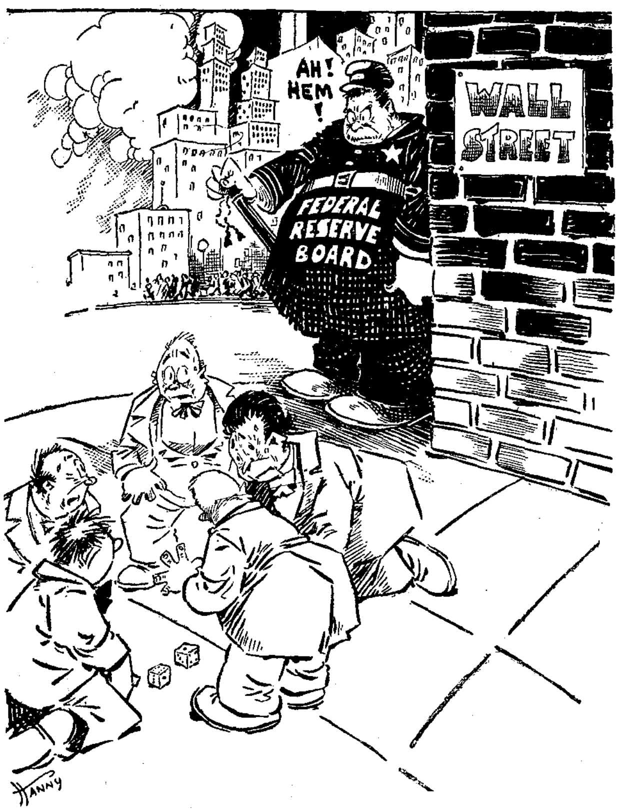
INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

CAN THE FEDERAL RESERVE BOARD CHECK SPECULATION?

THE "HEFTY BLOW" recently aimed at stock-market speculation by the Federal Reserve Board is spoken of by one financial writer as having started "the most important controversy in the history of American finance." Several others agree that at any rate the Reserve Board is now facing the severest test in its history. That the attempt has been seriously made to check the flow of funds into Wall Street speculation is everywhere acknowledged. The difference of opinion comes over these two questions: Was the Federal Reserve Board justified in its action, and will it succeed? Financial and lay opinion incline—tho far from unanimously—to answer the first question with a yes. Time alone can furnish a definite answer to the second. The Reserve Board statement came out on February 6, after the Stock Market closed, and the next morning before the Exchange opened the Bank of England raised its rediscount rate from 4½ to 5½ per cent. in order to check the flow of funds from London to Wall Street. The Stock Market promptly broke, but, as Mr. Laurence Stern puts it in the New York *World*, while the blow left the market "reeling and groggy, it was not a knockout." The average drop of fifteen points during the week of the Reserve Board's announcement is not considered by most market interpreters to be particularly serious. With Congress in session the Reserve Board's stroke naturally had its loud repercussions on Capitol Hill. Most important, along with the various resolutions offered and statements made attacking, defending, interpreting, or amplifying the Board's action, was the unanimous adoption by the Senate of the Heflin Resolution, asking the Board "to give the Senate any information and suggestions that it feels would be helpful in securing legislation necessary to correct the evil complained of and prevent illegitimate and harmful speculation."



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THROWING A CHILL OVER THEIR LITTLE GAME

—Hanny in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

It appears that on February 2, the Federal Reserve Board sent to the twelve Reserve Banks a letter dealing with "the extraordinary absorption of funds in speculative security loans," and pointing out that the Board has "a grave responsibility whenever there is evidence that member banks are maintaining speculative security loans with the aid of Federal Reserve credit." The statement of the sixth, we read in a New York *Herald Tribune* dispatch from Washington, "comes as the climax of a situation which Treasury observers in Washington have watched in evolution for the last two years":

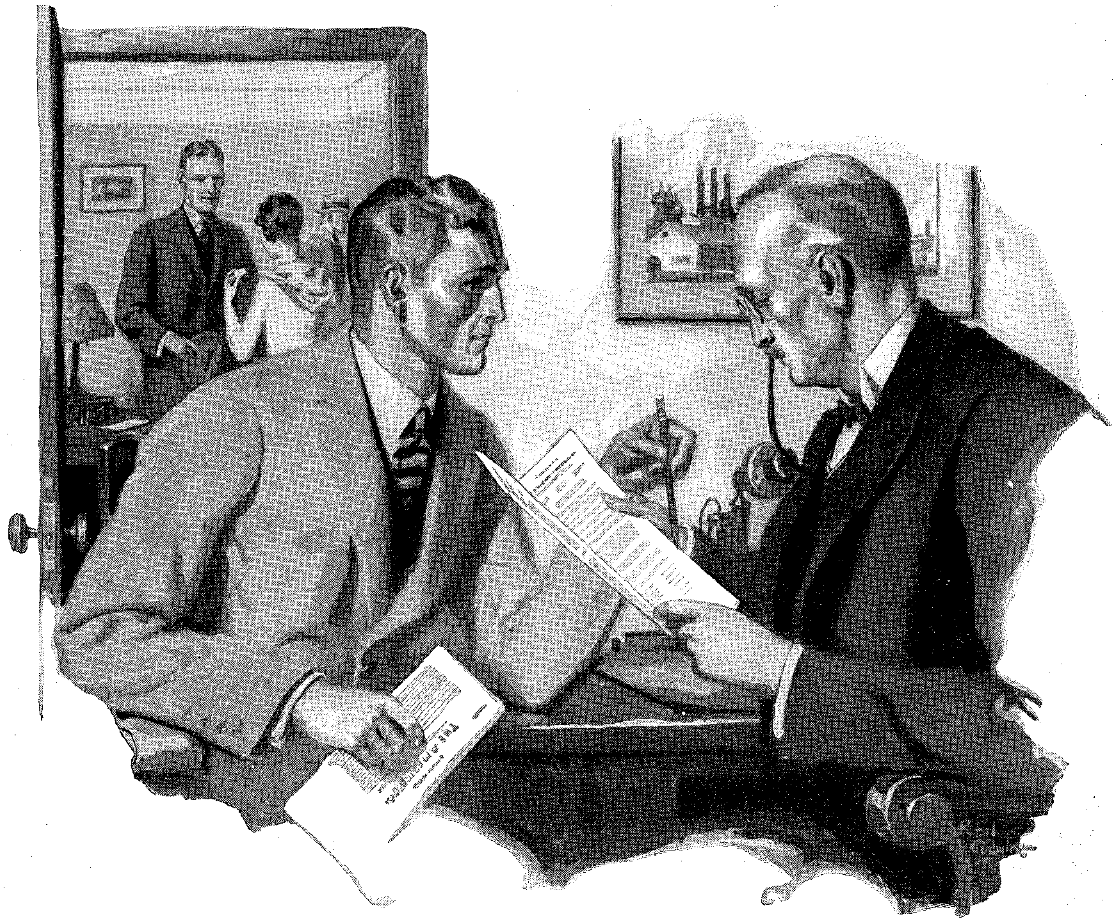
> The Board has hitherto acted to discourage excessive loans for speculation by the member banks without any appreciable effect on the amount of brokers' loans which have been shown to be increasing. Federal Reserve banks have raised their rediscount rates repeatedly, possibly upon inspiration from Washington.
>
> These raises have not had the desired effect. Brokers' loans have increased despite all effort to discourage them.

The statement given to the public takes the shape of an advance quotation from the February *Federal Reserve Bulletin*. Here credit is given to the Reserve system for aid in developing our prosperity, but its functioning has been hampered by "the excessive amount of the country's credit absorbed in speculative security loans." This has been particularly harmful "coming at a time when the country has lost some $500,000,000 of gold," and "an aggravation of these conditions may be expected to have detrimental effects on business and may impair its future." Then comes the important paragraph:

> The Federal Reserve Board neither assumes the right nor has it any disposition to set itself up as an arbiter of security speculation or values. It is, however, its business to see to it that the Federal Reserve banks function as effectively as conditions will permit. When it finds that conditions are arising which obstruct Federal Reserve banks in the effective discharge of their function of so managing the credit facilities of the Federal Reserve system as to accommodate commerce and business, it is its duty to inquire into them and to take such measure as may be deemed suitable and effective in the circumstances to correct them, which, in the immediate situation, means to restrain the use, either directly or indirectly, of Federal Reserve credit facilities in aid of the growth of speculative credit.

Thus the Federal Reserve Board "has called a halt," writes David Lawrence in one of his Consolidated Press dispatches from Washington. He continues:

> Just what measures it can take to enforce its views is a matter of much conjecture. The Board has a tenuous hold on member bank policies. It can, of course, bring about the raising of the rediscount rate, but that in turn may hurt business borrowing even more. It could begin a process of differentiation between loans for speculative purposes and loans for commercial reasons. That is a hard thing to do.
>
> So far as the Board is concerned, it does not view the broker loans themselves as dangerous, because they are, of course, secured; but the diversion of funds to speculative channels which ought to be available for the normal needs of the country, especially in harvest seasons and in periods of necessary constructive activity, is regarded as a meance to the whole economic structure. The Federal Reserve Board is discussing not a situation that is at the moment damaging business so much as a contingency certain to arise and affect business adversely if the speculative trend is not definitely and effectively checked.
>
> The question now is whether the Federal Reserve Board, having exprest itself fully in warning the speculative element,



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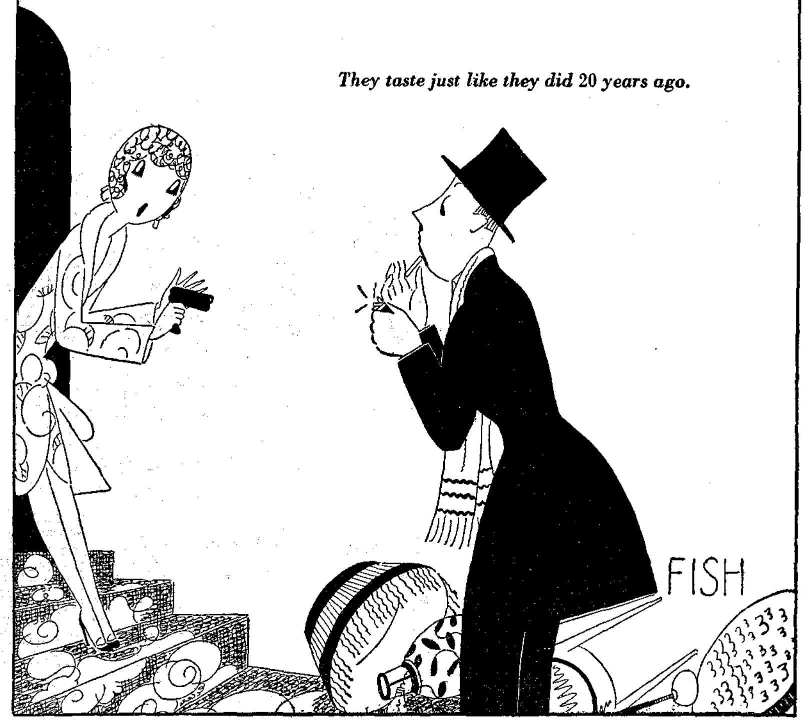

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

will go forward with enforcement measures of its own by indirectly influencing the member banks or whether it will reluctantly turn the problem over to Congress to handle. Indeed, the problem may be tackled there anyhow, very soon, if money rates for commercial purposes continue to rise or are not diminished materially.

There are loud Congressional critics of the Reserve Board. Congressman McFadden (Rep., Pa.), Chairman of the House Banking Committee, declares that "the Board's interest in the speculative market is unwarranted and restriction of brokers' loans would depress business." Congressman Black (Dem., N. Y.), agrees that the Board has introduced a new speculative element that "is fraught with great danger." If the Board keeps on issuing these pronunciamentos, remarks the like-minded New Haven *Register*, they "will inevitably end in aiding the bear element on the Exchange to start tremendous raids on the whole list," for "with such a weapon in the hands of the bears, it would be an insane man to try to follow bull instincts on margins." Quite aside from any effect on the market the Reserve Board's announcement seems mightily significant to the Raleigh (N. C.) *Times*:

> It implies a sovereignty and overlordship of finances which would have astounded Woodrow Wilson and Carter Glass when they undertook to refashion the Aldrich central bank plan nearer to the heart of Democratic desire. The Federal Reserve System was designed as a means of giving elasticity to currency by establishing credits as needed. It is going a long bow-shot beyond that function when it undertakes to set up as a dictator of what securities its member banks should handle, regardless of their value.
>
> For all its fine words, the announcement of the Federal Reserve Board indicates that it assumes as one of its preogatives not only to safeguard and facilitate the extension of sound credit, but to dictate peremptorily the special securities the banks shall favor and the customers they shall accommodate or refuse.
>
> That way lies both danger and scandal.

But greater by far is the chorus of editorial approval which comes from all over the country. Certainly, says the Philadelphia *Record*, the Board is justified. To the Charleston (W. Va.) *Mail* it appears "not only to be within its functions but even carrying out the purpose for which it was created, when it takes steps to restrain the employment of money for speculative purposes to the detriment of business." The New York *World* feels certain "that the use of Reserve Bank credit to maintain a huge volume of speculation is a matter of immediate concern to the Reserve Board, and that action with a view to correcting this condition comes properly within its jurisdiction." And among the papers expressing similar opinions may be found such representative journals as the New York *Times*, *Herald Tribune*, and *Evening Post*, the Brooklyn *Eagle*, the Boston *Transcript*, Springfield *Republican*, Jersey City *Journal*, Newark *News*, Philadelphia *Bulletin*, Baltimore *Sun*, Washington *News*, and *Post*, Richmond *News-Leader*, Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, and *Ledger-Dispatch*, Louisville *Courier-Journal*, Nashville *Tennessean*, Atlanta *Constitution*, Columbus *Ohio State Journal*, Detroit *News*, Indianapolis *News*, Chicago *Daily News*, and *Evening Post*, St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, Topeka *Capital*, St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, and *Star*, Houston *Post-Dispatch*, and Dallas *News*. A representative editorial appears in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, reading in part:

> It required real courage on the part of the Reserve Board to take so definite a stand, for the Reserve System will now be charged with full responsibility if security values react sharply. The manner in which the blame for the violent deflation of prices in 1920 was saddled off on it has not been forgotten, and in all probability the hesitancy of the Reserve banks in taking this action was related to the vigorous opposition to the system that developed at that time.
>
> Real courage also will be required if the policy now announced is rigidly adhered to. For sooner or later much of the credit now employed in speculation by corporations will be withdrawn, and when it is withdrawn the pressure upon the banks to release credit to take its place will be heavy. When at the end of the year corporation funds were withdrawn to meet dividend and other requirements, the banks came to the rescue. The Reserve Board indicates that no more rescue work of that kind will be undertaken.
>
> And in addition to courage the Reserve System will have to have cooperation, not only of member banks but of corporations also. A condition has arisen where profit must be subordinated to sound public policy, if the credit strain is to be relieved and serious reaction in business avoided. In less than a year short-term money rates have doubled, and, as the Reserve Board points out, the burden of high credit cost upon borrowers has already become onerous.
>
> It is easy to say that the action now taken should have been taken six months or more ago. Why it was not taken sooner is a matter of divided opinion. But in any event the Reserve banks are now entitled to hearty support in their endeavor to correct a bad situation.
>
> When the Reserve Act was drawn special effort was made to establish a banking system that would serve the interests of trade and industry as against speculation.
>
> The Reserve Board is now obviously cognizant of the danger inherent in our present credit position, and is determined to make the system again the servant of industry. In that policy it should stand firm against the vigorous opposition certain to arise against it.

There are two views about the effectiveness of the Reserve Board's warning. As Charles F. Speare remarks in one of his Consolidated Press dispatches from New York, "it will not be easy to stop the momentum of a four years' rise in stocks." "Steps which the Board or Reserve Banks

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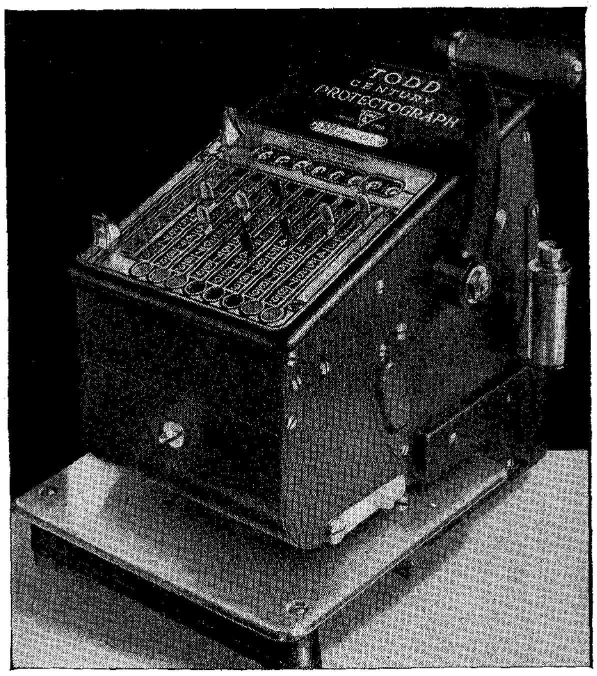

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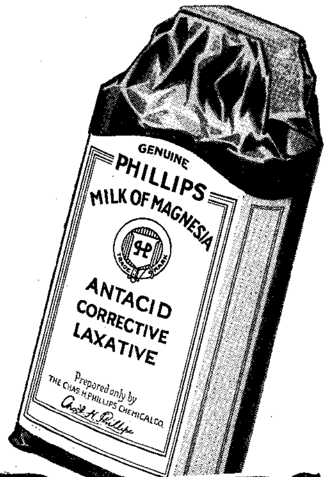

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

can take such as advancing the discount rate or authorizing the special Reserve System Committee to buy or sell Government securities to affect the flow of money on the market," are held by financial authorities in Washington, according to the Washington *Star*, to be helpful in curbing speculation but not "highly effective":

> One reason for this belief is the fact that most of the money used in speculation is coming not from member banks of the Federal Reserve System, but from individuals and corporations, over whom the banks exercise no direct control.
>
> One of the big factors in holding up the market, according to some official belief here, has been the great growth of investment trusts throughout the country, for the purpose of diversification of investments. Such organizations have gone in for investment generally in sound securities and are holding these securities out of the trading, which has created a scarcity in some of the more desirable stocks. This absorbing of such stocks has had the effect of keeping up speculation among the people.

But other observers are greatly imprest by the fact that at this time the Federal Reserve Board is not bluffing, but seems to mean business. In banking circles in New York it is said, so we read in a New York dispatch to the Baltimore *Sun*, "that a central bank, once it turns its powers against the tide of speculation, never has failed to bring about a readjustment." "The Federal Reserve authorities can control the money market if they will," declared Dr. Benjamin N. Anderson, Jr., Economist of the Chase National Bank, at a recent dinner of Pennsylvania bankers. Similarly John A. Crone insists in the New York *World* that "Reserve Banks, because they control virtually three-quarters of the credit of the country, can curb speculation." "If the Reserve Board and the Reserve Banks genuinely undertake to stop the direct and indirect use of Reserve credit for stock speculation, their action will surely bring this bull market to an end," says Leonard P. Ayres, Vice-President of the Cleveland Trust Company and a widely quoted financial statistician and forecaster. He continues in the New York *World:*

> This bull market has been largely financed by corporations which have placed their surplus funds on the call loan market. However, these corporations withdraw large amounts of funds at the end of each month and each quarter, and especially at the year end to pay dividends and for other purposes.
>
> It has become a regular practise for commercial banks to borrow heavily from the Reserve System at such times, and to place these funds temporarily on the call market until the corporation loans flow back again. The apparent intention of the Reserve Board is to terminate this and related practises by which some commercial banks lend Reserve funds for speculative uses. If they really mean it, the party is about over.

THE MAN AND THE MERGER

MUCH has been written about the merger trend of to-day, but surprizingly little attention, in the opinion of the New York *World*, "has been given to one of its most important human aspects—its effect upon the individual business man who, willy-nilly, has become a part or member of the new order." For him, we read on, "in the great majority of cases, a change means a passing of his one-time independence." Here is a change in our democracy—a nation of hard-working individualists, in a way, becoming one of pampered employees. To quote *The World* further:

> Just as the industrial revolution of the eighteenth century changed the independent master craftsman, working in his own shop and with his own tools, into a wage-earner supplying nothing but his labor, so this later revolution is changing the man at the head of a small business enterprise into the salaried employee of a huge corporation.
>
> On the whole, this probably means less worry and more ease and comfort for those affected, but whether this is a sufficient offset for the loss of independence is a moot question. At least one fact, however, seems well established: this loss of industrial freedom does not mean also the closing of the door of opportunity for advancement, as is sometimes asserted. It would be nearer the truth to say that the opportunities are multiplied, but within a much narrower range. The big corporation usually keeps a keen lookout for signs of talent among its personnel, and is ready to reward this talent substantially, because it has learned that such a policy yields good returns. Prompt promotion for merit explains why every big business to-day is so well served by its staff.
>
> Occasionally we do hear of some ambitious corporation official with a promising career ahead of him rebelling at the discipline essential in a large organization, or at the lack of personal contact with anything more than a tiny fraction of the whole work, and going into business on his own account, hoping that, while pecuniary rewards may come more slowly, the personal satisfactions will be greater. But these exceptional cases only confirm the conclusion that for most business men the yoke of the new system is apparently not galling.
>
> Nevertheless, the ease with which the transition has been achieved can not blind us to its far-reaching social effects. It means that the opportunities to advance are to be found along only one path. Men must obey the strict rules of the system—rules which they have had no voice in making. Independence exists, but only at the top. However conducive such a scheme may be to industrial efficiency, it has little of the democracy of the system which it is supplanting.
>
> Individualism is thus yielding to something closely akin to institutionalism. Ability to forge ahead has become less dependent on personal initiative and more on one's ability to fit into a certain place in an elaborate machine.

The old-time necessity for thrift also seems to be vanishing, we read on:

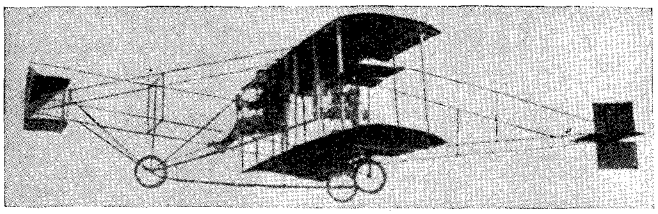
> Even provision for a "rainy day" is becoming among the employees of great business establishments less and less a

Drive an Aeroplane

The operating of an aeroplane, readily handled by the amateur, is now an assured fact. In the number of aeroplanes already purchased Europe is far in advance of America. This was likewise true with the introduction of the automobile.

Our Paris correspondent writes us that hundreds of aeroplanes have been sold to private individuals in Europe. One manufacturer, alone, has sold 112—many of the early deliveries at large premiums.

A substantial interest has also begun to arouse Americans. A great wave of enthusiasm has set in, and although more different makes of heavier-than-air machines are to be had abroad, to America belongs the distinction of producing the lightest, speediest, and most practical aeroplane yet designed.



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The advertisement at the left appeared in The Literary Digest on November 13th, 1909—six years after Orville Wright made his memorable flight in a heavier-than-air machine. It is significant that one of the first announcements of what is now becoming the new transportation should appear in one of the leading travel publications in the country.

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Only a few years ago some of these industries were unknown. Some enjoyed a limited market. To-day they are the pivotal leaders, setting the tempo for modern business. But these industrial successes were gained not without a struggle.

The automobile had to win over those who questioned its usefulness. Radio had to shout its message above the din of static. Electrical manufacturers had to break the time-entrenched habits of housekeepers. Railroad and steamship lines had to jolt a passive, almost provincial public into a tourist market.

In their periods of transition The Literary Digest brought to these industries the influence of its editorial and advertising pages. And they found in The Digest a medium for reaching the progressive groups of enterprising America—seekers of all that is new in science—the leaders of opinion and action. They gained their acceptance and paved the way for a wider acceptance by the general public.

To aviation The Literary Digest can now bring the open minds of these people, and in greater numbers than ever before. They are the guiding forces in industry, the dominant personalities in the professions, the pivotal families in every community. Already aviation challenges their imagination. They can adapt it to lives crowded with travel; utilize it in their far-flung business interests; bring to it the capital so important during its reorganization. To sell these people the economic necessity of air-travel, to show them that aviation looms as the outstanding contribution to modern life, is to make the multitudes more and more air thoughtful.

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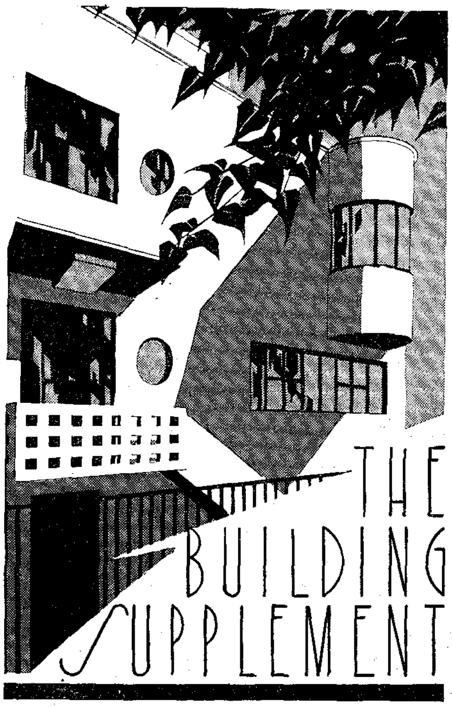

THE NEW IMPULSE

apparent in city planning, building, and the question of housing can result in the greatest cultural and social influence that America has ever felt.

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
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matter of personal initiative. Foresight and self-control were once much more indispensable to getting ahead than they are in these days when so many organizations are providing sick benefits, insurance, and old-age annuities. The "tightwad" in the big office to-day probably has poorer prospects of success than the free-spender who spends with an eye on the main chance.

These changes have led to predictions that "with high wages, high salaries, and a benevolently oligarchic control of business," America will lose many of its once characteristic traits; "that a nation of hard-working individualists is gradually becoming one of pampered employees, who spend as fast as they receive." But *The World* manages to find some reasons for optimism. People are undoubtedly saving, as statistics show, and while the management of industry is becoming more and more concentrated, "the actual ownership of these industries is becoming more and more widely diffused through the development among the people of the habit of investment." This diffusion of ownership is cited as "one of the most comforting features in a transformation which is bound to bring in its wake many new social and economic problems."

THE PASSING OF THE RICKSHAW

JUST as "the passing of the horse" has been providing fodder for thousands of editorials in the last quarter of a century, so the "passing of the jinrikisha" is meat of the columnists in Japan to-day, reflects the New York *Herald Tribune*. This mode of locomotion, we are reminded, is hardly half a century old, and now seems destined to die. The editor of *The Herald Tribune* recalls that the jinrikisha came in when better streets were built in place of the sewage-laden, unpaved lanes and alleys of "the really medieval East," and now "as the streets widen it is yielding to the motor-car." Ten years ago Tokyo had 20,000 jinrikishas; it has only 5,000 to-day. "The one-yen taxicab, offering to drive a passenger anywhere within the city limits for fifty cents, has driven the jinrikisha out of business, and in one section the jinrikisha men's guild has formed its own independent taxicab owners' association." As we read:

The decline began when the street-car first came to Tokyo. Perhaps China will dodge that step. Peking and Tientsin, Dairen and Shanghai have trolley-cars, but in Canton a motor-bus service makes them unnecessary, and in Shanghai there is already talk of doing away with them. The jinrikisha has had its brief day in history. In another decade that symbol of the Orient, the man doing a beast's labor, may already seem an anachronism, a relic of the past.

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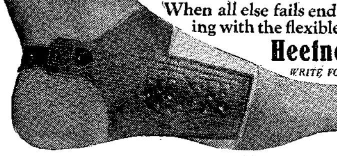

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CURRENT ▾ EVENTS

FOREIGN

February 5.—Eighty-five Arab camel-riders, believed to have been members of the raiding party of Wahabis which murdered the Rev. Henry A. Bilkert, an American missionary, are reported to have been killed by bombs from British Air Force planes.

Baron von Huenefeld, one of the three to make the first western flight from Ireland to North America, dies in a sanatorium in Berlin.

February 6.—The German Reichstag ratifies, 287 to 127, the Briand-Kellogg pact for the renunciation of war.

Pope Pius announces that a complete agreement providing for a Papal State and regulating all future relations between the Vatican and the Kingdom of Italy has been reached.

Col. Charles A. Lindbergh lands at Cristobal, Canal Zone, completing his 2,000-mile flight from Miami, Florida, inaugurating the Central American air-mail service of the Pan-American Airways, Inc.

February 7.—Karl Radek, Christian Rakovsky and several other followers of Leon Trotzky are reported arrested for alleged propaganda against the Soviet Government.

February 8.—A peace parade of Mohammedans, Pathans and Hindus in Bombay, India, ends in a riot, and many are reported killed.

February 9.—José de Leon Toral is executed for the murder of President-elect Alvaro Obregon, of Mexico, on last July 17.

The Spanish Government issues a decree forbidding public discussion of the régime, and requiring the immediate arrest and imprisonment of offenders.

A peace protocol proposed by the Soviet-Russian Government, putting into effect among its signers the provisions of the Kellogg pact for renunciation of war, is signed by the Soviet Government, Poland, Roumania, Latvia and Esthonia.

February 10.—President Emilio Gil and other officials of the Mexican Government escape injury as bombers wreck the Presidential train in the State of Guanajuato.

February 11.—Premier Mussolini of Italy and Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State, formally sign the pact recognizing the Holy See and the Kingdom of Italy as separate and independent sovereignties, a concordat regulating the future activities of the Roman Catholic Church in Italy, and a financial convention granting to the Papacy an indemnity of $87,500,000 for the losses entailed in 1870.

The Reparations Commission, meeting in Paris, opens its sessions with the election of Owen D. Young, chief American delegate, as chairman.

February 12.—Pope Pius bestows the apostolic benediction on 200,000 people participating in a demonstration in St. Peter's Square.

Lady de Bathe (Lily Langtry), noted English beauty, dies at Monte Carlo. She was seventy-seven.

DOMESTIC

February 5.—Capt. Frank M. Hawkes flies from Los Angeles to Roosevelt Field, Long Island, a distance of 2,700 miles, in eighteen hours, twenty-one minutes, and fifty-nine seconds, cutting thirty-six minutes and one second from the record established by Arthur Goebel.

The Senate passes, 68 to 12, the naval cruiser bill, authorizing fifteen cruisers and one airplane carrier to be appropriated for, built or under construction within the three-year period ending July 1, 1931.

February 6.—Maj.-Gen. John A. Lejeune will retire voluntarily as Commandant of the United States Marine Corps on March 5, and pass the remaining two years of active service in charge of Marine Corps affairs on the Pacific coast, it is announced.

February 7.—The House passes the naval cruiser bill by an overwhelming majority.

February 8.—William T. Tilden, former national tennis champion, who was suspended six months ago for violation of the association's player-writer rule, is restored to good amateur standing by the executive committee of the United States Lawn Tennis Association.

Edwin Denby, Secretary of the Navy under President Harding, dies at his home in Detroit. He was fifty-nine.

February 11.—Theodore S. Henderson, resident Bishop of the Methodist Church of Ohio and Kentucky, dies at Cincinnati. He was sixty-one.

President Coolidge appoints Arthur Batcheller of Massachusetts and Cyril M. Jansky, Jr., of Minnesota to the Federal Radio Commission, each to fill a vacancy caused by resignation.

February 12.—Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Anne Spencer Morrow, daughter of Ambassador Dwight W. Morrow, and Col. Charles A. Lindbergh.

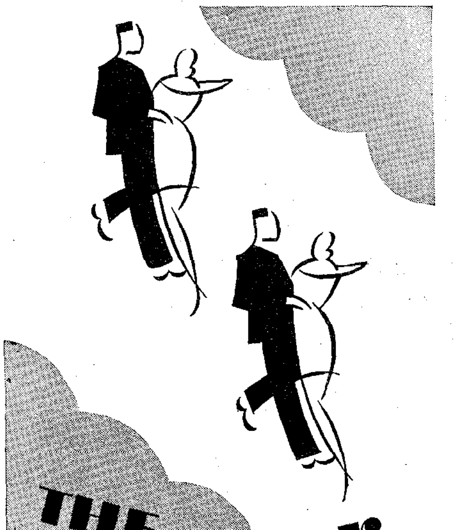
Burning the Wires.—The following is a telephone conversation overheard by the editor:

"Are you there?"
"Who are you, please?"
"Watt."
"What's your name?"
"Watt's my name."
"Yeh, what's your name?"
"My name is John Watt."
"John what?"
"Yes."
"I'll be around to see you this afternoon."
"All right. Are you Jones?"
"No. I'm Knott."
"Will you tell me your name then?"
"Will Knott."
"Why not?"
"My name is Knott."
"Not what?"

Brr, clank, crash, stars, etcetera and so forth.—*Wright Engine Builder.*

Pardon the Map.—CUSTOMER—"I don't like these pictures. They don't do me justice."

PHOTOGRAPHER—"Justice? Lady, what you want is mercy."—*Judge.*



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THE SPICE OF LIFE

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And Prices Raised to the Minimum?—Expenses have been reduced to the maximum.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

There's One at Every Roadhouse.—It takes 1,500 nuts to hold an automobile together but it only takes one to spread it all over the landscape.—*Flamingo.*

Popular Candidate.—

Mexicans Vote for
General Walkout
—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Shoo!—"Did you miss that train, sir?" asked the porter.

"No! I didn't like the looks of it, so I chased it out of the station."—*Open Road.*

Desperate Case.—Sympathizer—"How's your insomnia?"

Incurable — "Worse and worse. I can't even sleep when it's time to get up."—*Answers.*

Southward Shoots the Star of Culture.—Poetry receives scant attention in the library, altho one volume, Edna Millay's "Bucking the Snow," has proven popular.—*Tampa Sunday Tribune.*

Wrong Medicine.—"I hear Jones fell down on his pharmacy examination."

"Yes—he got mixed on the difference between a club and a Western sandwich."—*American Legion Monthly.*

Too Familiar.—Young Mr. Vanderbilt has written a novel about Reno which is said to be "very frank but not vulgar." As an ardent supporter of the Society Against Calling Pullman Porters George, may we suggest a Society Against Calling Novels Frank?—*George Ryan in the Boston Herald.*

Strong Medicine.—

WOMAN BETTER
AFTER LEAPING
OUT OF WINDOW
—*Houston Chronicle.*

Flourishing Industries — Teacher — "What is Boston noted for?"

Johnny—"Boots and shoes."

Teacher—"Correct. And Chicago?"

Johnny—"Shoots and booze."—*Chicago Tribune.*

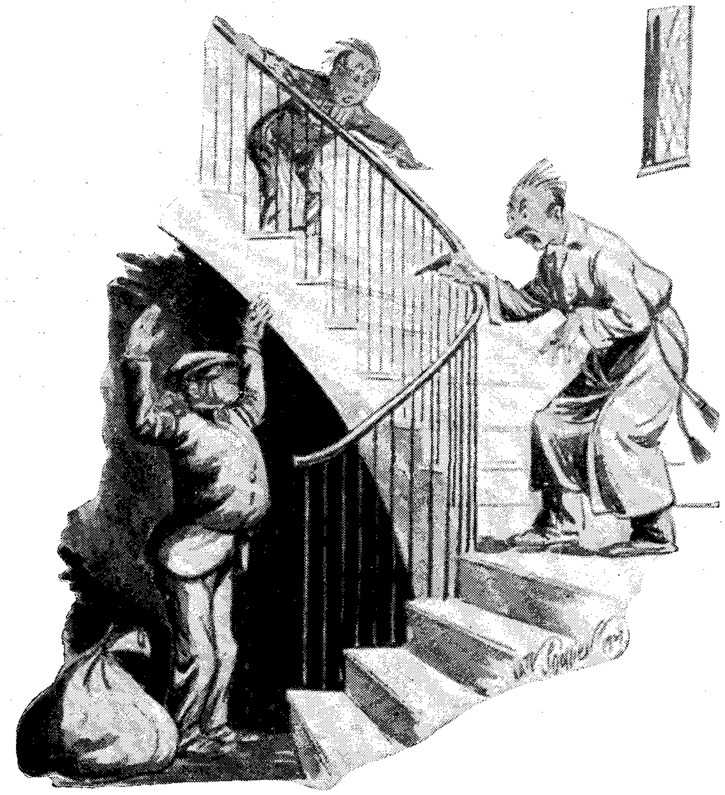
Powerful Pick-me-up.—A London chemist has been trying the effect of a new tonic on a mouse. He was more than satisfied, we understand, when the little creature put its tongue out at the cat.—*London Humorist.*

What Price Vanderbilts?—Astors, 35c. —*Sign spotted by a Digest reader in a Berkeley (Cal.) florist's window.*

Our Versatile Bobby.—Bobby Jones, one of the world's best-beloved poets, will be honored Sunday with a program of Scotch song and poetry.—*Columbus (O.) Sunday Dispatch.*

Educative Wanderlust.—"They say if there's anything in a man, travel will bring it out."

"You tell 'em! I found that out my first day at sea."—*Wright Engine Builder.*



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Tommy: "Hey, pa! What you doin' with my water pistol?" —*Life.*

She'd Blush at an Undrest Salad.—We know a girl so modest when driving a car she won't even strip her gears before a man. —*Florida Times-Union.*

Well, You Never Can Tell.—He was happily married four times, all of his wives preceding him to heaven. Won't that be a happy meeting?—*Louisville Pentecostal Herald.*

Facing the Music.—"What do they mean by the 'witching hour'?"

"Don't you know? That's the hour when the wife greets you with 'Which story is it this time?' "—*Tit-Bits.*

Plain Logic.—First Darky—"What fo' you name yo' baby 'Electricity,' Mose?"

Second Darky—"Well, mah name am Mose, and mah wife's name am Dinah, and if Dinahmose don't make electricity, what does dey make?"—*Open Road.*

We Choose Ham and Eggs.—Hot Home Made Mice Pie Fresh Daily.—*Restaurant ad in a Santa Cruz (Cal.) paper.*

All's Well That Ends Well.—Butler—"Your wife has run away with the chauffeur."

Husband—"Oh, well, I was going to fire him anyway."—*Life.*

For Growing Boys.—The spacious rooms, which have been tastefully fitted up by our Leader, together with ancient walls, fireplace and growing pants, brought lovely recollections to some and deep emotions to all.—*Upper Marlboro (Md.) paper.*

All Lit Up.—A basket of red radiance roses tied with tulle, with red topers burning on either side, formed the central table decoration. — *Wauchula (Fla.) paper.*

Plain Murder.—Street-car Conductor — "Madame, this transfer has expired."

Irate Lady — "Well, you can't expect much else with the cars so poorly ventilated." — *Wright Engine Builder.*

Airing the Party.—Hostess—"There's a terrible draft coming from somewhere, Mary."

Maid — "Yes, ma'am. It's the man with the laundry bill and he won't take his foot out of the front door." — *London Opinion.*

Pass the Glycerin. — Tears were streaming down the movie actress's face. Reverses had come —she was in a pawnshop. Slowly, silently she drew from her pocket a little package, and laid it down on the counter before the eyes of the hardened pawnbroker. "How much?" she asked, and wiped her eyes with a tiny handkerchief.

She was pawning her six wedding rings. —*Life.*

Why the Camel Has the Hump.—An elderly man approached one of the attendants in the traveling menagerie.

"Can you tell me what that hump on the camel's back is for?" he asked.

The keeper scratched his ear.

"What it's for?" he murmured.

"Yes; what use has it?"

"Well, it's pretty useful, sir. The old camel wouldn't be much use without it, you know."

"But why not?"

"Why not!" exclaimed the keeper in surprize. "Well, you don't suppose people would pay to see 'im if 'e 'adn't got an 'ump, do you?"—*Tit-Bits (London).*